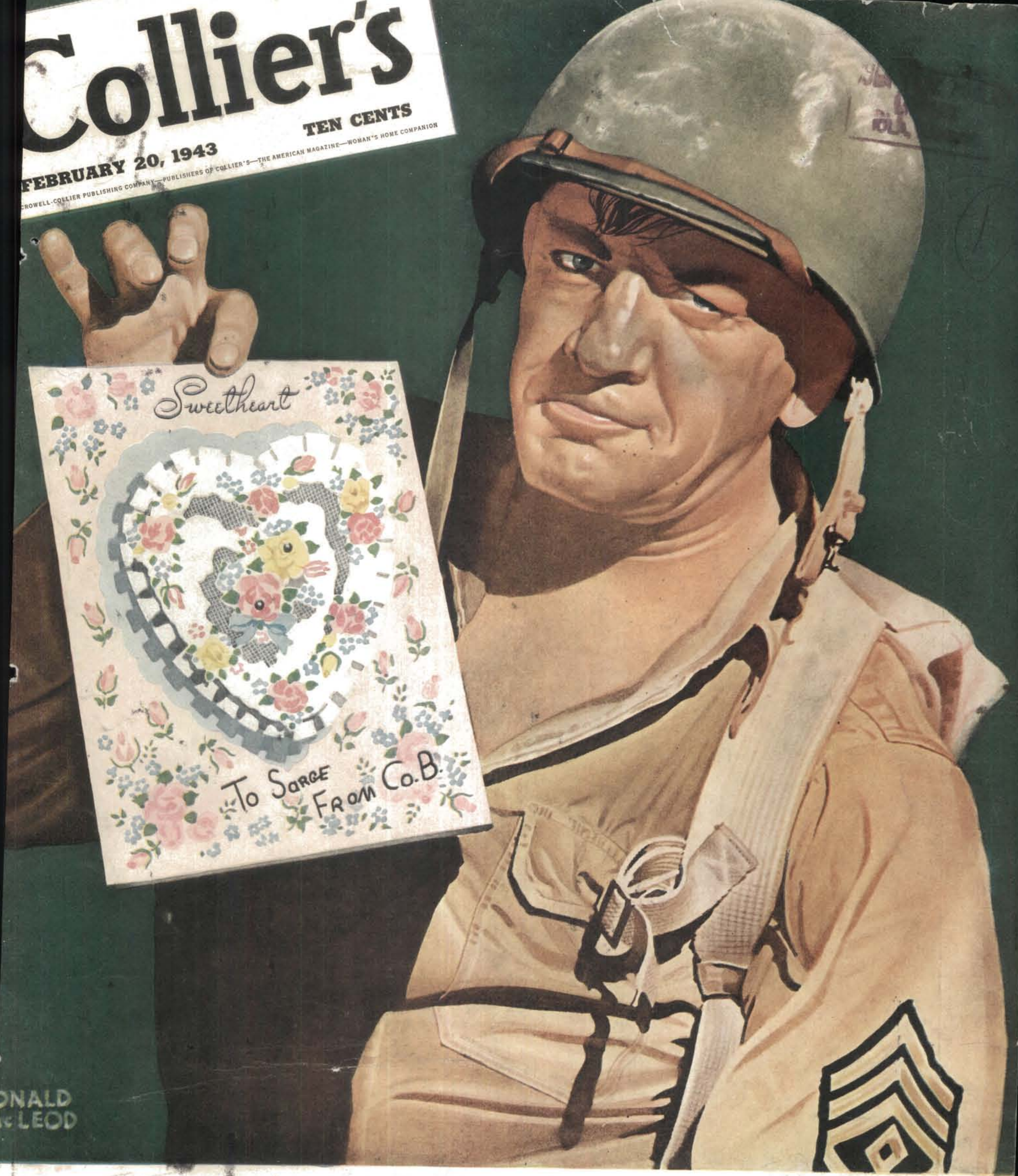
Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 20, 1943

CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION


Sweetheart
To Sarge From Co. B.

FEED THE STARVING NOW BY HERBERT HOOVER

INSIDE THE

ETTO

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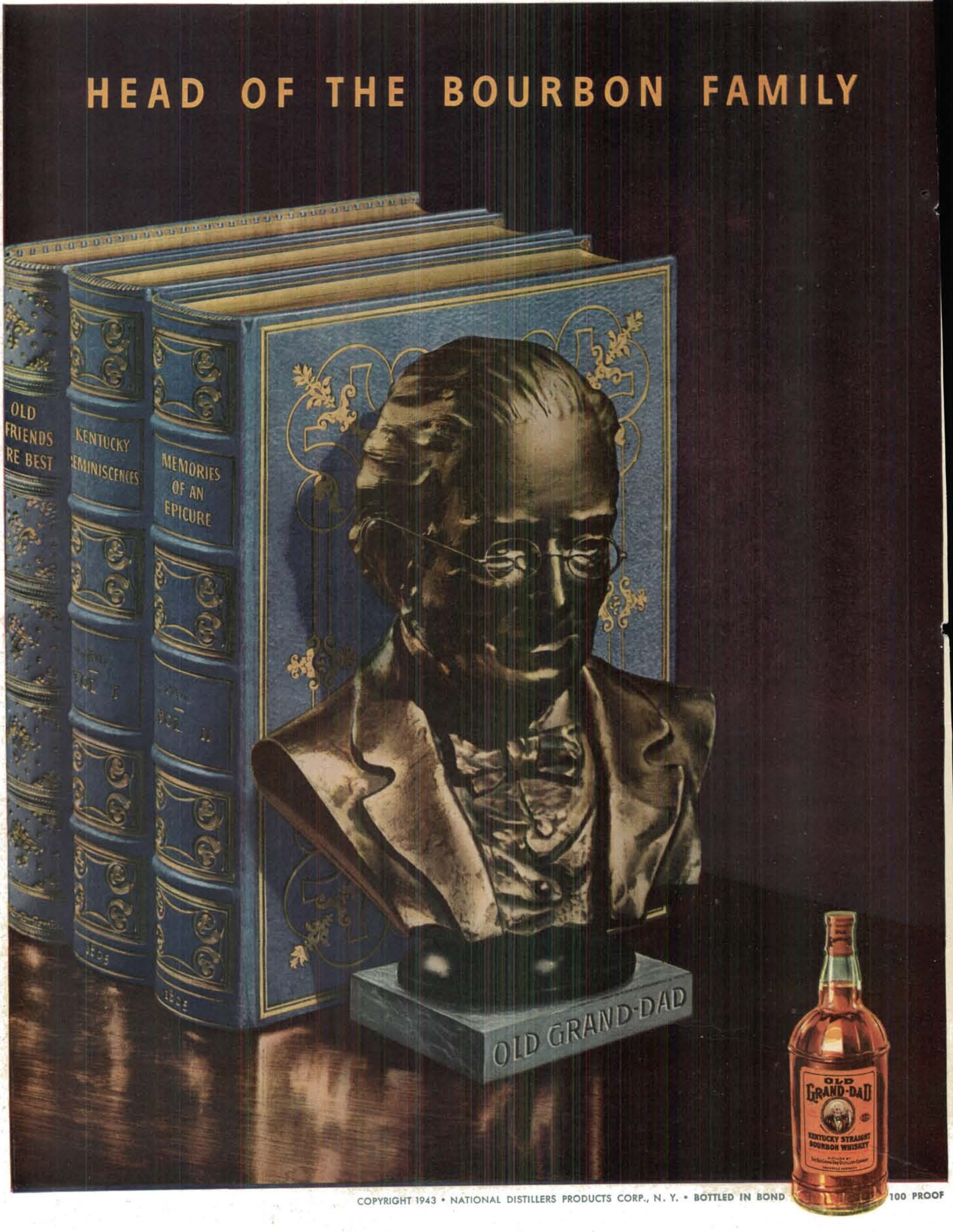
Feb 20 '43


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST
KENTUCKY REMINISCENCES
MEMORIES OF AN EPICURE
VOL. I
VOL. II
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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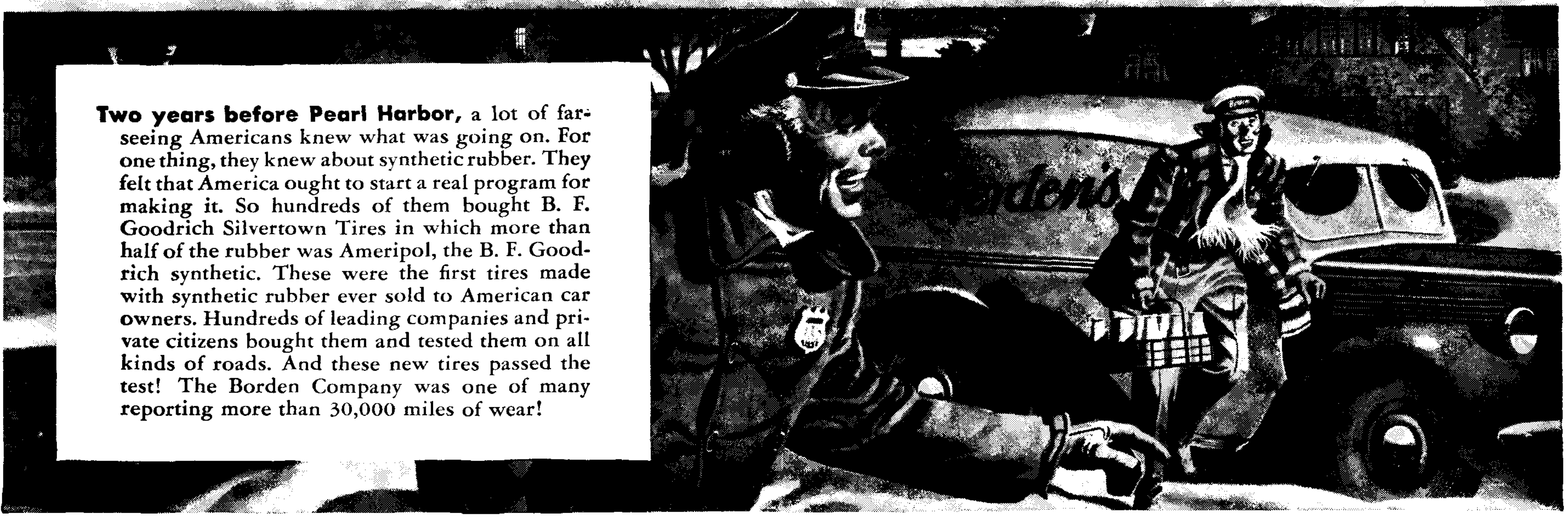
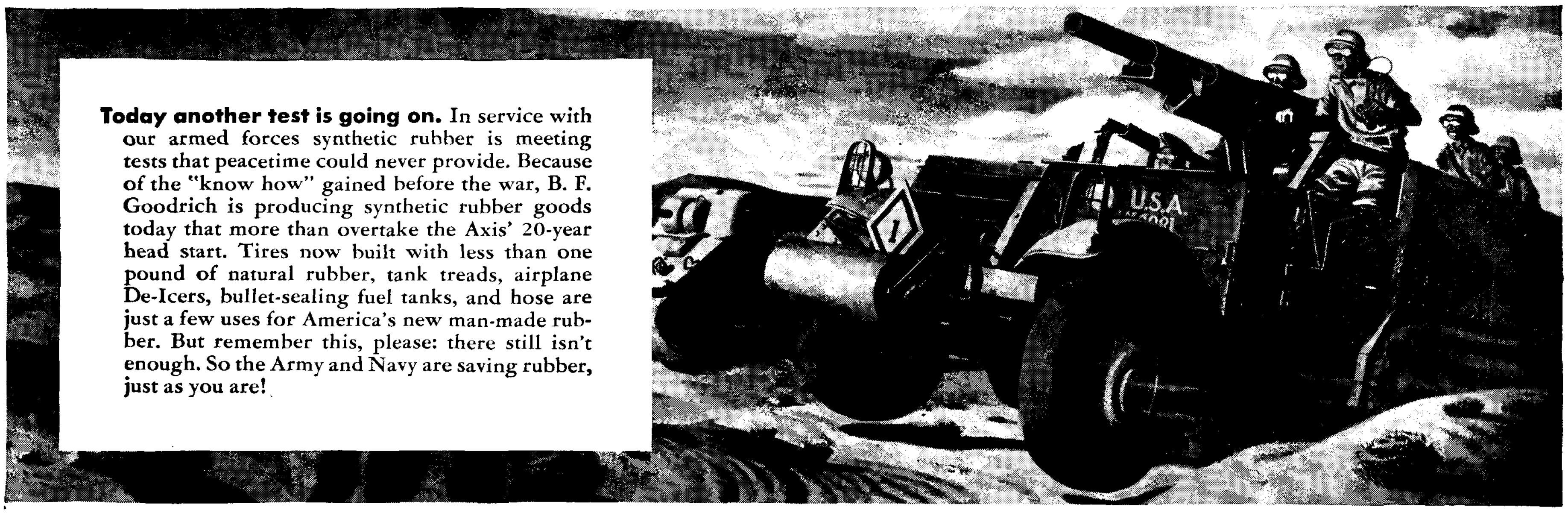
How dramatic nation-wide tire test launched America's synthetic rubber program



Two years before Pearl Harbor, a lot of far-seeing Americans knew what was going on. For one thing, they knew about synthetic rubber. They felt that America ought to start a real program for making it. So hundreds of them bought B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Tires in which more than half of the rubber was Ameripol, the B. F. Goodrich synthetic. These were the first tires made with synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners. Hundreds of leading companies and private citizens bought them and tested them on all kinds of roads. And these new tires passed the test! The Borden Company was one of many reporting more than 30,000 miles of wear!



Today another test is going on. In service with our armed forces synthetic rubber is meeting tests that peacetime could never provide. Because of the "know how" gained before the war, B. F. Goodrich is producing synthetic rubber goods today that more than overtake the Axis' 20-year head start. Tires now built with less than one pound of natural rubber, tank treads, airplane De-Icers, bullet-sealing fuel tanks, and hose are just a few uses for America's new man-made rubber. But remember this, please: there still isn't enough. So the Army and Navy are saving rubber, just as you are!

After victory, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. That's why you'll want to remember this: Before our country went to war, B. F. Goodrich was the *only* company to offer tires made with synthetic rubber to the general public. Naturally we've more experience building tires with it than anyone else. Naturally, too, we've had more experience testing these tires under actual operating conditions. So we can promise you that our after-the-war tires will be tops in mileage and safety. The name B. F. Goodrich, which has always stood for "First in Rubber," has also taken on the important new meaning of "First in *Synthetic* Rubber."

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

A few of the many companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Picture OF THE MONTH

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
starring
RED LUCILLE GENE
SKELTON • BALL • KELLY

FEATURED PLAYERS: *Virginia O'Brien "Rags" Ragland, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra*

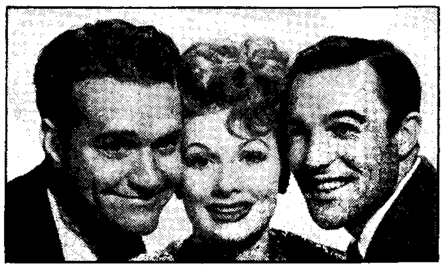
SCREEN PLAY BY: *Irving Brecher. Adaptation by: Nancy Hamilton. Additional dialogue by: Wilkie Mahoney*

DIRECTED BY:.........*Roy Del Ruth*

PRODUCED BY:.........*Arthur Freed*

Probably the gayest musical comedy the screen has shown for years is MGM's "Du Barry Was a Lady". Here is one that makes sense and nonsense in congenial proportions. It has taken the best features of the big Broadway show which ran for about a year and added something that only the screen can add.

This story of a mad dream in Technicolor provides every opportunity that clever comic writers and performers could wish for... plus showy proceedings that give a glitter and sparkle not equalled since the memorable "Ziegfeld Girl". Without neglecting comedy for one instant the producers have concentrated feminine beauty and dazzling decor into an entertainment that could be reviewed in the beauty columns of the newspapers as well as on the amusement page.



We are tired of saying that Red Skelton "dood it" but in "Du Barry" he "dood it" again. His able associates Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly deserve top billing and the featured players in the cast provide a problem in selection as to which was the most perfect.

"Du Barry" will appeal to all special tastes and most of the senses. Particularly those of hearing and seeing. The take-off on the Esquire Girl attracted prominent artists to Hollywood to paint their conceptions of the composite American beauty in "Du Barry Was a Lady". If you react to lips and hips and eyes, ankles and profiles, rush to your place in the bald-headed row.

DITTIES YOU WILL HEAR MORE OF: Cole Porter's witty and simple tunes give the production musical force: "Do I Love You!", "Katie Went to Haiti!", "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes", "Friendship", "Du Barry Was a Lady", "I Love a Petty Girl".

P.S. All this and Technicolor too!

BACKGROUND NOTE: "Du Barry" is based on the play produced on Broadway by B. G. DeSylva and written by Herbert Fields and B. G. DeSylva.

NOTE ABOUT FUTURE PICTURE: From all sides we hear that the William Saroyan story "The Human Comedy" directed by Clarence Brown, produced at the MGM Studios is the most perfect portrayal of American life as yet revealed by the screen. Mickey Rooney stars as the American boy.

Collier'

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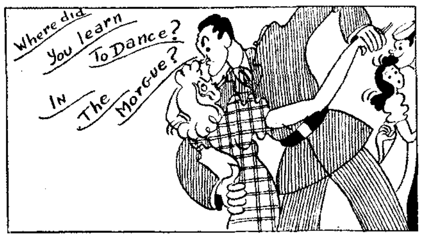
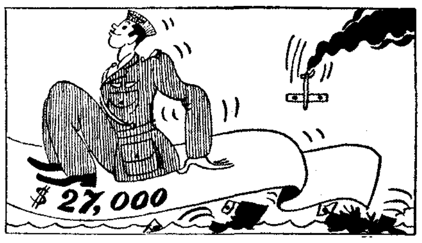
ANY WEEK

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, the short and long story writer, has just returned from Washington somewhat more perplexed than any of the characters he has created. When he went down, he was still convinced that Winston Churchill's apostrophe to the R.A.F. was about as fine a bit of rhetoric as he had ever heard: "Never have so many owed so much to so few." But during his sojourn in Washington he got quite as much mixed up as a great number of the people he talked to there. Thinking of Washington, of course, and not of the R.A.F., Mr. Cohen now goes about murmuring to himself: "Never was so little done by so many for so much."

WE'VE just had a letter from a young lady whom we may not identify. With her letter, she sends us a short story. If we had time we'd plunge back into our memory, searching for recollections of a less publishable manuscript. But that wasn't necessary after all. Her letter said: "Of course you can't use this. But before we can pass our English course, we must have either an acceptance or a rejection slip from some magazine. Therefore, I have dashed the enclosed story off and ask you to send me a rejection slip as soon as possible because our term is about to end. Thank you."

THE following was overheard on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, by Mr. George Wissert Cronin of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and we have the letter to prove it. Two desirable young ladies were walking a few feet in front of Mr. Cronin, and one of them said, "I am getting very tired of camp soldiers. I hope we meet a couple who have been fighting in the Pacific or in Africa." The other girl asked her why. Otherwise, the first girl would not have said, "Because I want to ask them how they made out." We think it only fair to tell Mr. Cronin that we have received a number of variants of that—all of them true, of course. They all indicate that the girls are getting into the second stage of their side of the war. That is, they are getting somewhat fed up with lads who are about to strike a blow for freedom, and they hunger for those who have already struck a couple. For example, Miss Emma Lustak of Baltimore, Maryland, says that she asked a soldier whom she met at a USO dance whether he had seen service on any of our countless fronts. He had not. She asked him whether he expected to see any. He said that that depended upon the wisdom—or lack thereof—of his commanding officers. "Where would you like to go and when?" she then asked. "That depends on who needs a good man most, General MacArthur or General Eisenhower," replied the soldier, adding, "Lady, where did you learn to dance? In the morgue?"


Where did You learn To Dance?
IN The Morgue?



FROM the Navy Department and Mr. Robert E. Murto of Washington, D. C., we get word that in his article, Referee's Holiday, Dan Parker twice states that it costs the government $2,700 to make a Navy flier. This was understatement. To convert a young man into a Navy aviator costs us $27,000, and considering what these young airmen do to ships which Japan is silly enough to launch, it's cheap enough. Either Mr. Parker or the typesetter dropped a zero. You will be very glad to know that we have resisted the temptation to make a crack to the effect that these $27,000 young men do that, too. Gosh, that's funny!

NOTICE is hereby given to all official orators and job-holding article writers that Mr. Nat Broadie of Indianapolis, Indiana, will hereafter neither listen nor read: "I have heard four government guys talk for more than an hour each on reasons why we ought to shut up and get to work. It has just dawned upon me to wonder why the audiences didn't rise and ask them the same. I have read a couple of dozen articles by congressmen and war-board bosses telling us how to win the war. I am now writing to them, asking them why they don't read their own stuff and stop making the same old blunders. From now on, I'm with old Cordell Hull, our Secretary of State who don't say nothin', but pretty soon something awful happens to the other side on account of what he's been doing while the little guys are making speeches and writing pieces."

THAT makes two of us. . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

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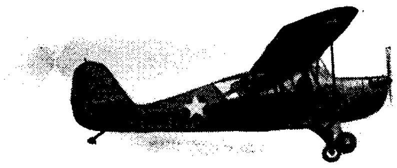
COVER
RONALD NORMAN McLE

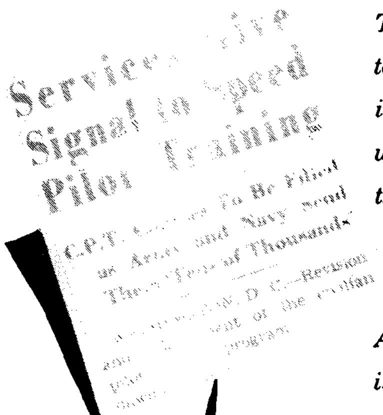
This is the HOME OF AERONCA.



This is the famed ARMY GRASSHOPPER PLANE
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.

These are the WORKERS of high pedigree
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.

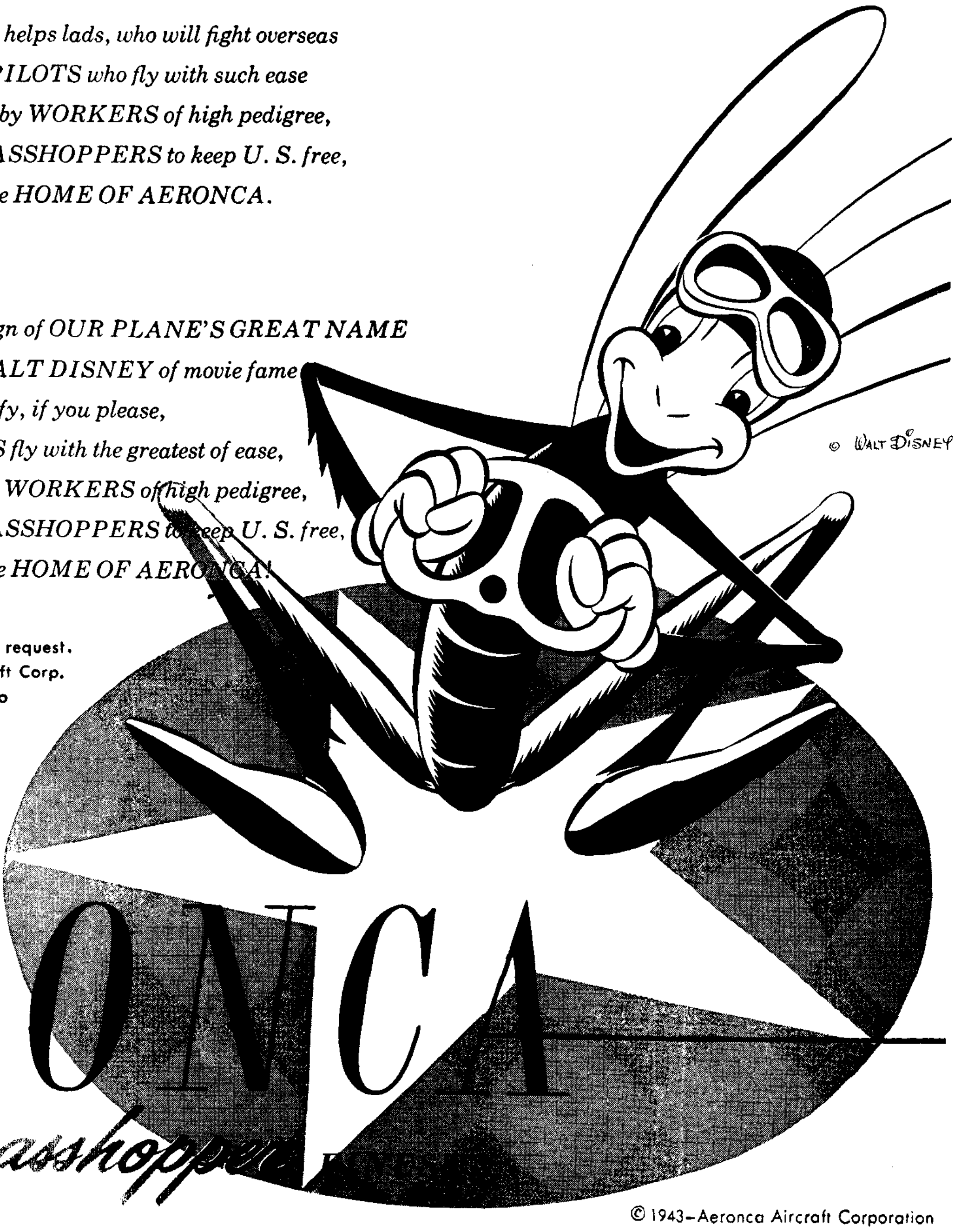
These PILOTS fly with the greatest of ease
in the plane made by WORKERS of high pedigree,
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.



Services Give Signal to Speed Pilot Training

This PROGRAM helps lads, who will fight overseas
to learn from the PILOTS who fly with such ease
in the plane made by WORKERS of high pedigree,
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.

And this new design of OUR PLANE'S GREAT NAME
is by GRAND WALT DISNEY of movie fame
to distinctly identify, if you please,
the plane PILOTS fly with the greatest of ease,
that is made by the WORKERS of high pedigree,
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA!



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TSK! TSK! IN HIS DAY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PAID HIM PLENTY!
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes...then along came round-end PROLON

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

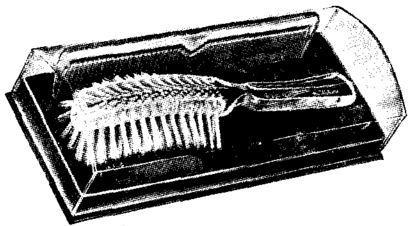
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

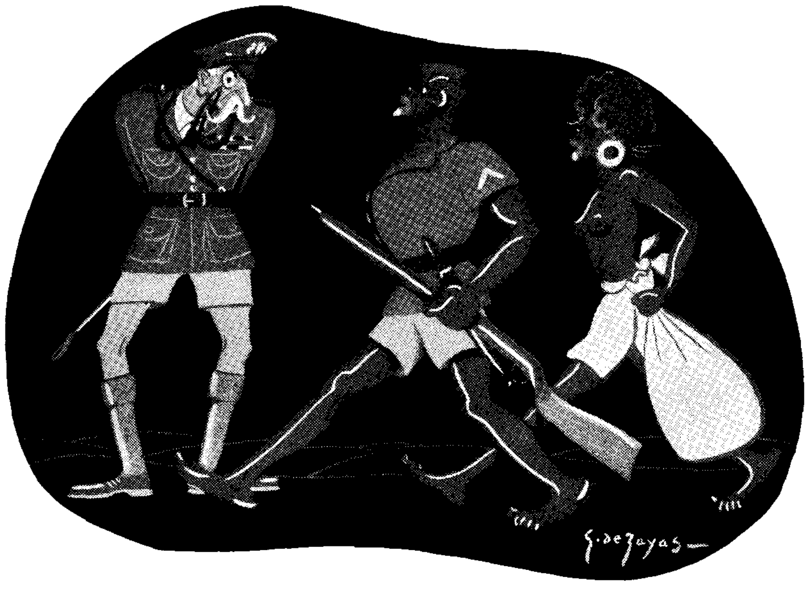
Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In British units of native troops along the Gold Coast of West Africa, the soldiers are permitted to have their wives with them in the barracks, privates being allowed one, sergeants two and sergeant majors four. When the men are transferred to another camp, the transportation costs for the ladies are also borne by the British government.

Our present need for scientific knowledge is shown by the tremendous increase in the publication and sale of technical books. The number of titles published has grown from 452 in 1939 to 791 in 1942, with the retail demand about five times larger than before the war. Certain of these books have reached a sales volume of 250,000 copies within the past year.

The groundwork for the conversion of American industry to war production started as long ago as 1922 when the Army and Navy Munitions Board was set up, and the Army established ordnance offices in thirteen important cities throughout the country. The board then began a survey of some 20,000 large industrial plants to determine what these companies could and would produce in case of war.

The many small electric motors used in warplanes to operate gun turrets, bomb-bay doors and other parts are made very light in weight, like other aircraft equipment. For instance, a one-eighth horsepower motor, when manufactured for such an installation, is reduced in weight from sixteen to three pounds.

The fliers of the United States Marine Corps are so active in this war that the words "in the air" have been officially added to the Marines' Hymn, which now reads: "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, we fight our country's battles in the air, on land and sea."—*By Thomas Brunskill, Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.*

Owing to the scarcity of merchandise, the 1,800,000 retail stores in this country at the end of 1941 will probably have shrunk to 1,500,000 by the end of 1943. In other words, during this two-year period, about 625,000 shops are expected to close and only 325,000 new ones are expected to open.

Law schools have been hit harder by the war than any other group of educational institutions. During the 1940 fall term, the ninety-four organizations belonging to the Association of American Law Schools had 19,700 students, while during the 1942 fall term the number was only about 7,100. Today it is probably less than 6,500.—*By Edward Klaskow, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

On four occasions, Japanese warplanes have dropped packets of rice impregnated with bubonic plague germs over Chinese cities in attempts to start epidemics of this disease, according to the Chinese Red Cross.

The current edition of Aerosphere, an aircraft encyclopedia, is the only book whose purchasers must be reported to the federal government. Although costing only $12.50 and not very difficult to purchase, its contents are so valuable that the War Department wants to know the identity of everyone buying a copy.

The USO now has more than 650 clubs, 300 units and lounges, 100 information centers and 50 mobile units in 500 cities and towns of this country, for the service and entertainment of our soldiers. The organization also maintains 70 road shows, with 1,000 performers, the scenery, salaries and traveling expenses of which will amount to about $4,000,000 in 1943.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or *unusual fact* accepted for *this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

"Soldier of Service"

"The Voice with the Smile" has always been a part of the telephone business and we want to keep it that way.

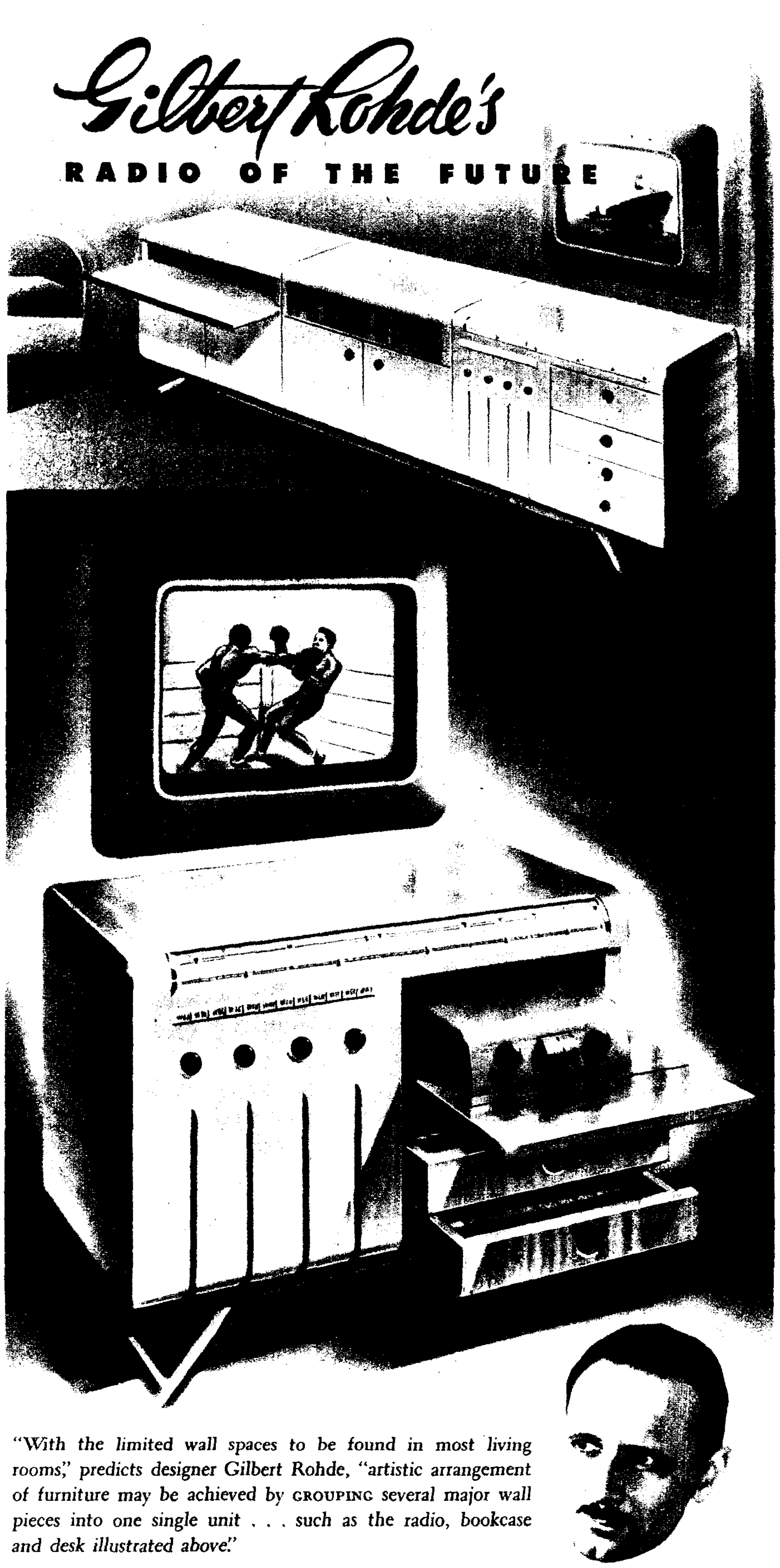
Even under the stress of war, the men and women of the Bell System are as anxious as ever to see that you get friendly, courteous service. And they are anxious, too, to give the fastest possible service—especially to those who need speed to help win the war.

You can help them by not using Long Distance to war-busy centers unless it is absolutely necessary. For all your patience and understanding so far, many thanks.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Gilbert Rohde's
RADIO OF THE FUTURE



"With the limited wall spaces to be found in most living rooms," predicts designer Gilbert Rohde, "artistic arrangement of furniture may be achieved by GROUPING several major wall pieces into one single unit . . . such as the radio, bookcase and desk illustrated above."

Right now both great Admiral plants are devoted exclusively to the making of communication equipment for our armed forces. Gilbert Rohde's intriguing suggestion for the radio of the future obviously will have to await the war's end. His design, however . . . as well as others to be pictured in these columns . . . are providing Admiral engineers with many stimulating ideas. When victory is won and with it the blessings of peace . . . you may expect many exciting innovations in radio entertainment from Admiral, America's Smart Set. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

Admiral RADIO

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

ACME

Asking no favors, Captain (now Admiral) Wm. F. Halsey won his wings the hard way at Pensacola when he was 52

THE victories scored by Admiral William F. Halsey in the Pacific war came as no surprise to his classmates at the Pensacola, Florida, Naval Flying School. They knew all along that he had what it takes.

Halsey, you know, learned to fly when he was fifty-two—which makes the admiration of his class members especially significant. He was one of the "Pensacola Admirals," the group of ranking naval officers who were assigned to flight training in the late '20s and the '30s. They were top-notch surface-ship skippers who were taught to fly and then put in charge of the Navy's Air Forces and aircraft carriers. Some of them took their flying course in stride as a sort of indoctrination class. But not Halsey.

Navy men who were at the Florida air school back in 1934 say that the gray-haired naval officer was the most conscientious student in their class. He was a captain then, but he asked questions of the aviation cadets who had a few weeks' more experience than he. "Pudge" Halsey, in fact, approached aviation in the same manner he had learned seamanship back at Annapolis thirty years earlier, and with the same doggedness with which he had played fullback there in 1904. His four stripes could have carried him through, but he insisted on doing everything the youngsters did. Halsey took the Pensacola course from A to Z, even though he had—at his age—no apparent natural aptitude for flying. He only qualified to fly single-seater fighters after cracking up two of them.

One episode at Pensacola definitely sold Halsey to the men who later were to fly under him in the Pacific battles. There was a custom that the last member of each class to solo at Pensacola would be ducked by his classmates. Captain Halsey turned out to be the "anchor man" of his class.

When he made his first flight and brought his seaplane back to the base, a number of the aviation cadets were lolling around after finishing their own hops. A bit nervously, they wondered what to do. Captain Halsey was a "good guy," but after all, he was a four-striper.

The future South Pacific commander soon solved their difficulty. Getting out of his plane, he approached them, stripped off his helmet, goggles and wrist watch and said, "Well, gentlemen, I am ready."

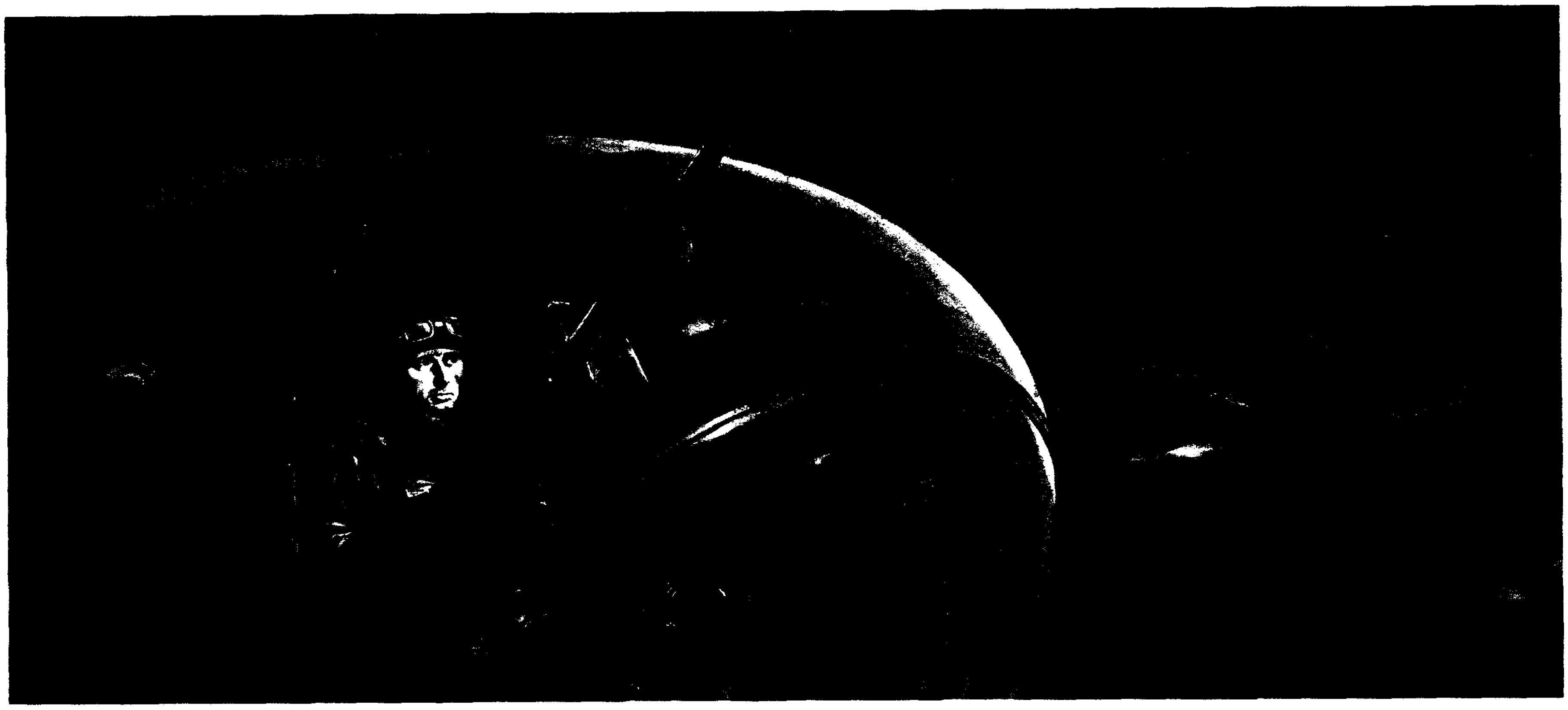
They dunked him—and have loved him ever since.

HERE'S a problem for either the psychologists or the Gallup Poll: Why do aviators like to fly under bridges? We've observed this phenomenon ever since we started covering aviation years ago. Pilots seem to get no kick out of flying high but they love to fly low. There's something about putting an airplane underneath a bridge that has fascinated all birdmen since the Wrights. Apparently it beats even downing an enemy warship with bombs.

At least, there is the tale told by an airman who has just returned from the war fronts. He relates the story of a young Army flier attached to a fighter squadron at a new American base overseas. The lack of combat action bored the pilot. Daily he flew a Bell P-39 Airacobra, but its 400-mile-an-hour speed did not satisfy him. On the other hand, there was a new bridge near the air base under which he longed to fly. Regulations, however, strictly barred this.

Despite this ban, the Army airman announced his intention of taking his plane between the arches of the bridge, but

(Continued on page 52)



"UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be halfway across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow . . .

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm up here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow who reminded me of Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like . . ."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette . . . how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club . . .

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight . . . light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score . . . you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store —I will murder the guy.

I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue . . .

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to.

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's *my home town* . . .

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.

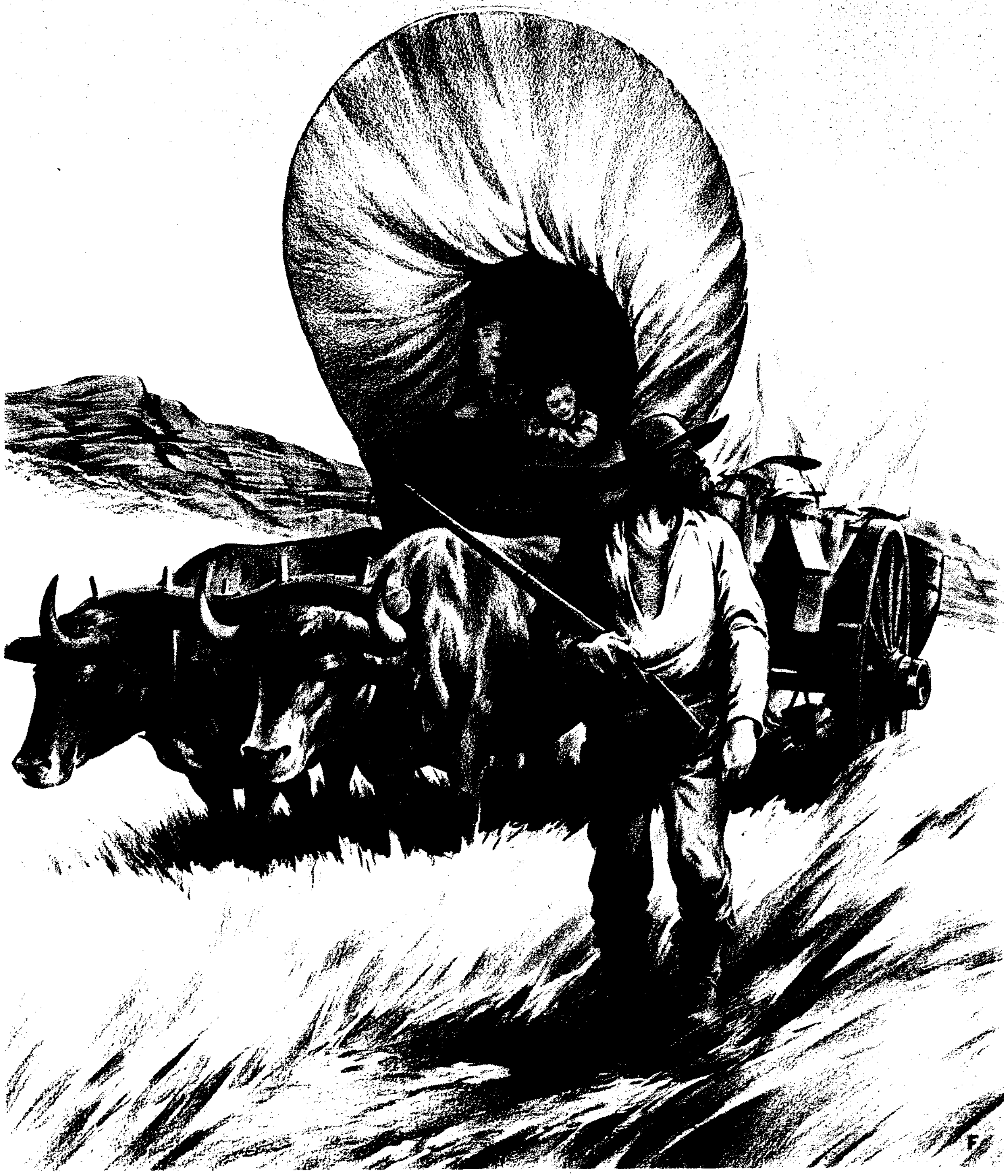
NASH KELVINATOR

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility —not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American *future, our boys will want when they come back.*

★ Reprints of this Advertisement suitable for framing will be sent on request ★

The lure of the Prairies



IN OUR great-grandfathers' day, all manner of men were stirred by the richness and promise of the wild, unsettled West.

RICH MEN, poor men, thrifty householders and ne'er-do-wells: they packed their families and possessions in covered wagons and creaked westward, urged on by stories of gold and incredibly fertile farmlands.

THE JOURNEY they made was a dangerous journey in those days. Any stray clump of weeds or buffalo grass was apt to hide a scout for hostile Indians. The man who traveled alone risked almost certain disaster and death. Not only one-family outfits, but even parties of five or six families were sometimes massacred.

SO OUR great-grandfathers pooled their strength and traveled in large wagon trains. In this way, they could keep a constant watch against a surprise attack, and, if an attack came, there were enough men with rifles to have a good chance of beating it off.

NOW THE DAY of the pioneers and straining oxen is over. But the great-grandchildren of the pioneers still face danger of another kind and it is still necessary for them to pool their strength to protect their lives and families.

THE PROTECTION afforded by firearms has given way to a more peaceful way of protection. That protection is called insurance.

IF YOU should break an arm or a leg, Accident insurance will pay the doctor's, nursing, or hospital bills. Accident insurance will continue to pay you as long as you are laid up.

IF ANYONE gets hurt on your property and brings suit against you, Liability insurance will take the legal worries off your mind and pay the damages for which you may be held legally liable.

THERE IS insurance to protect you from fire, theft, and windstorm. Through insurance you can pay for your children's education and provide for an income in your old age. Life insurance will also guard your family from want if you should pass away.

IN FACT, no other form of investment, requiring the same small amount of money, can begin to give you the protection and peace and security that insurance does.

IF YOU'D like to find out more about the ways in which insurance can help you and your family, the nearest Travelers insurance agent or your own broker will be glad to give you all the information you wish. You will find Travelers representatives very helpful.

* * *

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

OLLIER'S
E NATIONAL WEEKLY
R FEBRUARY 20, 1943

MERCY SHIP TO REECE
GREEK WAR RELIEF ASSO ATION

The successful voyage of the first mercy ship has led to monthly shipments of food from America to the famine-stricken people of Greece

FEED THE STARVING NOW

By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

By sending food to suffering Greece, we have proved that relief is desirable and workable. Mr. Hoover warns that we must give prompt help to our occupied allies who are facing mental and physical degeneration. To wait for the postwar period to help them may be too late

FOOD is being sent through the blockade to the starving Greeks. We can rejoice that this heroic people is being saved from annihilation. Occupied by the Axis armies, Greece is being fed through the Allied blockade and under neutral supervision, and the operation is certified by our government not to benefit the Axis. It receives the approval and help of our government. As Americans, we can rejoice in the wisdom that has led to this total reversal of our governmental policy on relief.

It has proved workable in Greece—although on a scale our government describes as "still woefully inadequate"—so we are warranted in hoping for further and early action.

First: It is imperative that there be an immediate increase in the volume of aid to Greece if that gallant people is to be saved.

Second: The time has come to decide (before it is too late) what we are going to do for 50,000,000 starving people (including some 12,000,000 children) in Belgium, Holland, Norway and Poland.

Indeed, the march of events is accelerating at such a rate as to justify the hope of action before this article appears. But if there is no such action, a little straight-from-the-shoulder speaking may be of help in bringing a realization of some moral and political obligations. In any event, this article will serve its purpose: to advocate action if we are still lagging; to justify and support the government if it is moved to act quickly and decisively.

The slowly increasing trickle of help to Greece began in the summer of 1941. Its beginning is significant. One day in August, the London Times printed a brief paragraph to the effect that the Foreign Office had consented to opening the blockade for certain quantities of food to go to the suffering population of Greece.

The second of the writers of this article was in London at the request of two of the occupied countries, trying to persuade the British to open the blockade so as to allow feeding of the other small democracies. He was at once deluged

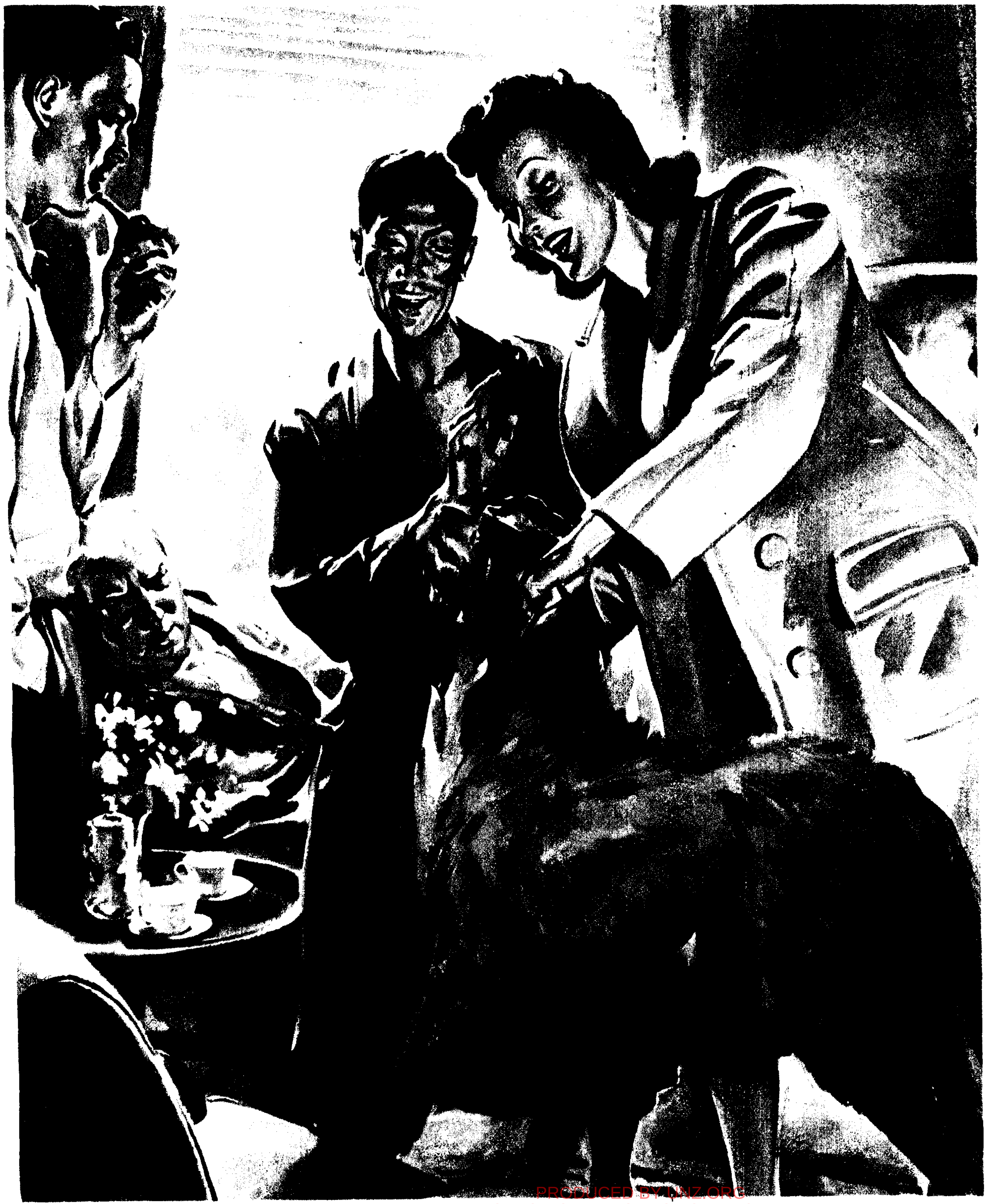
(Continued on page 48)

THE Guardian Hound

BY R. G. KIRK

Cumor was no one to trifle with. He was the huge Irish wolfhound who watched over Shannon MacArt and obeyed her—except in a crisis. In a crisis he took orders from her uncle

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Fearlessly Shannon pulled back on the snarling dog's collar. "And what's this all about, big hound?" she said

THE mental stewpot where ideas cook—the old subliminal if you've got to have a six-bit word—hadn't sent up a bubble for a month. So I slapped a shroud on the typewriter and walked out. I headed north for San Vicente, where my brother has a little beach house, to get a change of scenery and some storming rides on the Waikikian surf for which the lovely little San Vicente Bay is famous.

Our old family friend Josh Kitigawa lived in San Vicente, too. Josh was an American-born scion of the far-flung Kitigawa clan, which owned most of the coastal ranches back of San Vicente Bay. He had played water polo on the varsity with me at U.C.L.A., and, five years away from college, kept himself in such shape that he would hop to a three- or four-mile swim upon the slightest provocation. I love a distance swim, but not alone.

In San Vicente all I had to do to get a swimming escort who was about fifty per cent seal was to walk into the American Pacific Sunset Nosegay Shop, which was headquarters for the many Kitigawa enterprises. There Josh would very likely be, all set to leap up from behind his desk and hustle into a pair of swimming trunks.

But Josh was not available when I got to San Vicente. He would be away on business for a day or two. So sorry. He would be informed I was in town the moment he returned. So very sorry.

So I got none of the incomparable physical and mental cleanups that long hard salt-water paddles give. And one December day, feeling that a good boil-out in the sun might start recharging batteries that had not taken on a single volt from a whole week on a careering surfboard, I started off for a half-day tramp up into the coastal hills.

I had to climb for sunshine that day, for a low fog lay over all the coast. But in an hour I was above it, standing on the bare, bleached shale of a mountain firebreak. Solitary summits lifted all about, high islands in a faery sea of fog. And there was perfect, peaceful quiet, very pregnant with the stuff that dreams are made of.

But as I stood and listened to that entrancing silence it was broken—not rudely, though the voice that echoed through it was a great arresting one. There was savage music in it which belonged in mystic mountains high above the fog. And I recognized the sound. I knew that volume, resonance, authority. People who own the tall wolfhound of Ireland have a saying: "He very seldom speaks—but when he does!" That was an Irish wolfhound's voice.

There was no judging how far it had carried through the mountain stillness. Ahead of me the ridges all were clear. The hollows then—they had to be looked into. I faced the next ascent, lifted a foot to start an eager scramble—then held that first step, and my breath too; for there, looking down at me from the summit of the slope ahead was no dog in this world but George MacArt's magnificent wolfhound Cumor. Though I had never seen him actually, I knew him on the instant, for I have a picture of him on my desk. He is without a doubt the grandest specimen of his breed.

George MacArt? Unless you know wolf dogs you'll scarcely know him. A couple years ago I didn't. Then I got this concise letter:

"My dear Mr. More:

"I have come upon a fiction piece of yours, done with enthusiasm and some evidence of study, about the ancient wolf dog of the Gael. May I inquire what your research reading brought you about the hound prior to 1352 B.C.?

"Yours sincerely,
"GEORGE MACART."

That was the start of a delightful correspondence. The man, it proved, was a retired contractor who, as he put it, needed and could afford a hobby. And since it could be an expensive one, and he was Irish, he had chosen Irish wolfhounds.

At his fifty-acre place in the wooded country of northeastern Pennsylvania he bred and owned the best; and he had antiquaries searching old libraries everywhere for lore of the romantic breed—in Iceland, Poland, India, Arabia, where centuries ago the great hounds had been sent to jarl and king and grand mogul

(Continued on page 21)

Lois specializes in sunrise serenades for the early-rising Armed Forces, who call her Reveille Sweetheart

WHEN they offered her a lead on Broadway in Cole Porter's new show, Something For the Boys—an opportunity she had spent all her adulthood waiting for—Lois January turned it down, and her agent burst a blood vessel.

"Are you nuts?" he screamed, writhing on the floor in financial agony. "You got rocks in your head? I get you one chance in a million, and you wanna spend the resta your life getting up at four-thirty in the morning."

"I'm happy," Lois insisted.

"I'm disgusted," the agent said, as he walked out.

But not January. You can still tune her in at 5:30 every morning through the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York.

I know what you're thinking. You wouldn't get up at that hour to hear Christopher Columbus broadcast from heaven. But did you ever stop to think for a minute that, at 5:30 A. M., more than three million soldiers are shaking the sleep out of their heads, preparing to stand reveille, and that the first thing they do is to turn on the radio?

"January's what makes reveille bearable," a soldier at Fort Bragg says. "She sounds like an angel."

"The truth is," she admits, "I sound like myself."

That means a five-foot three-inch, 113-pound, 25-year-old package of brown hair, gray eyes, curves, a high-pitched, pleasant Texas twang, and a good many other physical assets which add up to a sizable inventory.

Her alarm clock goes off at 4:30 A. M. At 5:30, she's in the CBS studio, spinning records like mad, singing tunes, chatting to soldiers who've written in offering to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice of marriage.

The script goes something like this: "Hello, fellows! This is your Lois January. How'd you sleep last night? You did? Well, what's the use of kicking? Tomorrow's another day. I've got a letter here from Sergeant Kleitz at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. 'Do me a favor, chicken,' the sarge writes, 'and let me hear you sing Dearly Beloved.' You bet I will, sarge, honey. Here it is, especially for you . . . etc."

Early-Morning Complainers

In addition to countless servicemen and insomnia sufferers, the January audience consists of farmers and war workers. The few early-rising women who tune her in frequently write and complain.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," they say, "stealing other girls' sweethearts."

Lois who hails from McAllen, near the Rio Grande, pays the old girls no mind. She has a husband of her own and is determined to keep the soldiers in good spirits, come what may. To her, all men in uniform are "honey."

Soldiers write in, "Lover, please be tender." Most popular line: "I'm single and I've fallen in love with your voice."

To all these admirers, Lois replies with a portrait of herself drawn by a soldier. Of late, however, a good many farmers have been proposing and sending gifts. A dairy specialist up at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, writes each day. "I have named my prize chicken after you," he reported recently. "I call it Lady Lois of 1943. Enclosed please find a dozen of her eggs."

"I don't mind getting up at four-thirty every morning and playing records," she says. "Really, I don't. I bring a little warmth into the cold morning lives of these people, and I think it's worthy and unusual because they expect January to be freezing."

Not this January. At 5:30 A. M., six days a week, the Armed Forces of the nation insist that her broadcast sizzles. ★★★

WABC
CO
Th
Ja
By Lloyd She

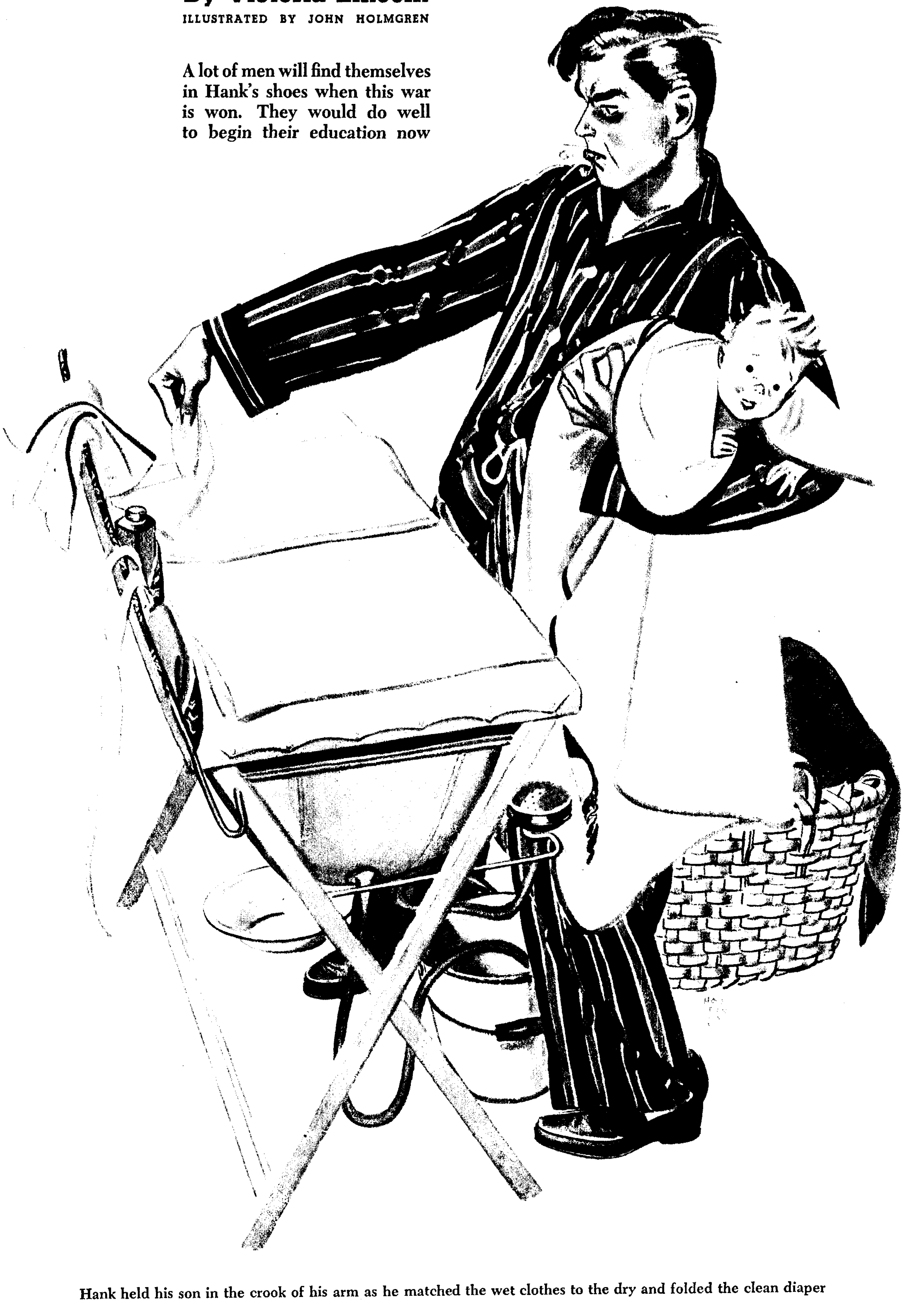
IFOR THOMAS

They Do Feel Wonderful

By Victoria Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A lot of men will find themselves in Hank's shoes when this war is won. They would do well to begin their education now



Hank held his son in the crook of his arm as he matched the wet clothes to the dry and folded the clean diaper

THE first time Hank saw Julie she was winning a jitterbug contest on the stage of a neighborhood movie house. She danced with her kid brother who had just had his seventeenth birthday, and many people in the audience took her for the younger of the two, with her bronze hair flying and the natural color flaring up in her cheeks until they were bright even in the blanching glare of the footlights.

Hank didn't think much of jitterbugging or of girls under twenty, but as he stared at her he felt something funny happening to him inside, as if the elevator had taken a sudden drop. He turned to the man beside him.

"You know everyone around here," he said. "Who is that girl?"

"That's Julie Winslow," was the reply. "Boy's her brother. She's nineteen, nice kid, nice family. Want to meet her?"

"Yeah," said Hank, staring. "Yeah, thanks. Like to."

Julie Winslow, he thought. Nineteen years old. So very young. Julie Winslow.

He himself was twenty-six.

"Old enough to be your father," he told her later with a half-rueful grin.

Julie was hurt. "I'm not a child," she said, standing straight and tilting up her small square chin. "I graduated from high. I've been working for a year and a half."

"Working? What can you do?"

She laughed defensively and flushed. "I'm a clerk in a toy store," she said. Then, as they both laughed together: "Well, how about you? Why are you in this town?"

"I'm a ceramic engineer."

"Oh." Blankly. "Be here long?"

"Till the dam is finished."

That sounded a nice long time, at first. Time to go to the movies, to go dancing, to walk home slowly through the small town streets, holding hands, getting acquainted.

Only Julie was so sweet. After a week or so Hank knew that until the dam was finished was a very short time, that anything less than the rest of his life was a very short time.

But she's such a kid, he thought helplessly. It wouldn't be fair to tie her up before she's old enough to know her mind. Besides, there's a war coming.

There was a war coming.

ON DARK, dull Sundays in December how many, many people just naturally sit in the living room and listen to the radio; Hank and Julie heard about Pearl Harbor as they sat around the radio with her parents, her brother, her Aunt Sue (visiting) and Mr. Wardour from next door whose wife was away visiting her folks. It was a small room for so many, but it was cold out, and raining, and everyone had seen the only good show in town. Someone turned on the radio, aimlessly, not feeling for any particular station, and the tense, excited voice broke in upon them and all their own voices rose, clamoring.

"Come on," said Julie abruptly. "Come out in the kitchen with me, Hank. I want to get some coffee."

In the quiet of the kitchen they sat close together at the alcove table, but they did not embrace or touch each other's hands.

"Well," he said, finally, "here it is. Funny, I sort of feel better."

"Better, Hank?"

"Yes. Having it settled."

"Will it make a lot of difference to you, Hank? I mean, right away?"

"Not much, really. I'll go into the Engineers."

She stood up and went to the stove. She looked small and tired and somehow

(Continued on page 54)

Port of Navy Wives

By Helena Huntington Smith

San Diego, one-time vacation town, is now the overcrowded jumping-off spot for the Navy in the Pacific and the new home for Navy wives. The girls drive streetcars, work as housekeepers, sleep in cars and on cots in lobbies and hallways—and wait

WERE you ever in San Diego? It was an ideal vacation spot once, with its southern California boop-a-doop and the climate, and Tijuana right across the border. Nothing serious ever happened to San Diego in the old days, except Townsend Plan meetings and the winter tourist trade; and in peaceful little Coronado across the bay, there were the retired admirals and the green lawns and the palm trees against the sunset.

Well, the palm trees and the sunset are still there, but today San Diego is the jumping-off place for the war in the Pacific, and nothing else matters. It is the biggest naval base on the West Coast and the home of Consolidated Aircraft, maker of giant bombers. No other town in the United States is so close to the war.

You'll see more bronze stars on service ribbons in a day in San Diego than in a swing all around the rest of the country. A bronze star on a yellow ribbon may mean service overseas before Pearl Harbor; it usually means that the wearer has been in action. You never know whom you're sitting next to in a restaurant. The quiet-looking lad in the Marine flier's uniform wears the blue-and-white ribbon of the Navy Cross, but you don't notice it till you catch the words "—just got back from the Solomons." You wonder whom he's talking about, and he continues, "They brought a squadron of us back day before yesterday."

On the street, you see sailors with beards. Why? "Oh, they grow 'em out there. Keeps the sun off, or something."

And since the action in the Pacific is largely the Navy's war, just as North Africa is the Army's show, San Diego is also the port of Navy wives. On the East Coast, Norfolk is the same.

They come there to be with Navy husbands who are taking off for Shangri-la, and when the husbands have gone, they stay on, waiting for news, hoping that some bright day the phone will ring and a voice will say, "I just got in. I've got forty-eight hours."

It happens. And so do stranger things. Ten men, listed as missing and mourned as dead, have walked up the front steps of homes in San Diego or Coronado since the war started. With radio silence enforced on ships crossing the Pacific, there has been no warning that they were alive after all. They have simply come home—with the same fine old thunderclap effect their return would have produced in the days of sailing ships and crinolines. And sailors' wives, being tough, never did faint for joy.

"Out there" is so close to San Diego that when the local society editor calls up some commander's wife whom she hasn't seen lately, to ask about a little social item, she lifts the telephone with a feeling of half dread—"because I'm afraid something may have happened since I talked to her last."

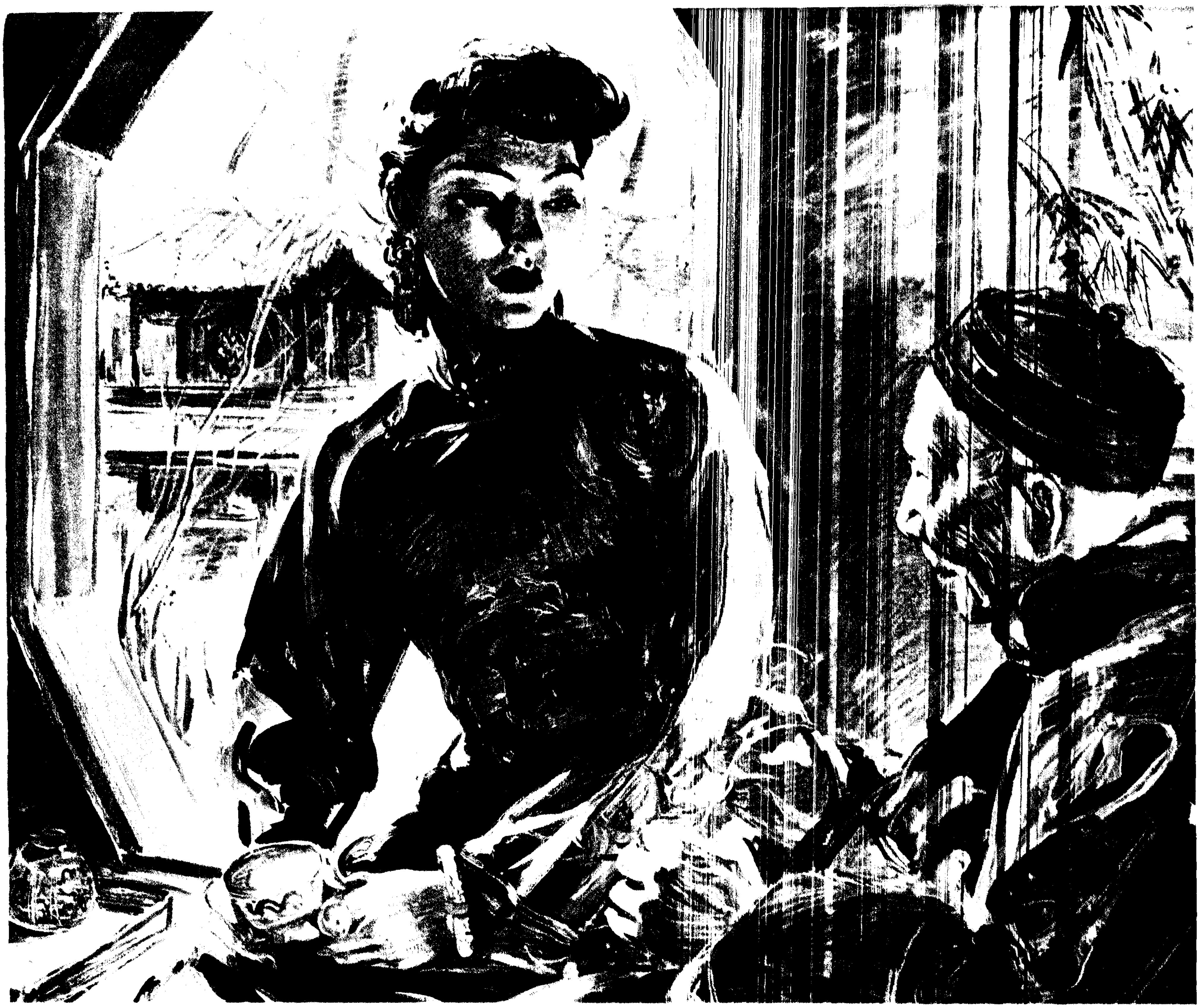
And in Coronado where the concentration of naval families is greatest, mothers have a new problem in child psychology to worry about. For children playing in Coronado dooryards, too young to know what death means, chatter familiarly about this or that playmate's father being killed in action—as though death were part of a game grownups play.

Loss of the aircraft carriers has hit the town hard, but each time one of the flat-tops went down, there was no word for the families "on the beach," till the ship came in bringing the survivors. There were plenty of rumors first, but no Navy wife ever believes the rumors that her husband's ship is lost. And so there was chapter after chapter of experiences like that of a girl whose husband was on the Lexington. One morning last summer she had *(Continued on page* 74*)*

Ensign Worden shows his wife how to cook vegetables in the Solomon Island manner. Previously **reported dead,** he turned up at Henderson Field after three months of struggle in the jungle

Below: Hilda Coe works a band saw at one of the most difficult jobs around Consolidated. Here she is trimming a "blister" that will house one of the airplane's machine gunners

ome Navy wives are driving cabs and busses. Alma ollins' husband is a bosun's mate and she is the other of three children. Hacking pays well but hat is more important, Mrs. Collins loves her work



"Was it well for you to leave your husband?" he inquired. "It seemed better if I came home to my own people," Leone said gently

CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ARNOLD HATFORD, a wealthy Englishman, and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone, start on a house-boating jaunt not far from Shanghai. They have a guest: Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the United States Marines. When Pearl Harbor is attacked, James hurries to Shanghai, where he finds that his ship has sailed! The Hatfords try to make their way to Hong Kong. . . .

James is arrested. With two other prisoners—Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs a home (the "Gate of Hope") for unfortunate girls—he is interrogated by a Japanese official: Shigo Kuyoshi. After which, he is imprisoned, and Mrs. Shipman and the girl are interned—Mrs. Shipman at her home, Jenny at her hotel.

Unfortunately, Shigo, attracted by Jenny, makes strong advances; and the girl is terrified. . . . On the way to Hong Kong, Leone Hatford is far from happy. She is in love with Dan James; she longs to see him again. So, with the aid of Yang, their number one boy, she slips away from her husband. She hopes to make her way to Shanghai in time, and join her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh.

Yang's father and mother give her a warm greeting. In their simple little home, she meets a number of Chinese guerrillas, one of them—a tall, powerful young fellow—admires her.

Disguised as a peasant, Leone manages to get into Shanghai, where she goes to the "Gate of Hope" (a friend of Mrs. Shipman, she had once lived there). She finds the front gate guarded by two Japanese sentries. So she steals around to the back gate in an alley. Old Wang, one of Mrs. Shipman's loyal servants, is there. He does not recognize her, and she does not speak to him. Instead, she sits down on the edge of the alley.

No one is in sight in the alley. The place is silent. All the gates around her are closed.

III

LEONE did not by any sign show who she was. She only sat down as though to ease her burden. Old Wang looked at her, and looked away again. But after a moment he came toward her.

"Is your fuel for sale, old woman?" he asked.

"Perhaps it is," she said. "If I can get what I ask for it."

Then, as he came near, she pushed away the dirty bandage from her eyes and smiled at him and said to him in her own voice, but made very low, "Do you know me, old Wang?"

He jumped a little and covered his mouth with his hand and his eyes grew big. Then he looked left and right. No one could be seen in the alley. He came nearer to her still and whispered at her:

"It is you! But why are you like this? And where is your lord?"

"I have left him," she said simply. "He is on his way to Hong Kong. He will be safe enough, since he is English."

"But why—" the old man breathed.

"I am Chinese," she said in a low voice. "I am not foreign. The foreigners have despised me and so I am not English. I choose my Chinese blood, and I have come back to my home."

"He was very good to you," the old man said.

She nodded. "Yes, he was good to me. But in Hong Kong there would be many English and few Chinese. They would

(Continued on page 35)

BEHIND THE WALL

(Life — and death — in Warsaw's Ghetto)

By Tosha Bialer

The author, her husband and son are the only persons ever known to have escaped from the Black Age revival of the ghetto set up by Germany in Warsaw. In grimly factual narrative she tells the tragic story of Poland's Jews as they suffer and die behind the Wall that has become a new world symbol of German barbarism

THE first thing we felt when the Polish war came to an end was overwhelming relief from aerial bombing. Only those who have been through air raids with no shelter to hide in will know what we felt. Gradually our men came home from the fighting—those who had escaped death or capture. Many people who had fled eastward during the campaign flocked back with some assurance that life would go on more or less as before.

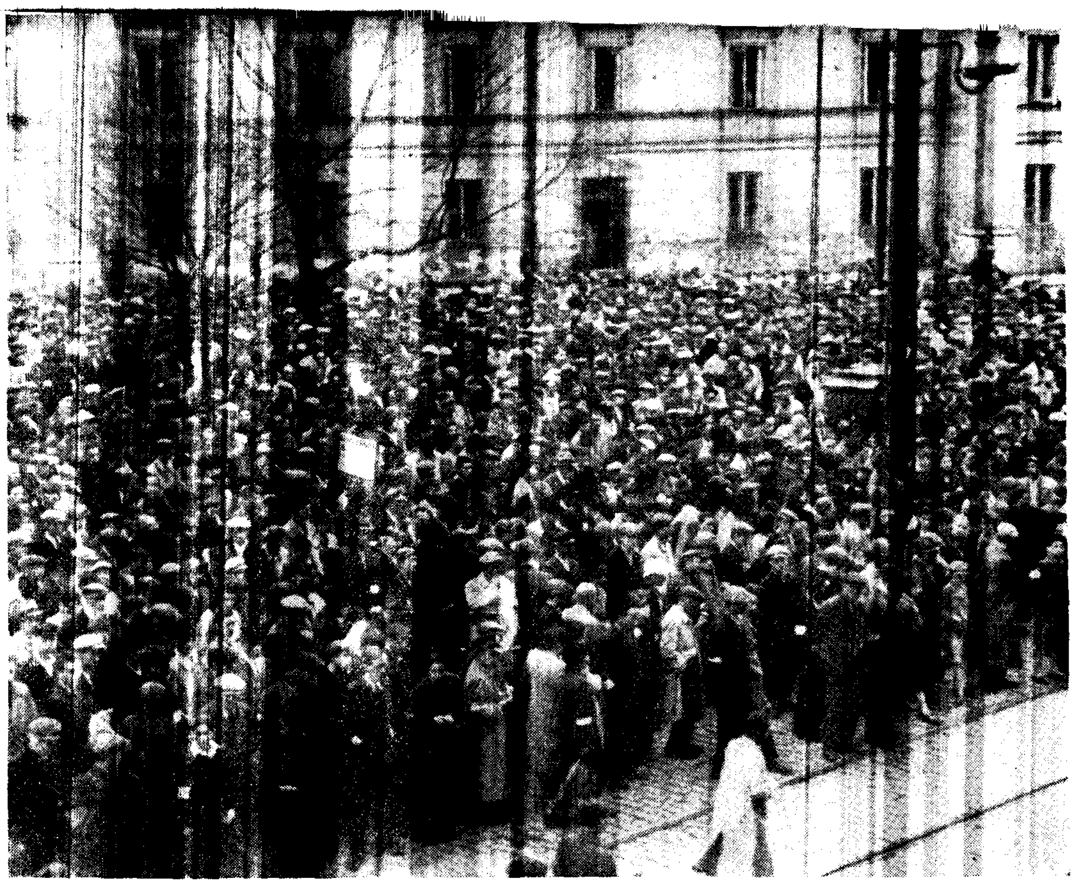
There was little anxiety among the Jews in Warsaw. Naturally there would be the privations of war to contend with—hunger and cold and perhaps even disease; and then, for us as well as for our Christian compatriots, there was the deep humiliation at having been defeated and overrun by another people. As Jews, we did not expect more than that. The fate of the Jews in Germany should have warned us.

A few weeks after the end of the war, the Gestapo swarmed in and began their work of destruction.

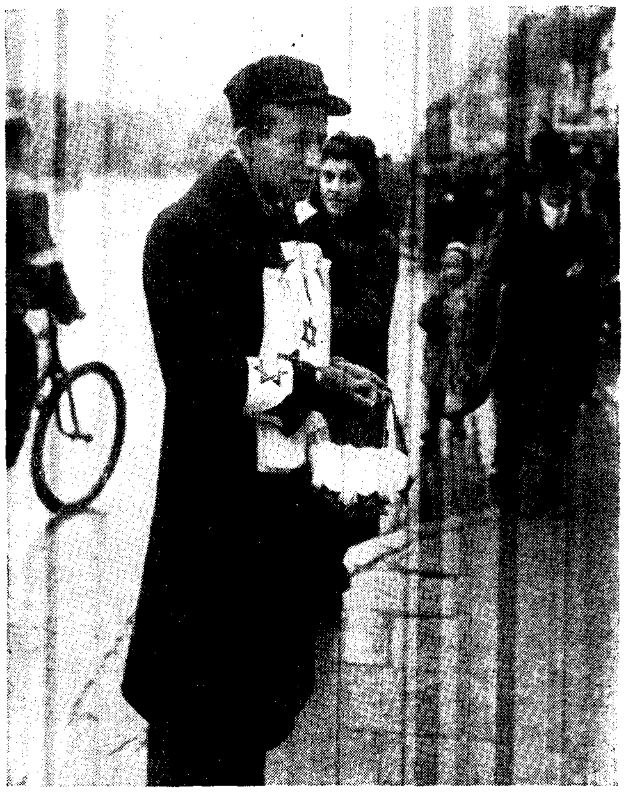
They very soon made their intentions clear. Toward the end of 1939 all Jews were ordered to wear the yellow arm band, and all Jewish stores to display a discriminating label. In certain streets with preponderantly Jewish population, posters were put up: "Infested Area!" "Beware! Thoroughfare Only!" This—as it was meant to—was an open invitation to all sorts of violence and plunder. The lawless elements of the city took full advantage of the opportunity to loot shops and private houses, break windows, and beat up persons wearing the stigmatizing arm band, encouraged at every point by officials of the secret police and led by the Storm Troopers who had accompanied the latter into the city. Searching for hidden arms was one of the most common excuses for the Gestapo to break into homes and commit any kind of outrage. On one such occasion my brother-in-law was arrested and dragged away in the middle of the night, and we never saw him again. Besides his wife, he left a little boy of six.

In March, 1940, Jews under forty were called up for compulsory labor. Many fled from the country, many more were able to evade the order with bribes or by hiding. But a great number were seized and sent away. Only one man returned to Warsaw to tell the story of that expedition. The labor conscripts were taken to the Russian front and there put to work leveling ground for airfields and roads, working chest-deep in ice-cold water for days. The food was scant, and the accommodations were so flimsy they gave little or no shelter against the Russian winter. Many died from exposure and exhaustion. None of this group was ever heard of again.

Early in 1940 we were puzzled to see gangs of workmen engaged in constructing what seemed to be parts of a wall in various sections of the city. The strange thing was that these parts did not appear to belong to any recognizable pattern but were scattered all over. Many guesses were made, and the general conclusion was that the wall was a strategic meas-

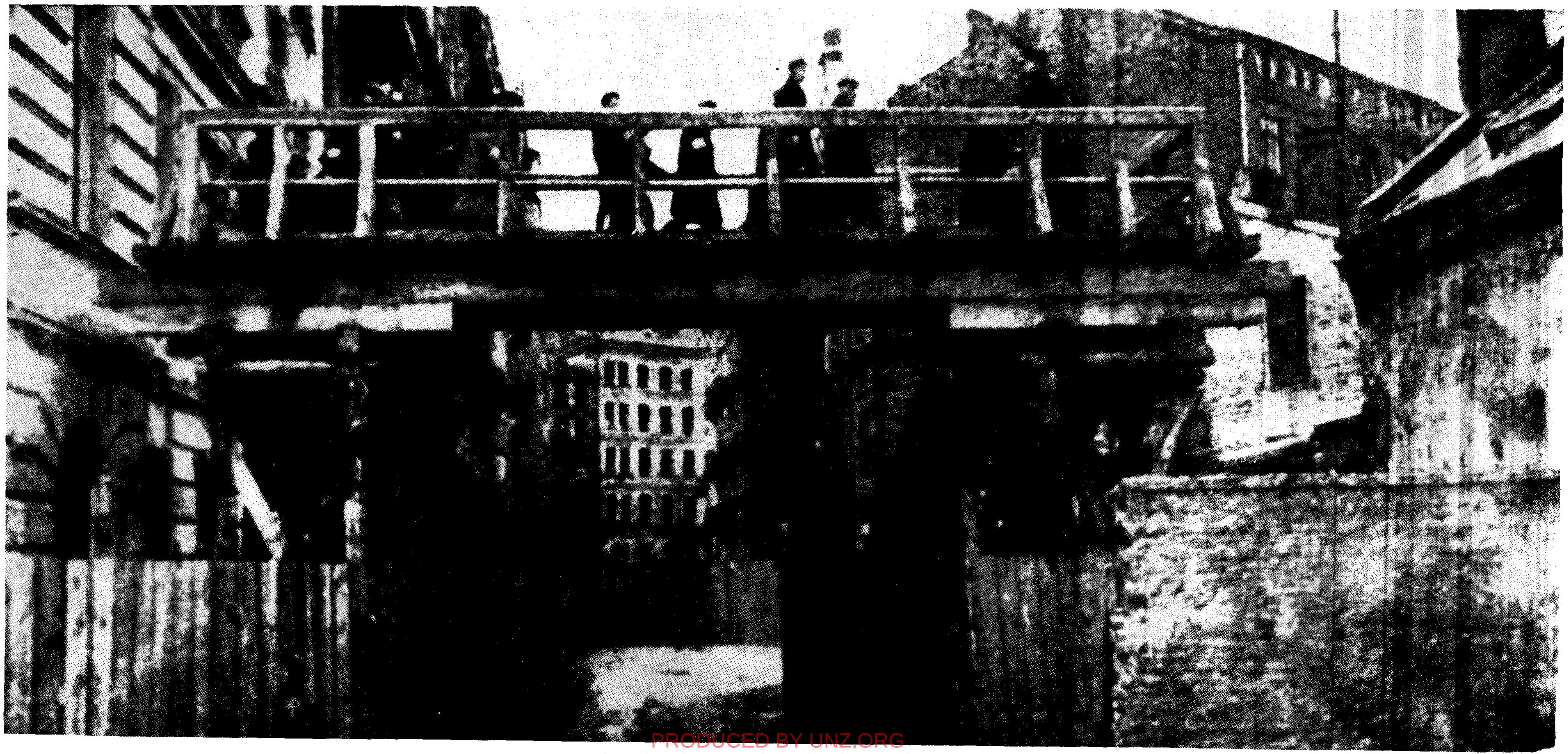


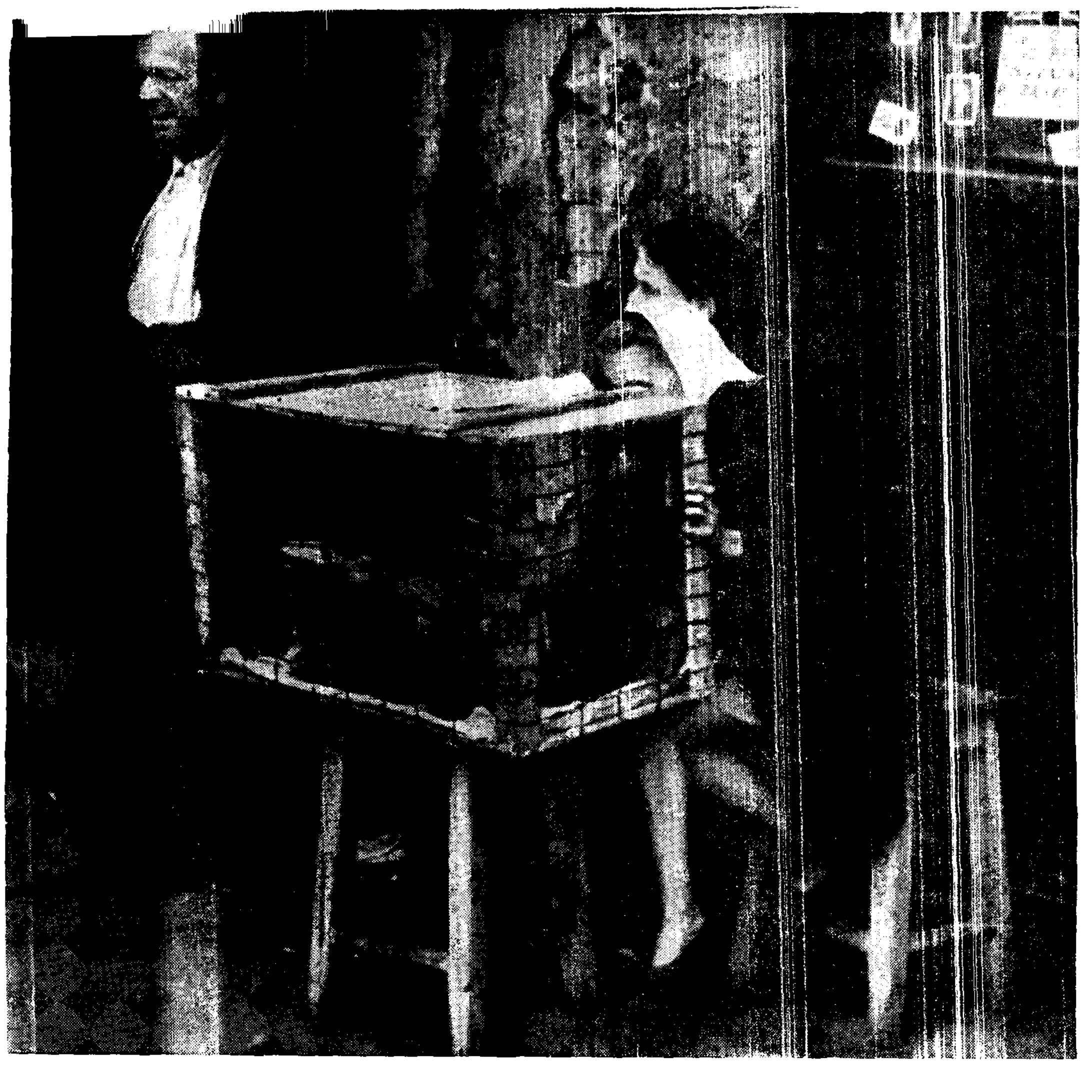
In the picture above are a few of the 600,000 Jews (the entire Jewish population of Warsaw) that the German conquerors have segregated in one of the most infamous ghettos in history. They have gathered in one of the better ghetto streets to listen to loud-speaker announcements and orders from the Gestapo



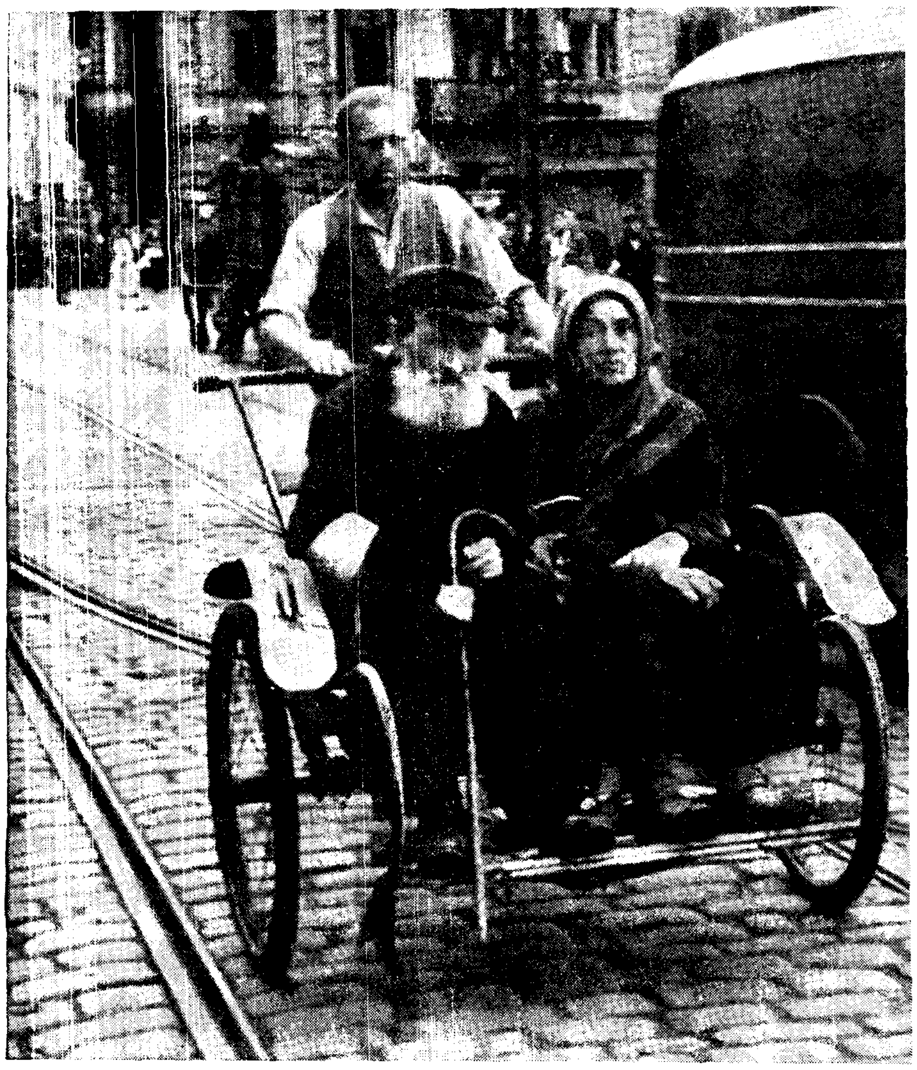
A street vender sells the yellow arm bands that all Jews in Poland have been required to wear since 1939, and must wear today even in their sealed and guarded ghetto

Below: The Germans made it as difficult as possible for the population of the ghetto to move around even within their own section. The street here is inside the walls but is completely closed off, and the bridge may be closed without notice





To prevent snatching, bread is sold from a locked cage. It is made of adulterated flour, and the bread allowance is five pounds per person each month. Note scantiness of woman's dress under coat



Transportation—except for horse-drawn carts—was completely stopped inside the ghetto. For those who could not walk—and who could pay a few pennies, bicycle rickshas could be hired

ure, though directed against what or whom no one could imagine.

In the meantime, the Nazi administration was busy. All property, as well as stores, shops and other business enterprises, were placed under German receivership. The receivers, appropriately enough, were Ukrainians or Poles of German stock, both our traditional antagonists. We were helpless against these open acts of robbery. Scorn and derision were added to willful confiscation: Jews were ordered to remove and transport the "requisitioned" objects. Old and ailing men were deliberately picked to carry the heaviest loads. They had to carry their heavy burdens down many flights of stairs, the use of the elevators being forbidden to them.

The Day of Atonement is the holiest day of the year in a Jewish community. In 1940 it fell on October 8th. On that day the Germans published an order declaring that all Jews were to move out of certain specified sections of Warsaw, and that non-Jews had to leave the sections that were not specified. The deadline for this move was October 31st.

A Hegira of Horror

The last week of October was a nightmare of congestion and confusion. Try to picture one third of a large city's population, six hundred thousand people, moving through the streets in an endless stream of humanity, pushing, pulling, wheeling, dragging, carrying all their belongings from every part of the city to one small section, crowding one another more and more as they converged. No cars, no horses, no help of any sort was available to us, by order of the occupying authorities. Every kind of obstacle was invented to hinder us in moving our belongings. Pushcarts were about the only method of conveyance we had, and these were piled high with household goods, furnishing much amusement to the German onlookers, who delighted in overturning the carts and seeing us scrambling for our effects. Many of the goods were confiscated arbitrarily without any explanation. Warsaw was an open highway, with the highwaymen in undisputed control. Everything that could not be transported in time was left behind after the moving and was declared ownerless and divided up among the Germans and their sympathizers.

In the ghetto, as some of us had begun to call it, half ironically and in jest, there was appalling chaos. Thousands of people were rushing around at the last minute trying to find a place to stay. Everything was already filled up but still they kept coming and somehow more room was found. The narrow, crooked streets of the most dilapidated section of Warsaw were crowded with pushcarts, their owners going from house to house asking the inevitable question: "Have you room?" The sidewalks were covered with their belongings. Children wandered, lost and crying; parents ran hither and yon seeking them, their cries drowned in the tremendous hubbub of half a million uprooted people.

The first days were spent in getting a foothold in our new surroundings, clearing up affairs, and trying to establish a design for living.

And then came the fifteenth of November, 1940, the day that none of us will ever forget.

That morning, as on every other, men and women set out on their way to work, storekeepers, employees, executives, most of whom worked in the non-Jewish sections. As they came to the various points where thoroughfares and streets crossed from the Jewish section into the non-Jewish districts, they ran against barbed wire strung across and guarded by German police who were stopping all traffic out of the Jewish section. Hastily they tried other streets, avenues, alleys, only to find in every case barbed wire or a solid brick wall, well guarded. There was no way out any more!

Quickly the news spread through the section. Other people came out of their houses and stared at the barricades, pathetically silent, stunned by the frightful suspicion that was creeping into their minds. Then, suddenly, the realization struck us. What had been, up till now, seemingly unrelated parts—a piece of wall here, a blocked-up house there, another piece of wall somewhere else—had overnight been joined to form an enclosure from which there was no escape. The barbed wire was the missing piece in the puzzle. Like cattle we had been herded into the corral, and the gate had been barred behind us. The Jewish section was sealed!

Despair swept over us like a cloud, blotting out all hope. This, then, was the fate that had been reserved for us—to be locked up here, our houses taken away, our means of support inaccessible, and left to starve or to perish from the diseases that accompany overcrowded conditions. So the ghetto talk had not been an idle rumor, a pretext to squeeze funds out of us. It had been a definite plan, carefully conceived and diligently pursued.

The Lost People of Warsaw

In their own country the Germans had been curbed to some extent by the effect of the opinion of the world, which had its eyes and ears on Germany. Here in Poland, far from the democratic states of the West, they were free to do as they pleased with what they considered the backwash of a conquered nation. There was no friendly observer here in Warsaw to extend a helping hand, no one allowed to witness our fate. We had indeed become the lost people.

By making us captives the Germans automatically and conveniently enacted a robbery on a scale without precedent. The exclusion of stores and business enterprises from the moving order was in reality a deliberate trick to deprive every Jew of his means of livelihood. It was quite simple. After November 15th no Jew could leave the ghetto for any reason. Not having been warned of this order in advance, we had done nothing about liquidating businesses and saving what we could from the wreck; and now it was too late. Therefore, according to the Germans, since a Jew could not get at his business any more, it was no longer his.

The ghetto included the oldest, most deteriorated sections of the city, a district that had been an eyesore for years and should have been torn down long ago.

It comprised many blocks completely destroyed by bombing, without a habitable building left standing—rubble and ruins remaining as the Luftwaffe had left them, a danger to health and safety. With intentional foresight, not one park, not one playground or public garden was included in the area. There was no access to the river banks. The Jewish Hospital, modern and well equipped, erected and run on Jewish funds, had been left outside; so had the Liberal Jewish Synagogue and the Old People's Home. The ghetto was cut up into two sectors of unequal size, the main ghetto and the little ghetto, meeting at a narrow bottleneck, a plan calculated to cause us the most inconvenience and hardship possible, as I shall explain later.

The Germans were set on our destruction. Herding us together was one step toward that aim, and the most effective one. By segregating us from the rest of the world, cutting us off from any outside interference, they could treat us like guinea pigs in an experimental laboratory, only in this case without an anesthetic. With cold logic they concluded that overcrowding, inadequate housing, insufficient food without nutrition, lack of sanitation, medicine or recreation, and reduction to subhuman standards would produce starvation, disease, pestilence, factional strife resulting in deaths and mass suicide similar to their experience in Vienna, all of which would save them the trouble and ammunition required to massacre half a million people outright.

Against this unprecedented persecution, against the hardships of the present and the unimaginable evils of the future,

(Continued on page 66)

"There's just one cigarette for me—CAMEL—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T'"

says "RED" HULSE

VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE NAVY'S NEW CURTISS DIVE-BOMBER

TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load, at higher speed, for greater distances than any naval dive-bomber in existence. And at the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy . . . smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

THEY can look terrific on paper. They can meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air . . . when you *fly* it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand *is in the smoking.*

Test pilot "Red" Hulse (*right*) and countless other smokers could tell you mighty convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste . . . your own "T-Zone" . . . can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—and on the home front.

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

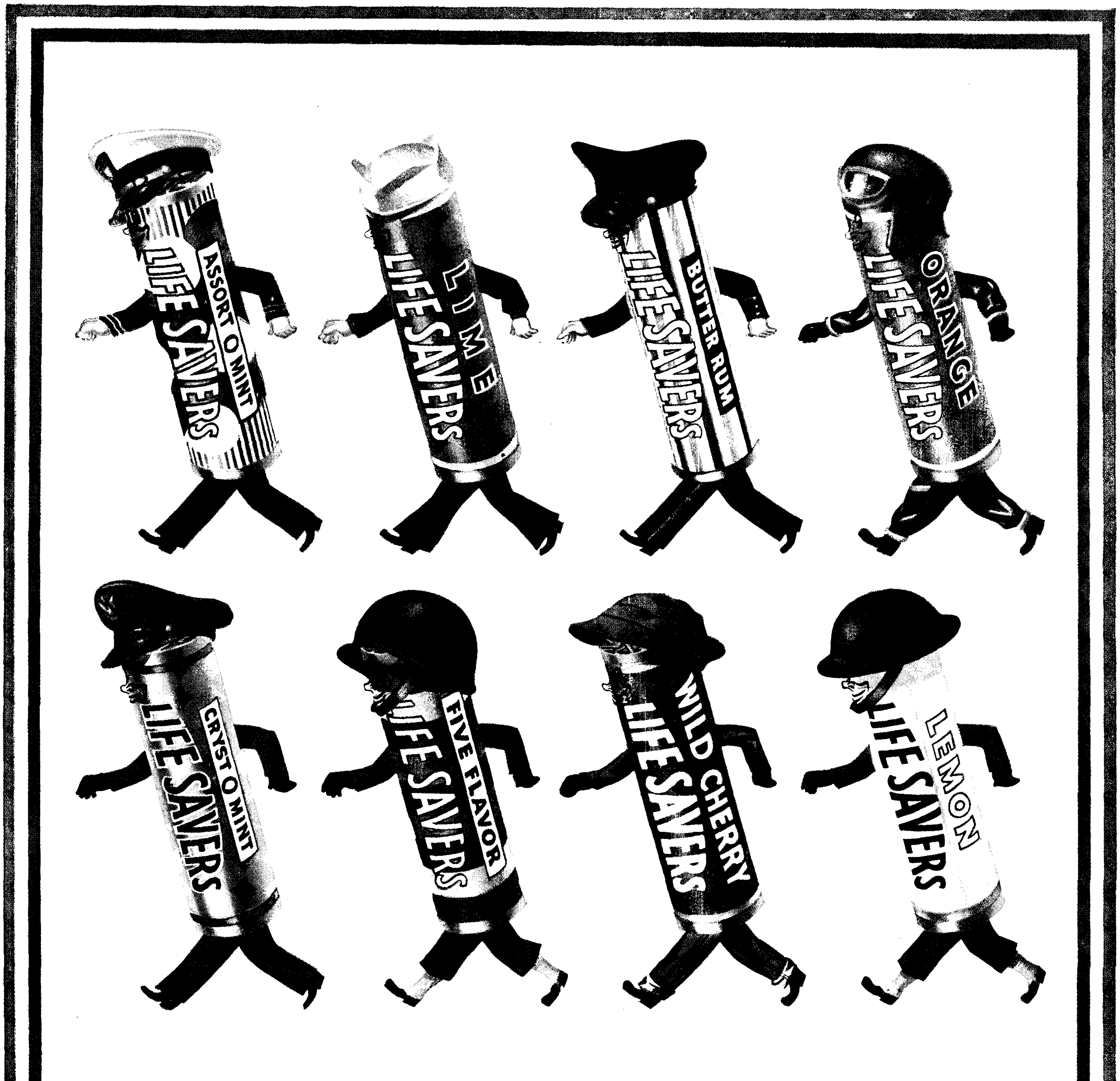
The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (*Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.*)

THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged

The "**T-ZONE**"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "**T-ZONE**" to a "**T.**" Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


ASSORT O MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIME
LIFE SAVERS
BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS
ORANGE
LIFE SAVERS
CRYST O MINT
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FIVE FLAVOR
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WILD CHERRY
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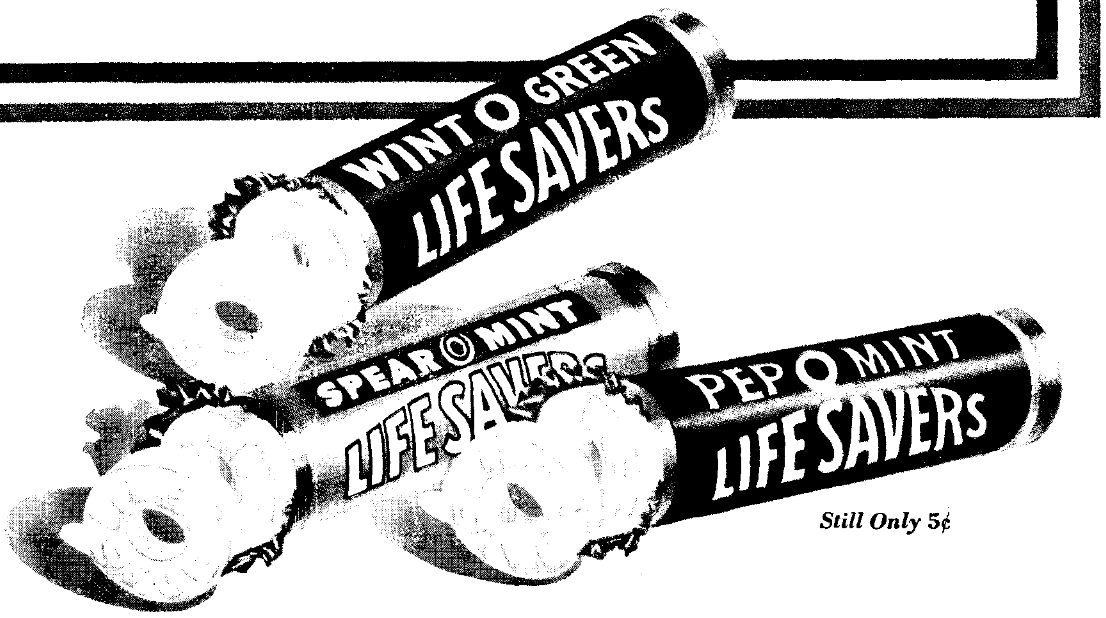
TODAY our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS hard candy for shipment out to CENSORED, CENSORED and CENSORED

So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor ... you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.


WINT O GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
SPEAR O MINT
LIFE SAVERS
PEP O MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Still Only 5¢

The Guardian Hound

Continued from page 12

and sheik as the most royal of all gifts.

In all this time, I had never met George MacArt—or his secretary either, who was his niece, and who, with the name she signed, Shannon O'Day MacArt, simply had to be beautiful. I got a letter from him finally, saying that he had planned a leisurely motor trip across country, and that when he got to La Jolla he would look me up. Then I did not hear from him for weeks.

And now, scarcely a hundred yards uphill from me, watching me alertly, stood his splendid hound Cumor. I stood as still as he awhile, taking in his incredible size and beautiful proportions; and as I did so, other proportions still more exquisite topped the rise behind him. A girl.

As I stood there drinking in this vision of loveliness I felt a sudden sharp conviction. Maybe not just a girl. Maybe the girl.

In spite of unrevealing hiking clothes I knew how warm and white she was, and clean, too, right through to the bones. Late morning brilliance shimmered off a head so black that blue glints played along the heavy waves of hair like bronze-blue glints along a grackle's ebony plumage. And I knew her also, although there never had been sent a picture of her for my desk.

THAT girl was the niece of George MacArt—his secretary. For wasn't that MacArt's great Irish hound beside her? And wasn't she, herself, plainly as Irish as the nose of her face?

"Large morning," I called up the slope.

"Enough for everybody," came right back at me.

I knew her voice would be like that—a river's, singing at some gentle shallow. A smile went with it too—a smile that actually enlarged the morning and made the sun more brilliant and the sky bluer than before. And I found myself speculating, as I climbed that slope, how fortunate a man would be to have a wife named Shannon. And then I was beside her, and I knew how fortunate.

"If it's all right with you," I said. "I'd like to tell you first how beautiful you are before I say how beautiful your hound is."

"How very nice," she said. "Most people seem to use up all their adjectives on the hound, and have none left when they get round to me."

"Most people have no adjectives for you to start off with," I told her. "Remember how the ancient chroniclers felt the same loss of words? They just called you The Beautiful, Yseult the Beautiful, and let it go at that."

At this she looked me up and down with care. Then she said with conviction, "Irish?"

"Scottish," I corrected her.

"Are there Blarney stones in Scotland too?"

"What Scotsman with a tongue behind his teeth has any need of Blarney stones, Miss MacArt?"

"None," she said, "if they're all like you, Mr. More."

We both laughed and both said together, "How did you know me?"

She answered first. "You talk just like your letters, which, as you know, I have answered by the dozens."

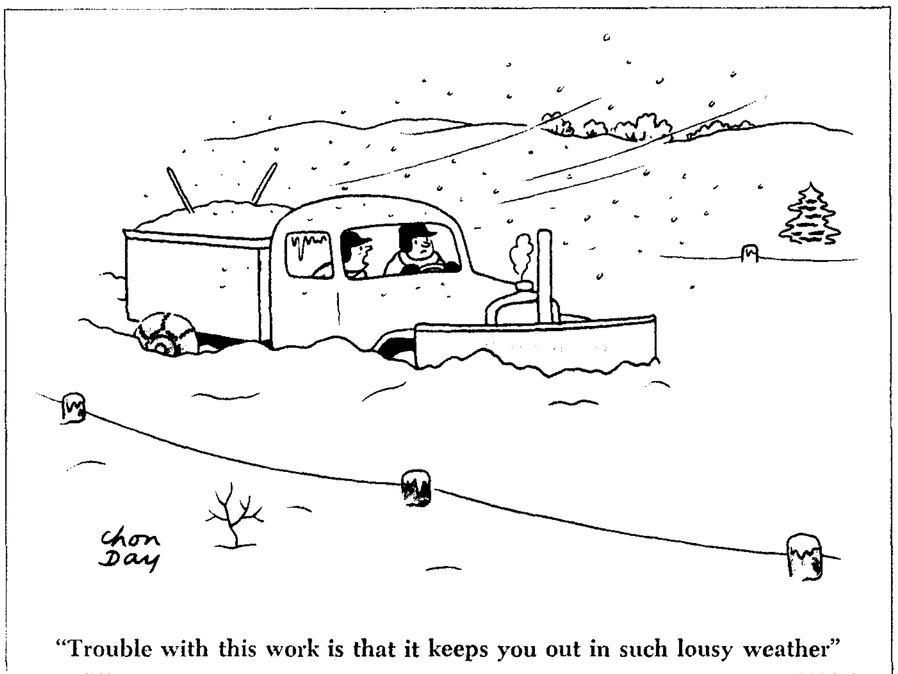
I said, "I would have known you anywhere. Remember Tennyson? 'The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes'? And then that face and figure that left poets tongue-tied. Yseult the Beautiful. That was the best they could do—which just about covered the ground at that. So who else would you be? Oh, Shannon too, of course. And I shall need both names. Shannon for sunny hours, with friends about, and horses and dogs and three boys and two girls. Yseult for whispering to you in the night."

"I think we'd better go see Uncle George," she said.

A half-dozen steps revealed a trail that went west from the firebreak, and soon the three of us were dropping by a steep path to the bottom of a canyon. Here a small dirt road, with mighty live oaks reaching their thick arms across it, led toward the ocean. We followed this until we heard the dull crash of the sea, still hidden by the fog. Then we came to a cabin perched against the canyon side.

"It will be good to get you two together," said George MacArt's niece.

We climbed steps, crossed a porch and entered. The room we stepped into was small, but held a generous fireplace, set into a corner. Two burning eucalyptus logs stood upright in it, perfuming the whole room with pungent fragrance and a very welcome warmth.



"Trouble with this work is that it keeps you out in such lousy weather"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

GEORGE MACART was all I'd pictured him—stout and gray and ruddy, with upper lip aplenty and no nose to spare. The sparkle in his eye must have come down from every one of his eight great-grandparents, for that much glint could not possibly have been inherited from fewer ancestors.

He said, "So this is Roger More. You're as redheaded as your letters, and as welcome. I suppose your friends all call you by the Irish, Rory."

"He says he's Scotch. Imagine!" This from Shannon.

"More, of Clan Leslie," I announced. "And there should sound a skirl of pipes at that."

"Scotch!" exploded George MacArt. "Man, you're as Irish as Bobby Burns!"

Tell me what Scotsman's heart would not be warmed by such a brazen insult. Here was an Uncle George for me.

I had pictured him pretty accurately, as I say, all but his leg in a cast. He was plaster, hip to ankle.

"But you ought to see the other lad," he boasted. "It will take weeks to get spare parts for him, and surgeons will be tinkering with him for months. Next time that native son-of-a-moron wants to pass a truck right at a hilltop I'll bet he finds out first if the MacArt, of Susquehanna Glen, is touring in his state."

WE SAT and talked wolfhound. The tall fire fell and made a glowing golden heap. The fog came rolling up the canyon from the sea, making the heat feel fine. Cumor lay stretched out on the floor close to MacArt, long as the couch on which the man sat propped. A terrible, beautiful creature, the guardian of this little house. And an exquisite, beautiful creature was the mistress of it, tall Shannon MacArt, busying herself, setting a thing in order here, and moving a thing that didn't need moving there. I had never seen anything as charming as that young woman keeping house.

"Here's a reference to the hound which you have never seen, I'll wager," said MacArt. "The one about Gunnar's hound, Asthore." And his niece handed me a book from the library table.

It was the story of Burnt Njal, that saga of old heathen, horse-fighting Iceland, where you may meet Gunnar of Lithend, one of the stoutest heroes that ever walked earth or the pages of legend. I opened at a marker.

"Then Gunnar came to Hjardarholt," I read, "and Olaf the Peacock gave him hearty welcome. . . . But at their parting Olaf said, 'I will give thee three things of price, a gold ring, and a cloak the Erse king owned, and a hound that was given me in Ireland. He is big, and no worse follower than a sturdy man. He can see too in any man's face whether that man means thee well or ill, and he will lay down his life to be true to thee.' "

"You think the Irish wolfhound really has that mystic prescience?" I asked.

"He has," declared MacArt. "As surely now as he had it in Iceland a thousand years ago."

And on the very instant of that statement came a growl that slid a sharp icicle down my spine. No loud growl that might forewarn a foe. A wicked, deep, chest rumble. You could almost feel it shake the air of the room. A growl to warn his people to be on their guard. We listened, heard it then—a small sound that the hound's ears had caught. A drip-drip-dripping just outside the door.

A knock sounded. I opened the door.

"Well, I will be a cockeyed so-and-so!" I exploded. "Josh Kitigawa!" For that's just exactly who it was—and dripping wet, as usual.

"Where did you ever swim from, you old porpoise, and how did you ever find me here, through all this fog?" I asked. Then I turned to my hosts. "This here, now, Nipponese cetacean, friends," I said, "is Mr. Yoshio Kitigawa, American really, and long known to me. Miss MacArt, Josh, and Mr. MacArt her uncle."

Josh bowed, and with his large-toothed, winning smile acknowledged the introduction. It was easy to see that he had been a long time in the water. His finger tips were pale from long immersion.

"Come on, Josh, give," I urged. "Let's have this latest swimming epic. And also why the murderous snickersnee?"

For fastened to the belt of his brief shorts was an unusual scabbard of some sort of woven grass, out of which stood the beautifully inlaid handle of a dirk.

"Abalone," Josh said, which explained it in a word.

SAN VICENTE BAY used to be famous for these sea delicacies, so high in Oriental favor; and had once been a point of export for tremendous quantities of them, dried, to China and Japan. But the bay had been almost cleared of the big mollusks by the Japanese coastal ranchers before the state made laws for their protection.

"If you folks want to feast on abalone," I explained to the MacArts, "you'll have to do it here in California, for they can no longer be shipped out of the state. And if you want to taste the very finest, you have got to be a friend of Josh, an abalone diver in ten thousand, who always has some secret rock ledge spotted where the best ones cling. Am I right, Josh?"

"You swim along some day and see," said Josh. "A nice two-mile stroll out to Pelican Rocks. I went there with my knife and bag this morning, but less than halfway back the fog sneaked up on me. So, of course, no swimming till it cleared. My bag of abalones interfered with floating, so I dumped them. The fog held, and I thought I might be in for hours of drifting, but after a long while I caught the sound of surf, and was I glad to sprint for that! I had no idea I had been carried clear across the bay; but I recognized this canyon, and I knew about this cabin, so I came here, hoping it would be occupied, with the phone in service, so that I could call San Vicente for a taxi."

He was a perfect little Oriental bronze, was Yoshio Kitigawa, standing there nearly naked, his dark skin glistening from the sea. His flat, wide cheekbones and his very heavy epicanthic fold, which made his narrow eyes seem slanted, gave his face that ruthless, sinister, even treacherous aspect, which I thought I saw in every son and daughter of Nippon before I spent eight years in high school and college with the genial Josh and others of his blood.

But in this room was one who did not share my high regard for Josh. The moment he came in, Cumor, the huge wolfhound, hackles rising, arose and left the couch of George MacArt, and went and stood by Shannon. Clearly, he was on guard.

George MacArt saw this, and he glanced at me, his bright eyes flashing

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ENGLISH BLEND

with excitement. "Remember Gunnar's hound?" he asked me.

And I saw apprehension come into the eyes of Shannon as she felt the hatred of the dog toward Kitigawa.

"What a poor hostess I am," she apologized. "Hot chocolate should be good for Mr. Kitigawa, after his long swim."

"So nice of you," said Josh. "I'll not try to deny how marvelous that would be."

"For three?" she asked.

We nodded, and she left the room. The tall hound did not follow her. He stood across the door she had gone through, and kept his eyes on Josh.

"A very exquisite weapon you have, Mr. Kitigawa," George MacArt said. "Ancient, I would judge. A family treasure."

"Quite right you are," said Josh, and pulled it from its sheath.

THE blade was very beautiful and wicked. Ten inches long, maybe, two-edged and of good width but very thin. It must have been of the very finest steel if it could pry an abalone, clinging with its broad powerful foot muscles, from its rock.

"Work of our ancient smith Tsuruga," Josh informed us. "It is called tanto and is the knife for seppuku—what you know as hara-kiri. One of my ancestors in some way failed his emperor, and the emperor, accompanying his gift with words of high esteem, sent him this beautiful knife. And the ancestor, knowing what was expected of him, with dignity and proper ceremony, used it."

Just then Shannon reappeared, bearing a fragrant tray, which I took from her. Over her arm was draped a heavy bathrobe.

"Wear this," she said to Josh. "And do not call a taxi. I have an errand to San Vicente and will take you with me whenever you are ready."

"You are too kind," said Josh. "Would it be inconvenient if we went at once? It would not? Perfect. I offer you ten thousand thanks." And somewhat hastily he drained the steaming cup.

Shannon took down a coat from a peg beside the door as Kitigawa stepped to it and laid hold of the latch.

"I'm sure that Mr. More will want to stay and have more wolf-dog palaver with my uncle," Shannon said.

"With no apology whatsoever to your uncle," I protested, "I'd much rather go with you."

"Nonsense," she said, and stepped toward the door which Kitigawa now was holding open.

But they did not go through. Square in the doorway stood two hundred pounds of dreadful, threatening "No!"—Cumor; a strange and terrible Cumor, snarling direfully, displaying all the frightfulness of jaws that could lift a wolf, full gallop, and crunch its backbone into splinters with one bite.

Fearlessly Shannon pulled back on the dog's collar. "And what's this all about, big hound?" she said.

"He thinks you shouldn't go with Mr. Kitigawa," said her uncle. "And I would trust his judgment. Remember Gunnar's hound."

There came a moment's silence, tense, somewhat embarrassing, somehow ominous; which was shattered by a sound which had no reason to be startling, but which was—the simple ringing of the telephone.

"Will you take it?"

Though I stood nearest to it, George MacArt's request seemed strange. I knew nothing of the MacArt household affairs or social matters. It was as though he shared the great hound's prescience of something ill, with which he would not want to frighten Shannon.

"Sepulvida Ranch?" the telephone inquired. "The guest house near the sea? This is police. We are contacting all beach houses asking sharp lookout for a Japanese who escaped an F.B.I. raid on a short-wave station discovered in Manzanita Canyon. It has been sending code in Japanese. The operator knifed one man and outran the others to the sea, plunged through the surf, and swam into a cover of heavy fog. He is Yoshio Kitigawa—"

"Who?" I demanded, and only with the greatest difficulty kept from whirling about to face my long-time friend. "Who says that?" I added, hoping to mend my blundering outburst. "The veterinarian? Let me talk to him."

"What's all the double-talk?" asked the telephone angrily. "This is dead earnest. Don't talk. Listen. The man is Yoshio Kitigawa, American born but long a suspect—"

Here it seemed time to interrupt again. "No," I said. "Tomorrow won't be satisfactory. You will have to come today."

"I think I've got you." The telephone voice was suddenly lowered. "But first let me finish. Last seen he wore only light brown swimming trunks. And no doubt he is still armed with one very mean knife. We'll be out there hell-bent. Right?"

"One moment," I replied, turning to George MacArt, but speaking so that my voice would carry to the instrument. "The veterinarian says they can't come out for the hound this afternoon."

MacArt's blue eyes sparkled. He followed my invention without the slightest hesitation.

"Tell him it's got to be today—this afternoon. Those spikes of foxtail grass are dynamite once they have worked down into a dog's ear. Tell him at once."

So I said, "This is urgent. You'll have to come and get him right away."

"Right now, buddy," said the telephone. "Don't get hurt, but nail him down somehow. And just in case you haven't had your radio on, here's something that will let you know the poisonous sort of snake you're dealing with. News has just come in that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. Good luck, American. Here we come."

I TRIED to take that last shock with a poker face; but I guess my hatred for that slit-eyed, civilized barbarian who stood so close to Shannon must have blazed in my eyes; for as I hung up, Kitigawa left the girl and with a few swift steps was standing by the couch on which MacArt lay helpless. And I noticed, with a chill that struck my bones, the way he held his dirk—not with the blade projecting backward from his fist, so he would have to lift his hand before he struck, but forward, for an instant thrust.

"Do nothing," Kitigawa said.

Nobody moved. His plan was all too clear.

"I think I know your message, More," he said. "Anyhow I can't chance delay—or interference. One wrong move and this man knows just how good a tanto is at disemboweling."

At this ominous threat, George MacArt looked up at him, smiling pleasantly. "It seems your Japanese friend doesn't believe that Cumor has a foxtail in his ear," he said. "Well, More, what was that call?"

"Is it true, Josh?" I asked. "You've been short-waving code in Japanese? From California, America—that made the Kitigawas rich? Pearl Harbor? Is that true?"

"Why not?" asked Kitigawa. "This big, soft, pot-bellied country. I hate it! . . . Tell the girl to get a car for me."

Tell the girl! The American veneer already gone. Now he was Japanese, the domineering male. Women were for breeding purposes. Why should he lower himself by having any other dealings with them? Just the same his respect for her showed in his actions. He knew that she would never have taken orders from him without a fight. Supple and tall and strong, she would have watched her chance and turned on him, knife or no knife. But his knife now threatened George MacArt, who could not fight.

"Tell her to leave the door wide open when she leaves the room, then to drive the car to the door, leaving the ignition key in place, and the engine running. One thing more: I must have the word of honor of you all that none will try to stop me. Your word of honor given, you will keep it. Fools, but you will keep it. If you will not give it—"

KITIGAWA moved his hand, and light, like the cold brilliance on an icicle, ran from hilt to point along the dirk. What was there to do? What we were told, and not another thing. And here a frightened whisper broke from Shannon's lips.

"No, no, Cumor," she ordered. "Steady." Then to me, "Tell him I'll do just what he says, but that he must say what he wants without threatening moves, or I shall not be able to control the hound."

"Into the next room with him," Kitigawa ordered. "Shut him in. Quickly. Next time I move this wakizashi it will—"

"Stand, Cumor!" said George MacArt.

Shannon tugged at Cumor's collar. She might as well have tried to pull the well-known camel through the needle's eye as the hound through the doorway into the next room.

The bleakness that came into Kitigawa's face at the thought of defiance or delay spread cold all through me. But George MacArt's blue eyes flamed.

"Take it from me," he said to Kitigawa. "You don't look like a death's head. You look like a false face. If you want to see death in a face, look at Cumor's."

He looked. I looked too, and I thanked the powers that that dreadful muzzle wasn't aimed at me.

"Here's where your plans went wrong," MacArt said. "He's my hound, not hers. The reason he left me and went to her when you came in the room is because she is the thing I love most and he knows it. He's guarding her for me. He knew you for an enemy at once.

"You can handle that man and woman there with your dirk at my life. They wouldn't make a move against you if I begged them to. But you can't control my hound. When I tell him to charge you, he'll charge you, and no one, friend or enemy, will be able to stop him. So take your two hands off his collar, Shannon. Three pairs of men's hands couldn't hold him. Ready, Cumor!"

"No, no!" Shannon cried. "It's death!"

"It might be that," said MacArt, "if you hinder his spring. And spring he shall. Unless it could be that our small dark guest is more afraid of my hound than I am of his knife. There's one way to find out. Ready, Cumor! Now put that thing down, Japanese, or sure as I lie here now—and surer yet if I should lie here slashed—that hound will tear the head off your body."

I shuddered. I shuddered because there was no exaggeration in what MacArt had just said. A minute's ghastly worrying, wrenching, and that giant hound would have it done. Hate, like a dragon fire, blazed in his eyes. I saw Kitigawa's hand go up to his throat.

A few minutes later there came the rush of speeding tires on the narrow canyon road, and the harsh grind of a skidding stop, then swift boots pounding up steps and over the porch. Shannon met the policemen at the open door.

"Thanks, people. Nice work," said the captain, after a quick survey. "When you folks are asked to nail a man down, you certainly do nail him. What a dog!"

He stood a short while looking down at the baleful-eyed wolfhound, where he lay on the floor, facing a chair on which sat Yoshio Kitigawa, nailed indeed. Then he departed, with our amphibious caller linked between two of his men; after which we sat through a long grave silence, thinking bitterly of what the murdering Japanese had forced upon us.

Finally I said, "My guess is, the Marines will get first hand-to-hand crack at those honorable back-stabbers. So I think I'll drive down to the post at San Diego right away, to see if they will be taking on any redheaded men. It was very wonderful, being here today. But for that chance meeting up in the hills, I might never have known you people—you, George MacArt, nor you, Cumor, old hero." And then I looked at Shannon MacArt, and looked at her. After which I guess I must have looked at her. "Nor you," I managed to say to her at last.

The sparkle from his eight great-grandparents lighted her uncle's eyes. "Nice taste I've got in nieces, wouldn't you say?" he asked me.

"What I am wondering about right now," I said, "is your taste in nephews-in-law."

"I like 'em Irish," he informed me.

"As Bobby Burns?" I questioned.

"See!" laughed Shannon. "See how your Erse impertinence bounces back at you, Uncle George?"

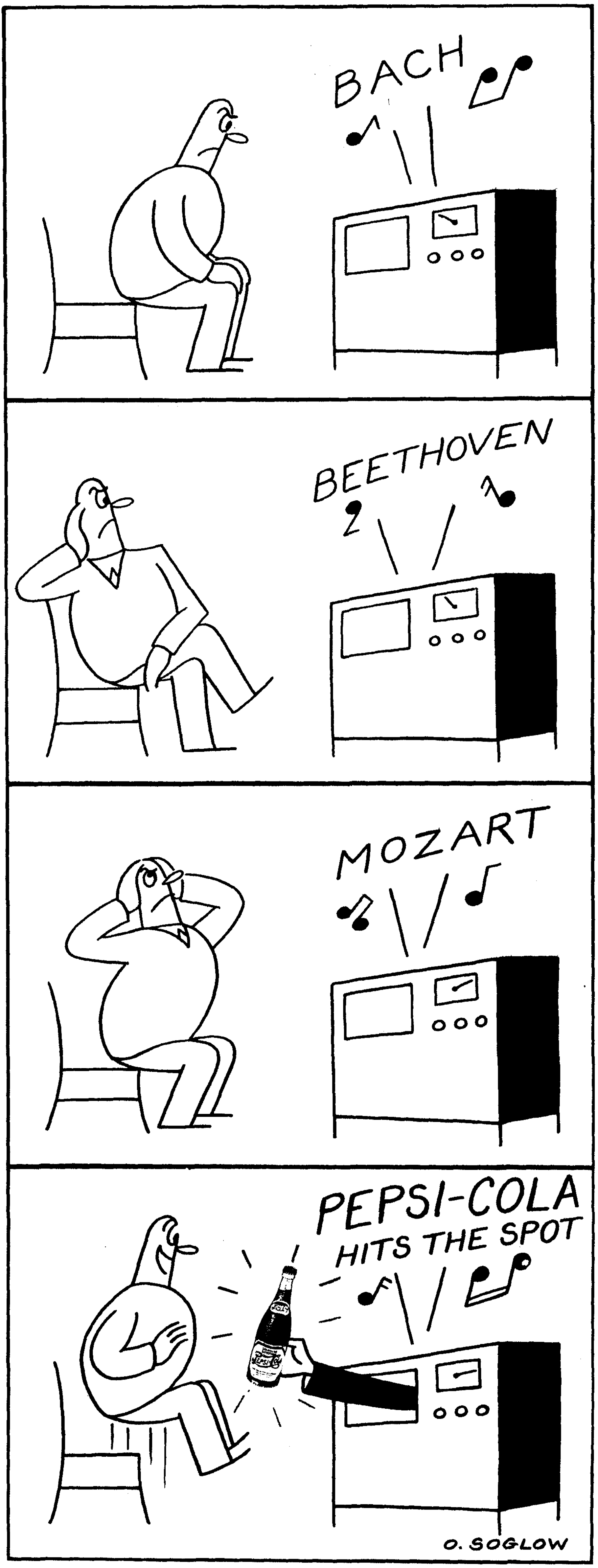
"At any rate I should like to qualify, Uncle George," I announced. "I heard you say just a short while ago that you would trust your hound's judgment of a man, relying on the gift of the breed which lets him always know if a person means his people well or ill. Do you mind if I make a simple test to find if I have Cumor's approval?"

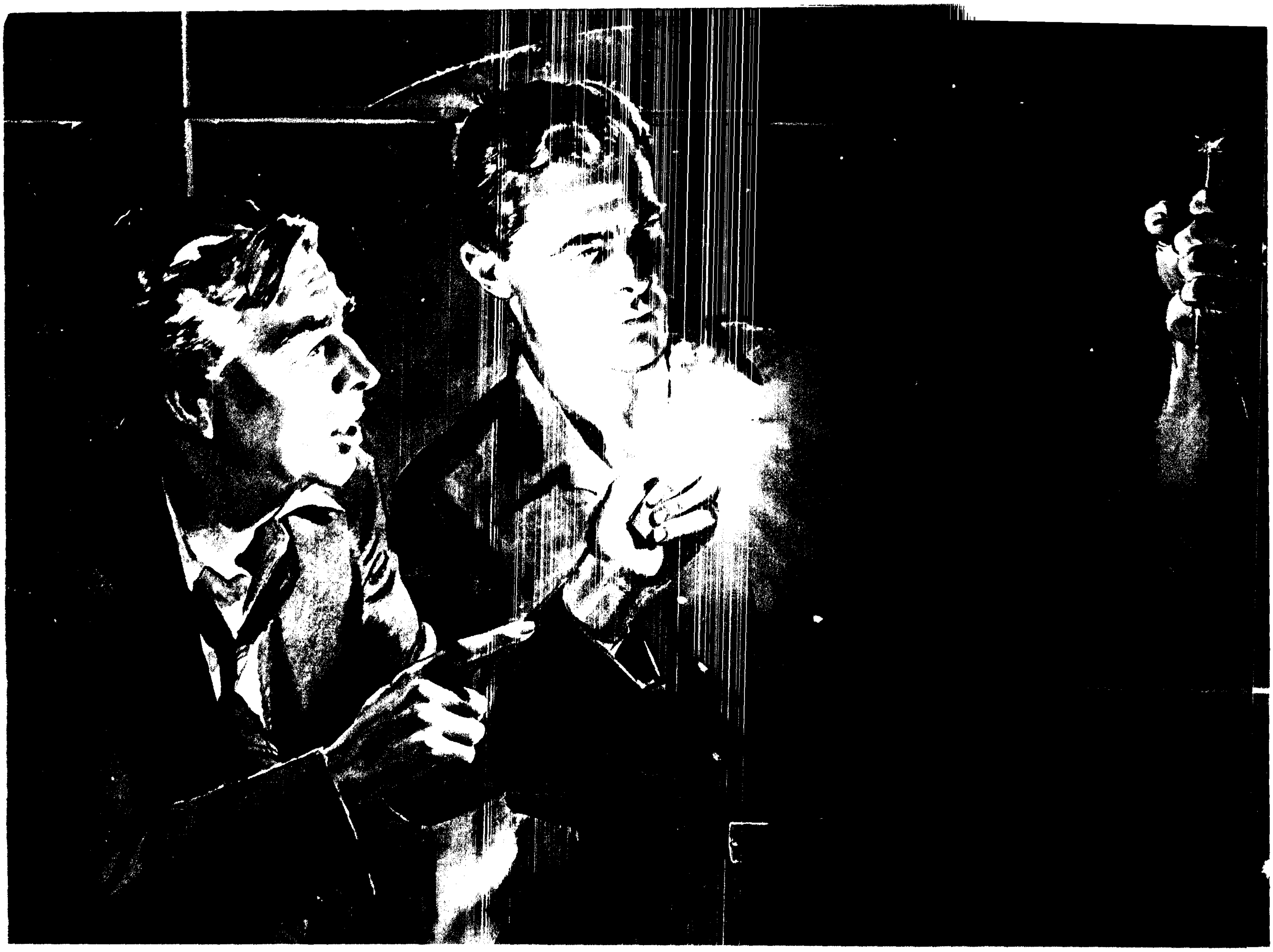
"Help yourself," said MacArt.

But a man doesn't help himself to kisses from a girl like Shannon MacArt without a bit of coercion. Well put together, that tall young woman is, and supple and strong; and she could say "No" with less speech and more fight than an Amazon. So I had to manhandle her somewhat; which I had counted upon, as being what the proof needed.

I STILL consider that day the most wonderful day of my life; for I look back over more than a year of time and some six thousand miles of Pacific Ocean, and that trial of mine still seems a complete success. For with that girl's arms pinned, and her mouth being sought with what you might call violence aforethought, there came no growl out of the hound whatever. In fact he lay stretched out beside George MacArt's couch with his eyes half shut and no movement at all, except a prodigious yawn and one lazy sweep of his great flail of a tail. Which showed, I am nearly convinced, that he sensed toward the end of that somewhat protracted business, wise hound that he is, that Shannon MacArt wasn't fighting as hard as she really could.

THE END





Jason pressed down on the sapphire with his thumb. For days he had been **intrigued by Queen Bertha's gold pencil**

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl makes her way into Jason Amboy's apartment in San Francisco, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (written by his brother, Wayne) and makes her getaway. Jason's valet—an eccentric little fellow named Flack—at once does some brilliant sleuthing; he learns that the girl is Luana Topping and that she lives in Hawaii.

A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. So, suspecting murder, he starts for Honolulu on the first boat he can get: the Tasmania.

To his surprise, he encounters Luana Topping among his fellow passengers; and to his even greater surprise he encounters—*Flack!* . . . Miss Topping is a member of a distinguished party composed of old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, dictatorial head of the Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others. Distantly related to the Grazzards, Jason sits at their table.

His adventures, begun in San Francisco, continue when he permits a stowaway to share his stateroom—and the stowaway disappears. Has the man been murdered? Jason feels sure that he has been. His suspicions are confirmed by a new friend—Natalie Mace, who, hating the Grazzards, tells him that the stowaway had been Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the family, who, with Wayne, had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

By this time—warned by Flack and Natalie—Jason is convinced that the Grazzards have combined against him, may even be planning to murder him. Nevertheless, he falls in love with Luana Topping. . . . The Tasmania reaches Honolulu. There Flack and Luana (who have been working together) accuse Jason of co-operating with Wayne in an effort to extort enough money to enable Jason to perfect an airplane engine which he has patented They say that both Winfield Grazzard and Wayne are alive—with "Uncle Colton," Mrs. Grazzard's brother, on Kahuna Island, not far from Honolulu.

Mrs. Grazzard invites Jason to be her house guest at Kokala plantation. Natalie Mace tells him that, if he accepts the invitation, he will be walking into a "death trap;" and someone else—a man—phones him a similar warning. But, on the following morning, he boards a plane, with the Grazzard party, and starts for Kokala. He knows that he is in peril, deadly peril. But his plans are made—he knows what he wants. *And what he wants is action.*

IX

THE bungalow Jason was to occupy at the plantation was some distance from the others, and, of them all, it was nearest the beach. From its spacious *lanai,* he saw the large sky-blue sampan that was tied up to the private pier, the inshore end of which was less than a hundred feet from the bungalow.

While the Japanese chauffeur was bringing in his luggage, Jason walked out on the pier and inspected the sampan. A dark-skinned boy was polishing the brightwork. Jason did not go aboard, but he looked the boat over with interest, for this was the sampan in which Mrs. Grazzard made her trips to Kahuna Island with provisions and supplies for Uncle Colton.

Affixed to the broad and seaworthy stern were golden block letters proclaiming the name Bertha. Under it was the date 1917.

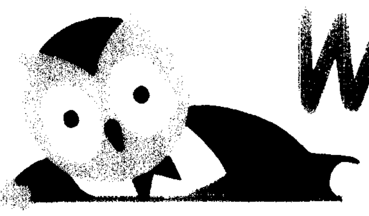
Natalie had told him something about this sampan. It was larger than he had expected—fully as large as the tuna sampans he had seen impounded for the duration of the war in Honolulu.

He returned to his bungalow and unpacked. When he went out again, the Japanese chauffeur was waiting. Mrs. Grazzard had said that he was at Jason's disposal, and that probably meant that he had received orders not to let Jason out of his sight.

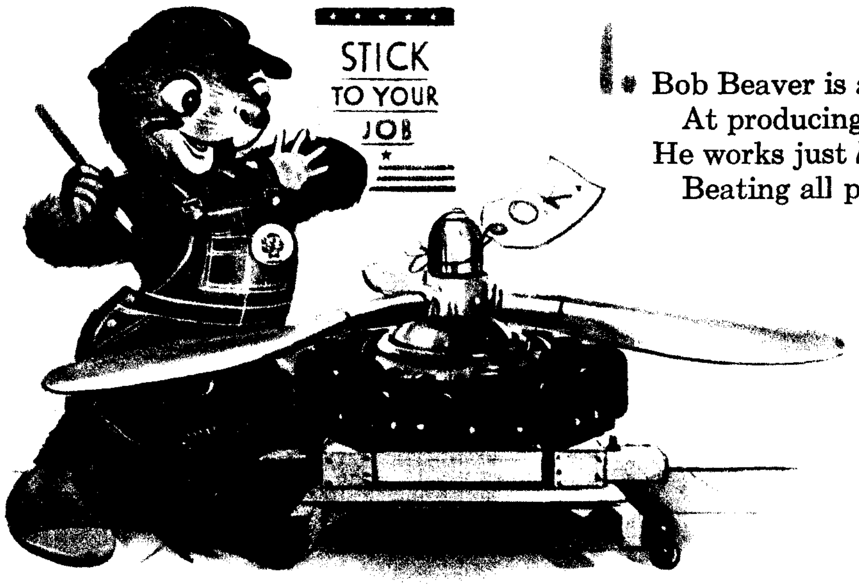
He was a short, thick man, powerfully built, with close-cropped black hair through which his scalp gleamed bluely. His shoe-button eyes were inscrutable and alert. He told Jason as they drove along that he had been born in Honolulu, that he was a loyal American citizen, and that he despised Japan. He spoke English with no accent.

The short-barreled revolver Jason had brought along was a comforting weight in his right hip pocket. He decided that wherever they went today, he would see to it that the chauffeur never came too close to him, and never got behind him. There were a number of people he

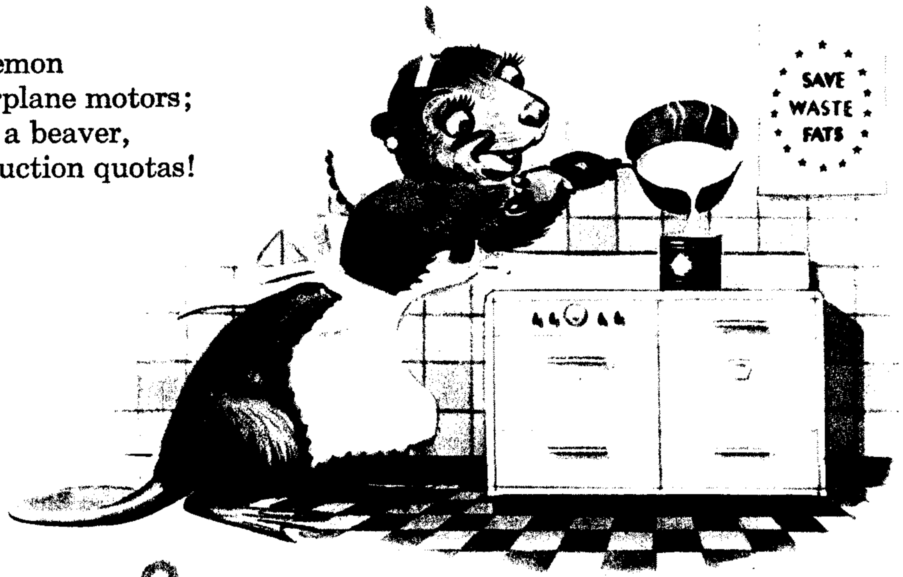
(Continued on page 28)



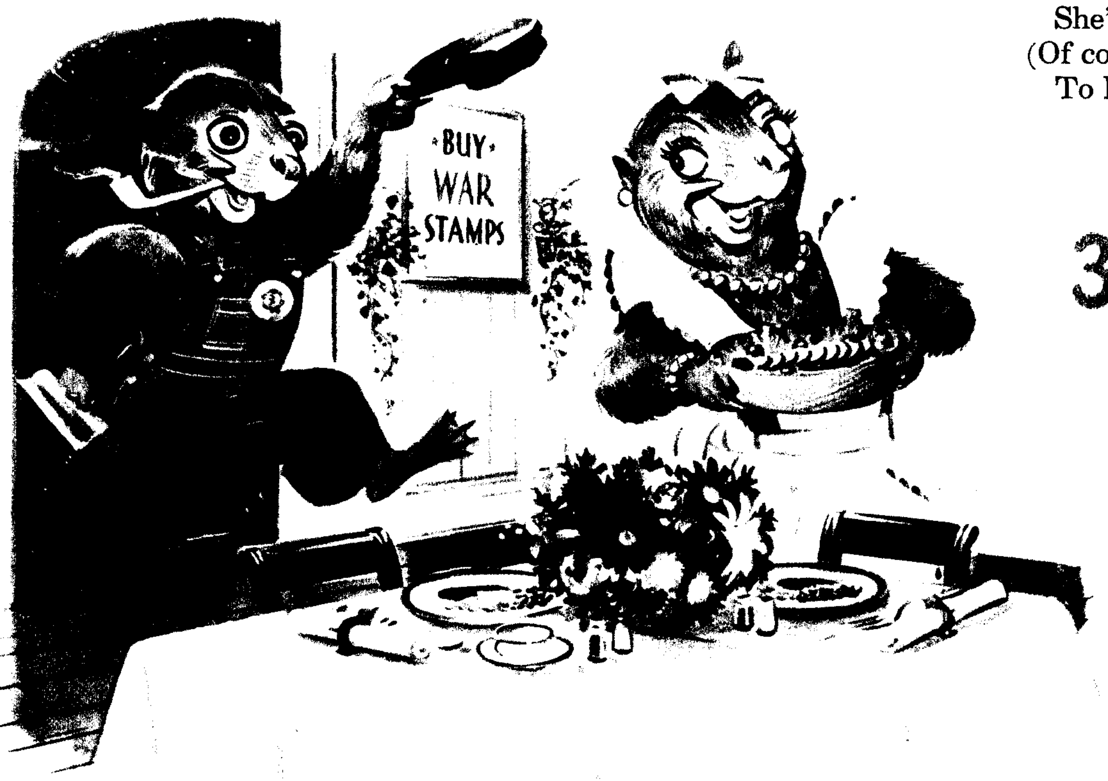
Wise Rhymes for These Times


STICK
TO YOUR
JOB
OK

1. Bob Beaver is a demon
   At producing airplane motors;
He works just *like* a beaver,
   Beating all production quotas!


SAVE
WASTE
FATS

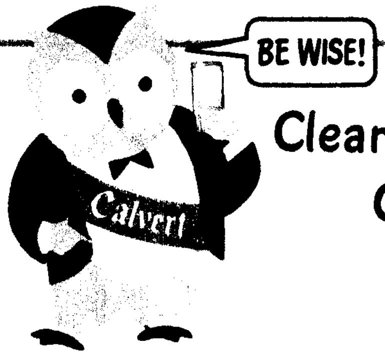
2. Bess Beaver tends the home front;
   She's a wizard on Nutrition.
(Of course she saves the kitchen fats
   To help make ammunition!)


BUY
WAR
STAMPS

3. So Bob and Bess together
   Are a timely illustration
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—
   Yes, a matchless combination!

The same is true of CALVERT—
   It's a Happy Blending too, sir.
A blend of noble whiskey traits
   Perfected just for *you*, sir.

4. Here flavor, smoothness, lightness merge
   To make a whiskey treasure.
Be wise and choose the Happy Blend—
   It's tops in drinking pleasure!


BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

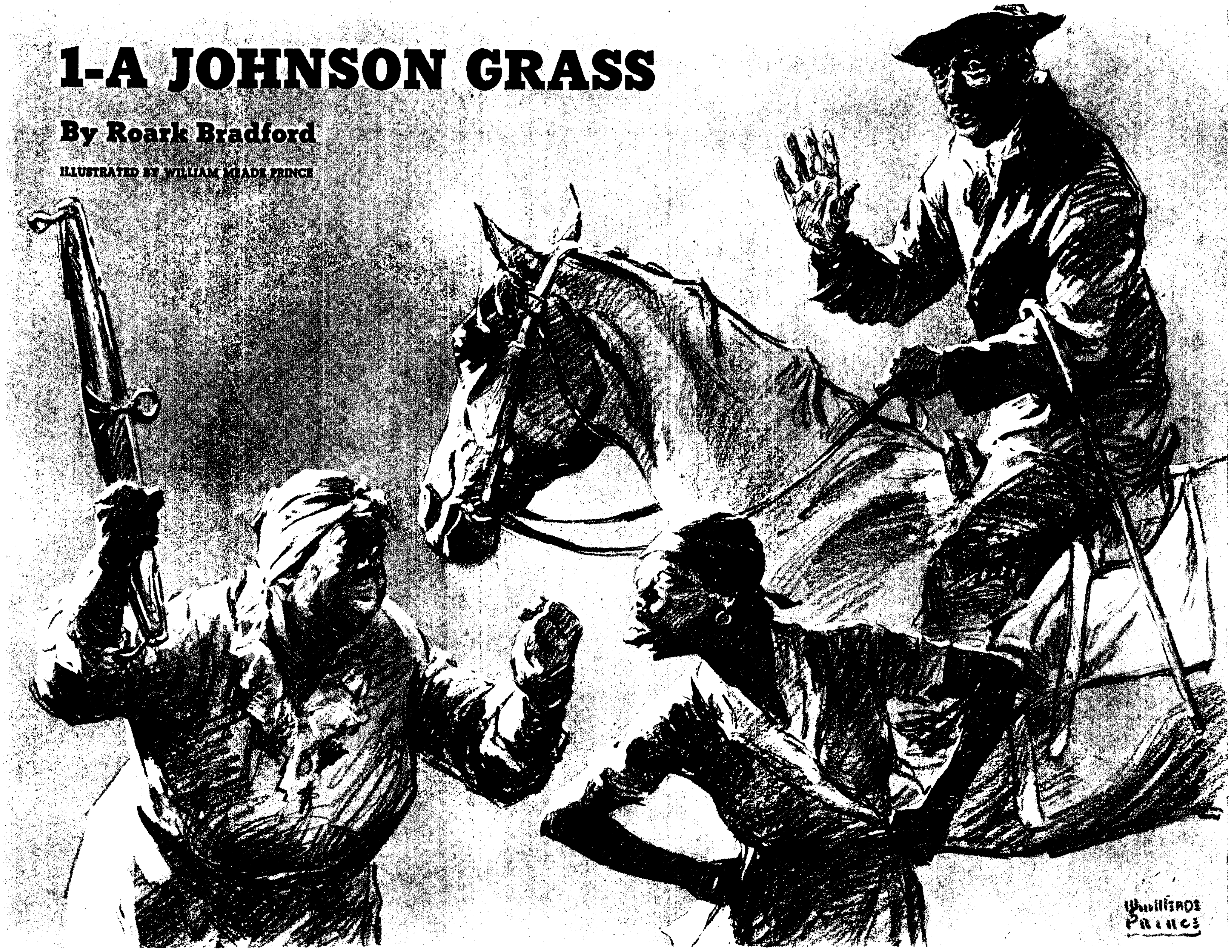
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.
BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

1-A JOHNSON GRASS

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



When Cricket went into Uncle Sam's Army, he left a pretty bad situation behind him. It took the combined efforts of Foreman Giles, the Widow Duck, and the Old Ship of Zion Church to clean up the bad mess Cricket left

IT WAS early in July when the draft board called Cricket's name and he left out from Little Bee Bend plantation for Uncle Sam's Army. Other husky young men had been called and Giles, the foreman, had managed to take up the slack. Cricket was the first downright married man to be called and that complicated matters.

As a field hand Cricket was no great loss to the plantation. May-Lee, the hill-born young woman he had married, was no help at all. They had a crop of cotton but their shiftless work had got them behind in the battle against Johnson grass. Giles had planned to "drap by and straighten out Cricket and May-Lee" for some time. He knew their land was poorly worked, but he had been busy keeping things going in spite of being shorthanded. Anyway, Cricket and May-Lee were the kind of people nobody ever noticed, so Giles had never got around to it.

Then suddenly the draft board spoke and Cricket was gone! Giles knew it would do no good to argue with the draft board and he was too busy to take time out, personally, to drive a crew of workers through the field.

On the other hand, there was the Widow Duck. "Efn I c'd th'ow dat crop off on de Widow Duck," Giles pondered, "I c'd forgit about hit and go on wid my business."

Throwing something off on the Widow Duck wouldn't be easy. Giles had no idea how it might be done, but as he rode to her cabin on the bayou bank, he hoped a way would be found.

The Widow Duck was sitting righteously under a chinaball tree in her yard. Her cotton was clean of grass and her soul free of sin and torment.

"Cricket left out for de Army," Giles announced.

"Cricket?" the Widow Duck repeated. "Oh, yas, Cricket. I 'members him. One er Bathey's chilluns. I didn't figger dat chile was big enough to git in de Army."

"Big enough to git married up and start a crop," Giles said.

"Married?" The Widow Duck searched her mind. "Seem to me like—is he de one which married dat kinder funny-lookin' member f'm de hills? Sho, I minds 'em bofe. Come to church and jest set. So Cricket got to be a soldier in de Army? Well, may de Sperrit march wid him."

"I'd a heap druther dat Johnson grass he got in his field'd march wid him," Giles said. "Efn Johnson grass ever break out in de Army, den maybe Uncle Sam'll learn what I'm up again, tryin' to make a shorthanded crop."

The Widow Duck waved the thought aside. "We makin' out, ain't we?"

"De hard way," Giles said. "I spent all last winter learnin' four boys how to drive a tractor so's I c'd take up de slack. But jest 'bout de time I got dem boys learned rale good, Uncle Sam spoke dey names, and dey ain't hyar no mo'. And you mind old Joe Boody. Good wid a plow and good wid a cotton sack, but not wuth killin' for nothin' else. Well, he laid around all winter, eatin' up his credicks. And quick as he got a man-size debt run up, de draft board call and Joe is long gone! Next was Grant's Texas twins, Dallas and Rio Grande. Dem boys was fixin' to git married up and work dat Cucker-burr cut for me, but de draft board yell, and dat cut ain't yit planted!"

"We got us a crop on dis place," the Widow Duck insisted.

"And now dey tuck Cricket, and I'd say hit was good ruddance," Giles concluded, "efn hit wa'n't for dat grass in his field."

The Widow Duck settled more comfortably in her chair. "Giles, you don't like Johnson grass." It was a statement of fact. "And dat's right. Grass sp'iles cotton. But de p'int er what I'm sayin' is dat some folks don't like some things and some folks don't like de yuther. You don't like Johnson grass cause hit sp'iles de cotton, and I don't like folks which talk agin Uncle Sam's business, cause hit sp'iles my pleasure."

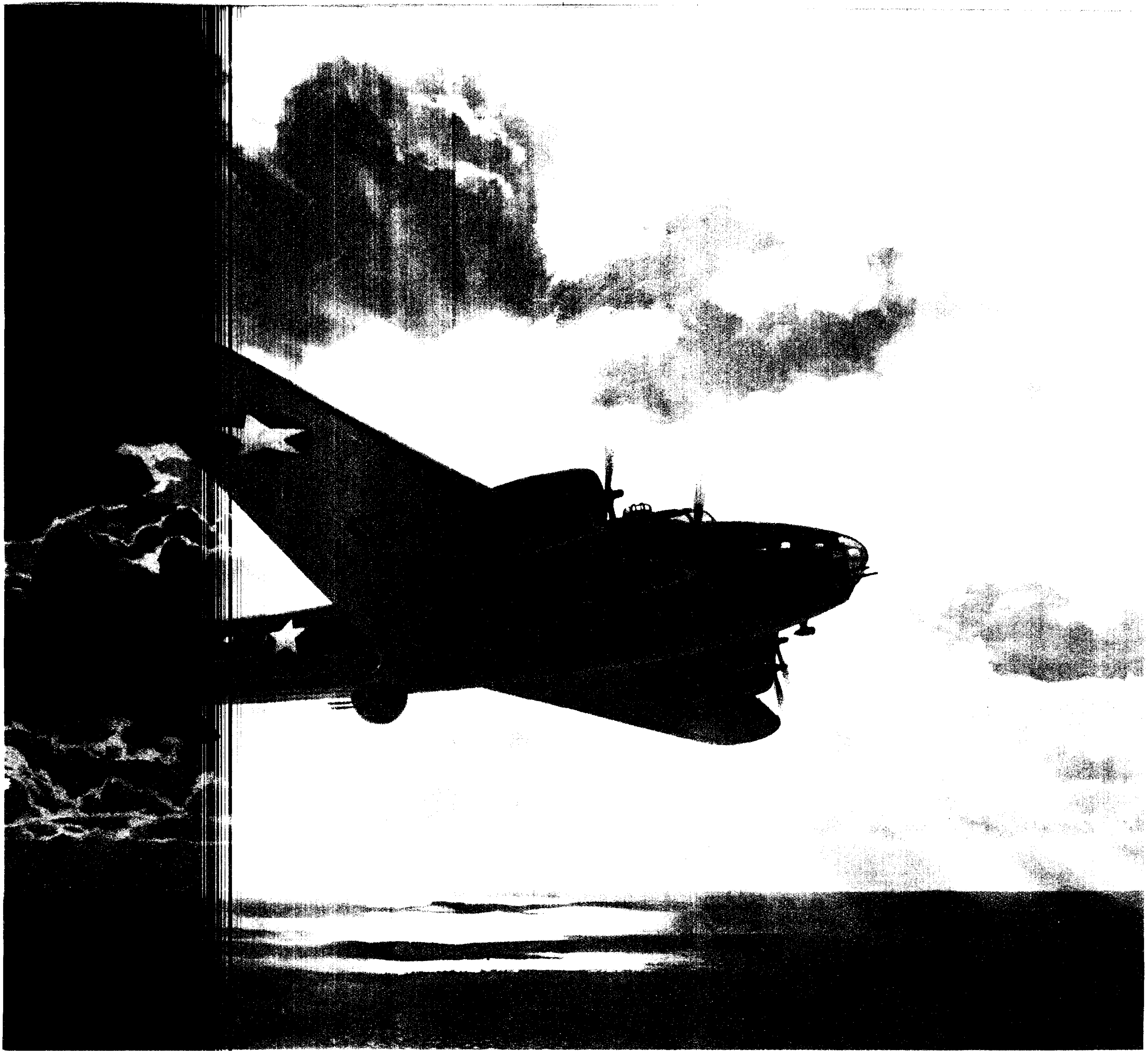
"Church dues! Hump!" May-Lee snorted. "I'm gonter git a pair er high heels and do some gittin' about." The Widow Duck reached for a loose singletree. "You'll git yo' sack an' start pickin'—"

Giles said, "How you mean?"

"Well, I'm a-settin' and a-studdin' my mind," she explained. "De Lawd is sendin' little breezes dancin' 'long de bayou to fan me cool. I done et me a good dinner, and my ole stomach done settle down for de day. Ev'ything is mighty satisfied wid me. Den, hyar you come, like a imp f'm below, growlin' 'bout somethin' dat you know dad-blame well me and you bofe can't do nothin' about. You know good as me when de draft board speak, hit's de law and de prophet. What take place ain't no skin offn nobody's back. Now, you jest go haid and leave me to my pleasure."

Giles determined on a new approach. He sat down, relaxed, and began to talk idly of the plantation gossip. He joked the Widow Duck about B'r Charlie, the

(Continued on page 71)



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Many requests have been received for copies of this dramatic Flying Fortress picture. Reprints, 24 x 22 inches, free from advertising, are now available on a special heavy stock suitable for framing. If you wish one, address Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing cost.

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Stu[illegible] *Flying Fortress*

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 24

wanted to question and he must remember, he told himself, not to grow careless.

He wanted first of all to have a talk with Blake, the mill clerk who had shared the company bungalow with his brother, and he wanted to see the store where Wayne had worked. He found Blake in the office at the Kokala sugar mill, a dark-skinned man of forty with unfriendly eyes and a petulant mouth.

"Your brother never talked," Blake said. "He was the closest-mouthed man I ever knew. Has he shown up yet?"

"Not yet."

"My hunch," said Blake, "is that he lit out for Australia. I found an Australia clipper folder when I was cleaning up his room."

"Did he ever do any sailing in an outrigger?"

"Yes. He bought a koa canoe from a Hawaiian named Kealoha and he went out in it every Sunday."

"Was he ever gone for several days at a time?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. He sailed around the island once. The outrigger has disappeared. He used to keep it in the bay. I think the Japs stole it." Blake was gazing at Jason curiously. "You make the Amboy airplane engine, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jason warily.

"I read in the Lihue paper you've sold it to the British government."

"That," Jason said with a wry grimace, "was a typographical error."

He next visited the Kokala company store. And from the store Jason went to the office of Dr. Ellery Hustings, the Kokala company doctor. It was Dr. Hustings who had, twenty years ago, signed the death certificate stating that Hiram Grazzard had died of heart failure.

LATE in the afternoon the limousine stopped at a hilltop overlooking, on one side, the sea and, on the other, the green-and-red vastness of Waimea Canyon. It seemed to Jason he could recall being frightened by its precipitous green depths when he was a small boy.

Through the black branches of a dead tree, he saw the island of Niihau, low and desolate with its gleaming, pewter-colored sand shoals, and, beyond it, north and west, purpled by the setting sun, Kahuna.

For a few minutes, until the light changed, Kahuna Island was sharply etched against the deep blue sea and the pale blue sky. He saw the fire *pali* at the northern end—the sheer cliff on which fire signals had been burned to guide the early Polynesian navigators.

Framed by the black branches, Kahuna looked lonesome and forbidding. And he recalled that the name *kahuna* meant "bewitched."

Jason stopped for dinner at a Chinese inn in Hanapepe. It was blackout time when he returned to Kokala plantation.

He waited for the limousine to go before he started down the path. In the darkness, he suddenly felt tense and jumpy. He walked slowly down the path, to let his eyes grow accustomed to the starlit darkness. According to his blueprint, a deliberate attempt must be made sometime tonight on his life. When and how, he wondered, would it be made?

Under the trees by his bungalow, the darkness was deepest.

As he neared the bungalow, a dark shadow arose from the steps of his *lanai* and a voice whispered, "Jason?"

He could feel his pulse suddenly beating against his windpipe. "Yes," he said. "Luana?"

"Yes."

He stopped a few feet away from her. He tried to see her face, but he could hardly make out its shape in the darkness.

"Jason, I've got to talk to you about this."

He wondered how much of an effort she was making to control the tremor in her voice. "Let's sit down," he said, "and have a smoke."

"No. I can stay only a moment. I've just been given the strictest orders all over again to have nothing to do with you."

"By whom?"

"Lorrin. He hates you, Jason. He took me to my bungalow and said good night and I think he went back to the house, but I don't trust him. He's so jealous. He's been in one of his black moods all day. But I had to talk to you."

"YES," said Jason. He could see her face a little more clearly. It was still a dark and formless shape, but he was sure he could see the sparkle of stars in her eyes.

"I promised I'd go straight to bed, because I'm really a wreck. And Natalie is worse. I've spent most of the day with her. She insists that you've been telling the truth all along, and that this whole blackmailing charge against you and your brother is nothing but lies to deceive me and everyone else."

"Darling, go to bed and get some rest," Jason said. "There's nothing you can solve now. Wait until morning. By morning, unless I'm mistaken, everything will be cleared up. I know just how you feel."

"Do you?" she said. "I feel terribly unsure."

"You've felt this way all along," said Jason. "You've wanted to believe in me, but the odds were against me."

"Natalie insists they killed your brother and that now they're planning to kill you," Luana said breathlessly. "I can't believe it! I don't know what to believe! I don't know what to think! I can't believe they're so wrong, yet I sense that something is terribly wrong. From the very beginning of this, I've wanted to have faith in you. All my instincts have told me to."

"I love you," Jason said. "All your instincts have certainly told you that."

"That," said Luana, "has confused everything."

"Then why not take this view of it?" said Jason. "What can you expect me to say? That I'm guilty of all these accusations? By tomorrow, you'll know either that my brother is alive and that I've been lying, or that everything they've said about him and me is a lie. We can't solve it now. I'm going to kiss you good night and you're going to bed."

HE REACHED out and took her into his arms. She didn't try to escape. She was in his arms, soft and warm and unresisting. She clung to him. Jason drew her closer. He kissed her chin, then her cheek, then her mouth.

He whispered in her ear, "Darling, I love you very much."

She kissed him lightly and quickly on the cheek, then she slipped out of his arms.

"Luana!"

"No. It isn't fair."

"But you know I'm in love with you. You've said you're in love with me. And you're not in love with him."

"I didn't come here to talk about love,

BETTER DAYS AHEAD
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BATTERY PROBLEN

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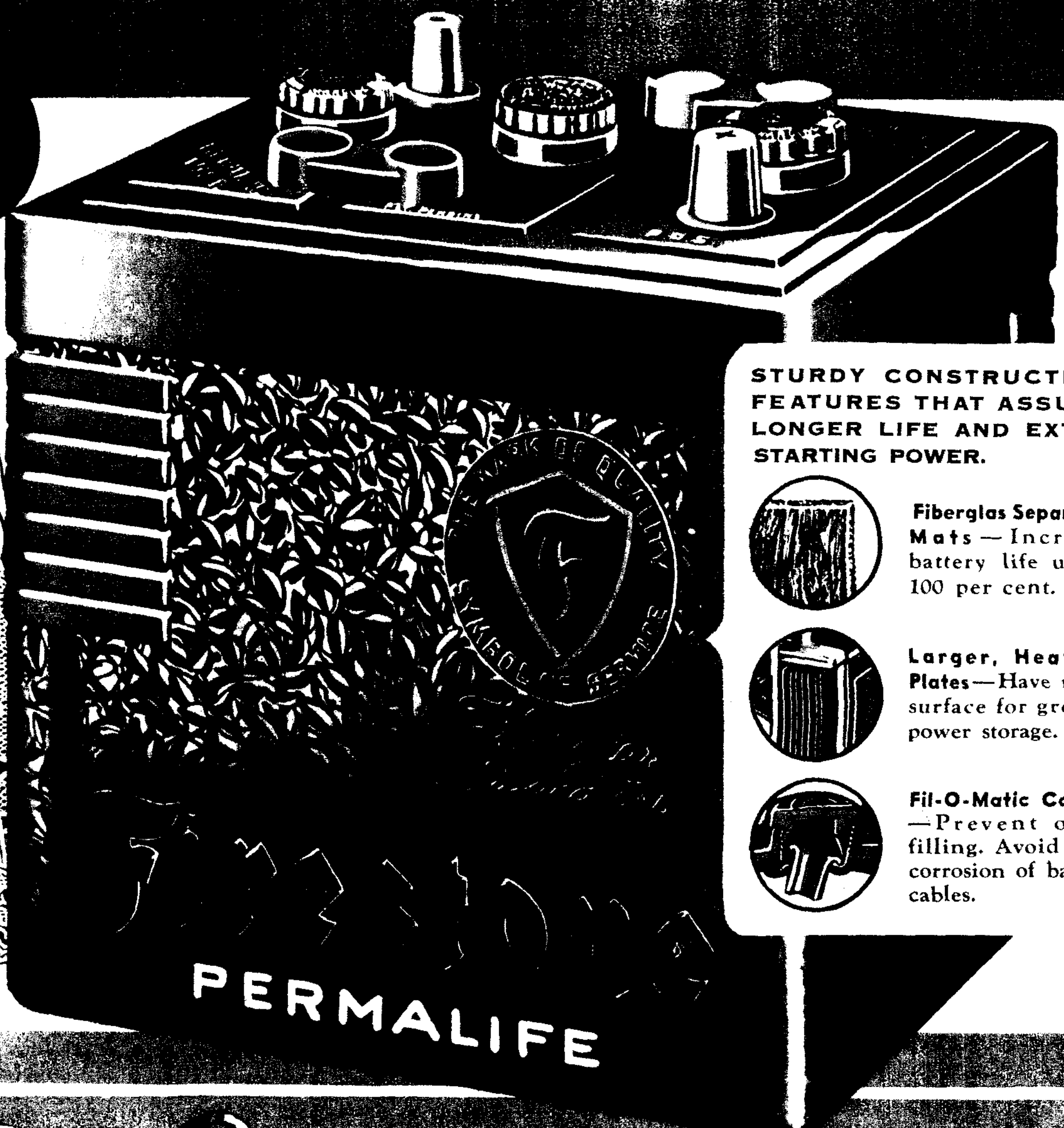

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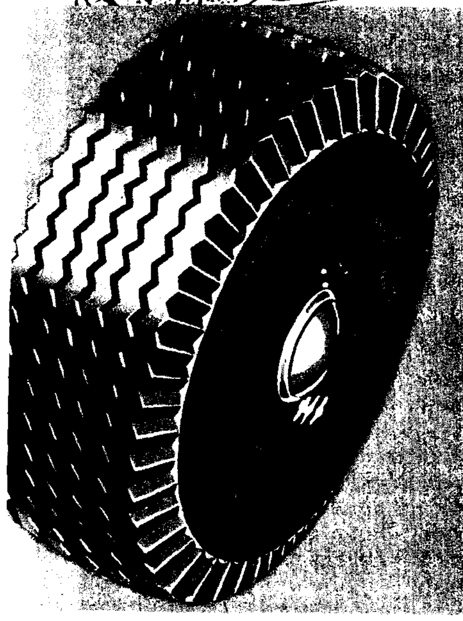

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Jason. I wanted to try to clear this up, and I've a message from Natalie. The truth is, she's so worried about you that she's ill. She wants you to go. She's afraid they'll kill you tonight—she's sure they will—and she wants you to go to Port Allen, spend the night there, and catch the bus for the morning plane. She says you must get out of here."

"Who does she think will try to kill me?"

"Her husband."

"That's curious," Jason murmured. "Why?"

"He's been saying things that have made her terribly suspicious. And she saw him loading his revolver. And I don't trust Lorrin. Both of them are in dangerous moods and both of them have uncontrollable tempers." She hesitated. She suddenly cried, "You've got to go! I'll take you to Port Allen in my car."

"But what would Lorrin say?"

"I don't care what anybody says!" She was trying to keep the panic out of her voice. "I'm afraid! They're going to try to kill you! We're starting this moment!"

"I love you for this," Jason said gently. "But I'm not going to Port Allen. Stop worrying. No one will kill me. I am going to clear this up, then I'm going to take you away from here. Good night."

SHE hesitated. He heard her rapid breathing, and he knew that she was making a determined effort to control herself. He saw the flutter of her hands at her throat. Then she said in a voice so prim that he almost laughed, "Good night, Cousin Jason."

He watched until her figure was an indistinguishable part of the darkness under the trees. A few seconds later, he heard the door of her bungalow close. He opened the screen door beside him and went in.

He turned on the lights in the blacked-out bedroom. Smoking a cigarette, he considered the bedroom thoughtfully.

It was a small room and somewhat stuffy. The windows were closed. He tried the one on the north side—the side on which the trade wind blew. It was stuck. He could not raise it.

He turned out the bedroom lights. In the darkness, he made his way out onto the *lanai* and to the studio bed against the wall, in the corner.

He tested the bedside light, letting it glow for a fraction of a second. The windows of the bedroom, the little sitting room and the bathroom were neatly covered with black pineapple paper, but the *lanai*, which was screened, was not blacked out.

The bedside lamp was an important piece of equipment that he would soon need. When he turned that light on, and left it on—at the proper time—if things went as he believed they would, it would attract the attention of the military police, and by that time he might be needing them.

He stretched out on his back with the revolver in his hand and tried to think. But he was still too aware of the sensation of Luana in his arms—that brief exalted moment. There was, he told himself, no need for further thinking. The blueprint was now complete. There was nothing to do but wait.

Lying on his back, with a mound of pillows under his head and shoulders, he tried to relax. . . .

The luminous dial of his wrist watch said two-forty when the sound of stealthy footsteps came from the side of the bungalow where the path was. Then, when they paused, the sound of other footsteps came from the opposite side of the house.

Then he heard someone at the screen door. Careful fingers were working it open. He saw the silhouette of a head against the thickly clustered stars.

Jason forced himself to relax against the pillows. He closed his eyes to the narrowest of openings and watched the door.

It was opening slowly. He had not noticed that the hinges and the springs made not the slightest sound, but he was aware of it now. They had been, he supposed, carefully oiled.

The door closed. There was the soft sound of a footstep, hardly discernible against the hissing of wavelets on the beach.

A pin point of blue light pricked on. It remained on for perhaps four seconds, and when it went off, the blackness was complete. In the silence, he was sure he heard other footsteps a little farther away.

He reached for the key of the electric light beside the couch. He found it. He waited. He heard nothing but the hard, fast pounding of his heart. Then he heard soft, restrained breathing a few feet away. And at that moment he detected the rustle and the smell of garments—a faintly moldy smell.

Jason turned the light key. The room remained in darkness. For a moment, he was too terrified to move. He had been depending on that light.

He leaped up with the revolver in his hand. He saw no one for a moment, then very vaguely he saw the silhouette of a figure against the star glow. He pointed the revolver and said, "I can see you. Put up your hands or I'll shoot."

He heard a sharp gasp and a quick movement. He drew the revolver closer to his chest and reached out swiftly with his other hand. It momentarily touched a firm warm arm. The revolver was snatched out of his hand. A fist or a club struck his left shoulder. He was unprepared for the force of that blow. It sent him staggering back against the wall.

He struck it, rebounded and reached again. He recalled the light switch on the wall near the living-room door. He started to circle toward it. His right hand, reaching out, closed on a dangling metal tube.

Jason leaped aside, snatching away the slender tube. He heard another gasp, then a sharp grunt. This was followed by a ringing thump as something fell to the floor. There were more gasps and grunts. Feet were scuffling in the middle of the *lanai*. And suddenly there was the sound of a body crashing against the screen. Then there were quick footsteps. The door opened and closed. He heard someone running under the trees, then these sounds faded.

HE MOVED on tiptoe across the *lanai*. His groping hand found a man's unshaved face. It was oily and wet and cold. The man moved away and Jason stepped back. He crossed the room and groped along the wall for the light switch. He found it. He snapped it. But the *lanai* remained dark.

In that panicky moment, Jason believed he heard a woman scream. It seemed to come from far away, but he was not even sure that he had heard it.

A hoarse voice said, "Mr. Amboy! Where are you?"

Jason found a match. He struck it and held it over his head. Half-crouching against the screen was the man whose face he had touched. He was staring at Jason with bloodshot eyes. His thin black hair was disheveled. His face was red with sunburn. On the floor near his feet lay a short length of iron pipe.

"Flack!" Jason gasped.

"Are you all right, sir?" Flack asked anxiously.

The match went out.

Jason was suddenly furious. "Flack, what the devil does this mean—more double-crossing?"

"I came here to save your life," Flack said hoarsely, "and I'm proud to say I succeeded. I came only because I knew that you, with your carelessness, would do your utmost to invite disaster."

"You idiot!" Jason panted. "You've spoiled the moment I've been building up to for days! If you hadn't come bumbling in here, I'd have trapped the woman who killed my brother!"

"I beg your pardon," Flack's hoarse voice disagreed. "If I hadn't come bumbling in here, you would at this moment be a corpse—being dragged out to that sampan to be dropped into the sea!"

"If you hadn't come horsing in here," Jason said bitterly, "I'd have caught her in the act of trying to murder me! I'd have trapped her with the weapon in her hand! That's what I wanted! It's all I wanted! Does that piece of pipe belong to you?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy," Flack said wearily. "All you wanted was to catch a dangerous murderer in the dark! But it was not Mrs. Grazzard. It was Mr. Mace."

"You're crazy!"

"I am perfectly sane, Mr. Amboy. You've been suspecting Mrs. Grazzard all along. Perhaps you've been right. It's very confusing, but the person who was just here was Mr. Mace and not Mrs. Grazzard."

"Are you sure?"

"I am absolutely positive. I saw him in the blue light of the flashlight. I followed him. He left Mrs. Grazzard on the porch of her house a minute ago. He came straight down the path to this bungalow. He had a short club in his hand. He stopped at the back of this bungalow to pull the main light switch in the fuse box. I followed him in here intending to bash in his head with this pipe, but he was too much for me. He is a powerful man, Mr. Amboy."

A match flared in Flack's hand. He gasped, "What's that in your hand, sir?"

Jason lifted his hand. In it was still clutched Bertha Grazzard's gold pencil—the slender tube his hand had encountered in the dark—without its chain. The little gold loop to which the chain had been attached had been broken off.

The sapphire sparkled in the yellow light. The match went out.

"Strike another match, Flack."

"Yes, sir."

Another match flamed. Jason pressed down on the sapphire with his thumb. For days, since he had first seen it, his machinist's eyes had been intrigued by Queen Bertha's gold pencil.

As he increased the pressure of his thumb, there was a sharp click. A thin, fluted blade like a stiletto shot out of the gold tube and locked. The blade was about five inches long. The point was as fine as a needle's.

Jason pressed the sapphire again. He pushed the point of the slender dagger against the wall. The blade slid back into the golden sheath against the pressure of its hidden spring. It locked in place.

"Flack, do you still say you saw Channing Mace come in here?"

"Yes, sir," Flack said stoutly. "He must have stolen it from her somehow. Isn't it obvious that he intended to leave it here in case his mission failed—to incriminate her?"

"It's possible," Jason answered thoughtfully, "that someone is trying to double-cross someone else."

"I hope," said his valet in a hurt voice, "you aren't referring to me, Mr. Amboy."

"I think," Jason said, "we ought to have a little talk."

"Yes, sir. By all means. I'm very anxious to explain everything. But—did you hear a scream a moment ago?"

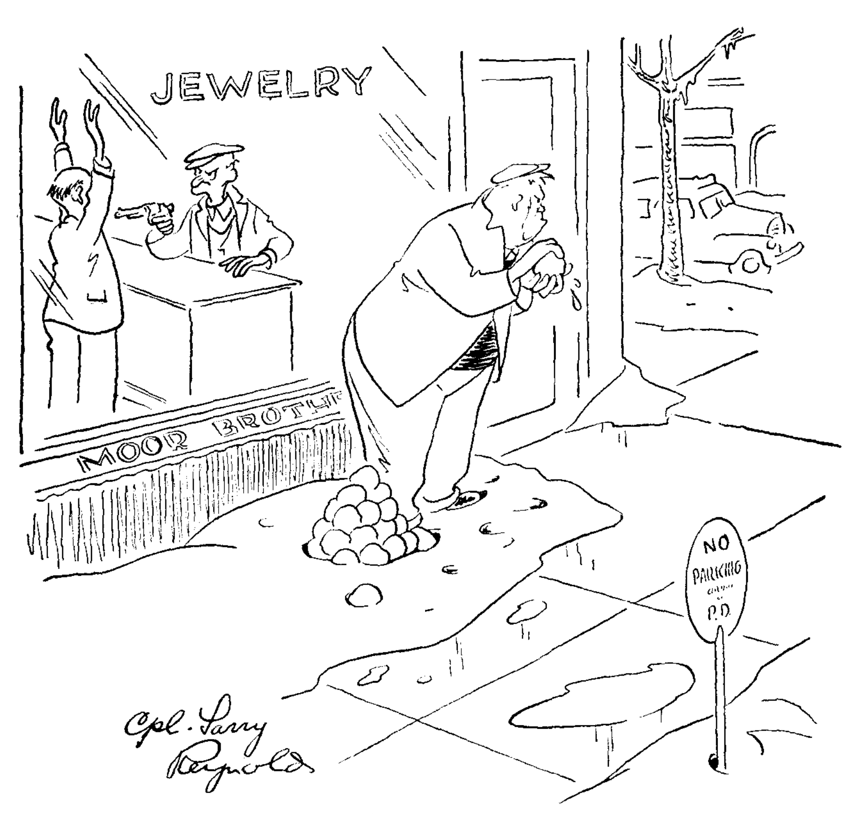
"I thought I did." Jason opened the screen door. He started toward Luana's bungalow.

HE RAPPED on the *lanai* door. When she did not answer, he went in. He called again. He went through the blacked-out living room and into the bedroom. The bedside light was burning. The bed, at first glance, looked unused; then he saw the slight depression in it.

He said sharply, "Have you a gun, Flack?"

"No, sir. But it occurs to me, Mr. Am-

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I just wish't some cop would show his mug around here, that's all!"

COLLIER'S

Why is an Arrow Shirt like...

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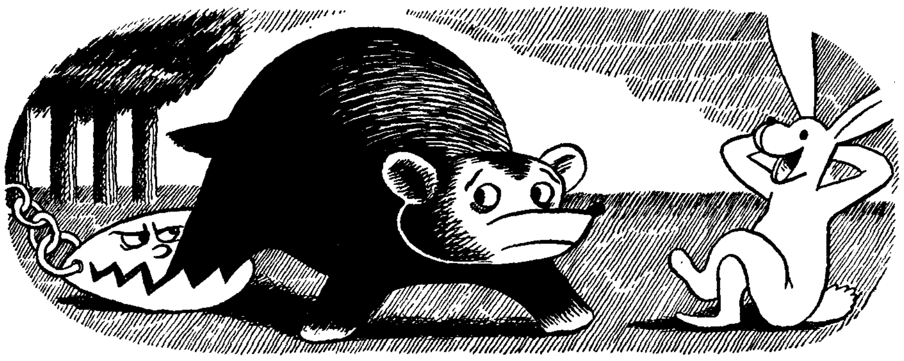

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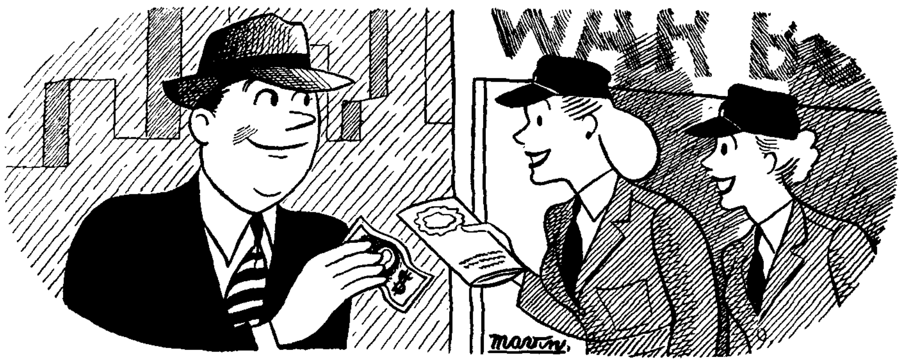

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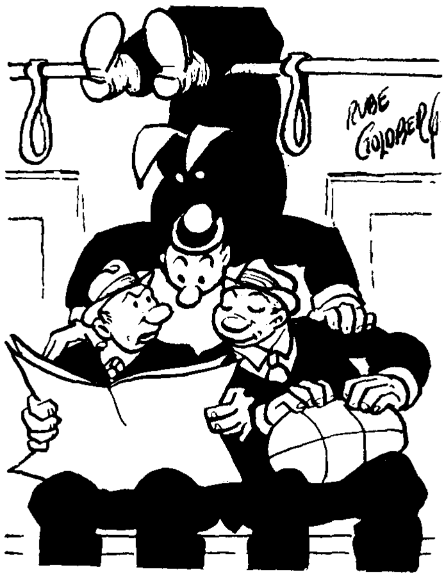

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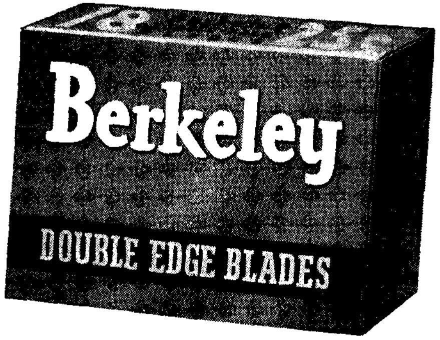

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A·1 SAUCE
The DASH that makes the DISH

boy, that she is in no danger. Why should she be? Isn't it likely that she was too upset to sleep and heard the commotion on your *lanai* and ran to Mrs. Mace for help? She's run somewhere. Shall we wait under the trees for safety's sake? We can talk there with impunity. I am very anxious to explain things to you before there are further developments. Anything may happen tonight and I want you to feel quite safe in trusting me, sir."

They went out under the trees near the water, found a bench and sat down.

"How did you get here?" Jason asked.

"In a sampan."

"From Honolulu?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"No, sir. Singapore Sam is along."

"Where?"

"We're anchored just about off this tree—just offshore, sir. I told Sam to be in readiness in case we wanted to get away in a hurry. I sneaked ashore when you were talking to Miss Topping. I've been waiting ever since."

"Now, just a minute, Flack. What you've said you did is impossible. Ever since the war, all small craft have had orders to remain in port. If Mrs. Grazzard takes her big sampan out of here tomorrow, she will have to have special permission from the commanding officer of this district. Stop lying. It would have been utterly impossible for you to sneak out of Honolulu past the Coast Guard and the Naval Patrol."

"Yes, sir," Flack agreed. "But we had special permission. You see, sir, the regular interisland steamer service was suspended when war started. Those ships now run very irregularly and when they do operate they carry troops and military equipment almost exclusively.

"A very up-and-coming young man who lives near the Honolulu Yacht Harbor has permission from the Coast Guard and the Navy to charter small boats for carrying urgent necessities to and from the other islands. He rents these boats, then hires crews to man them. This island, it seems, is very short of yeast. Without yeast, it is impossible to make bread. The Quartermaster Corps needs bread for the troops here. Singapore Sam is an expert navigator. So we signed up to bring over a load of yeast."

"Get on with your story," Jason said. "I am fascinated."

"I think I know just how you feel," Flack said. "You don't know whether to thank me or to sock me. Strangely enough, Mr. Amboy, I have nothing to apologize for. Everything I have done in the past few days, from the moment of my disappearance on the Tasmania until now, has been dictated solely by my loyalty to your interests."

"I'd like to know what started all this business," Jason said.

"I'll tell you, sir. It began with an incident the night the stowaway vanished. You will recall that I slept on a mattress that I placed on the floor against the door in your stateroom."

"Yes."

"DURING that night, while you were asleep, someone pushed the key out of the lock from outside. Someone unlocked that door and tried to open it against the mattress. By the time I could get up and get the mattress out of the way, the corridor was empty. It was then that I hatched the scheme to disappear. During the next day I made and carried out my plan. I wanted you safely in the brig where the killer could not reach you."

"How did you worm your way into Miss Topping's confidence?"

"That was very easy. I merely told her I was convinced she was right in thinking you were a blackmailer. I wanted to kill several birds with one stone. And I did. I knew the Grazzards were suspicious of me. I wanted to disarm them.

"And I wanted to awaken you to a full sense of your danger," Flack went on earnestly. "By seeming to turn so viciously against you, I thought I would accomplish that. But in that respect I failed. Incidentally, it was I who phoned you in the hotel last night and said I was an old friend of your father's. I was making every effort to sharpen your awareness of danger."

"But why," Jason said protestingly, "did you have to go to such lengths? Why didn't you merely tell me about it? God knows I'm a reasonable man and an open-minded man."

"I don't deny that, Mr. Amboy. But you are, except where your engines are concerned, the most careless man in the world. Time after time I warned you to be more careful, and you told me I was flying high, or going off the deep end, or running wild. But as much as anything else, I wanted to bring Mrs. Grazzard's clever blackmail argument into the open. I forced her to play all her cards at once."

"That was clever," Jason complimented him. "But—"

Jason checked himself. Flack's hand had closed warningly on his arm.

Jason heard the voices—very low voices. One was Aunt Bertha's. The other was a man's. He didn't recognize it. They stopped talking as they passed his bungalow. For a moment he thought they had gone in, then he heard the faint scuff of a foot in the path. They were coming toward the bench.

The pressure of Flack's fingers on his arm increased. Jason stopped breathing.

Aunt Bertha and her companion passed within six feet of the bench. They stopped again a few feet away.

The man whispered, "No, you'll never have another chance at that fellow. He's too *akamai.*"

There was a long silence, then Aunt Bertha said softly and thoughtfully: "Yes. Come along. There is only one course."

They walked on. A moment later, Jason heard them on the pier. Flack released his arm. "Wait right here, sir," he whispered. "I have a little errand."

Puzzled, Jason waited. He heard Flack's shoes as he crossed the sand toward the pier. He stood up, straining his eyes against the night, and his ears against the soft hissing of the ghostly green waves near his feet.

He could not see the big sampan in the darkness. He presently heard a line splash into the water, then the sudden muttering of the Bertha's Diesel.

The exhaust struck a harder, higher note, and a plume of phosphorescence shot out from the screw. The big sampan was under way.

Jason ran out onto the pier. He intended to jump aboard, but the distance was already too great. The sharp drumming of the exhaust receded. The fumes of burned fuel drifted past him. He could not see the Bertha. All he saw was the glowing green wake. It described a sharp curve as the sampan headed for the mouth of Kokala Bay.

Jason was certain that Bertha Grazzard, with Channing Mace or Lorrin, was on her way to Kahuna, and he was certain he knew her purpose. Having failed at killing him, she had no alternative but the exceedingly desperate one of killing Colton Grazzard.

Aunt Bertha was, Jason believed, a very desperate woman making a final attempt at escaping the trap she had built for herself. Uncle Colton was, according to Jason's blueprint, her only living material witness. She must, therefore, eliminate him before Jason could reach him.

And he wondered if her plans included an explanation of the sudden death she was planning to visit on her brother. Doubtless, they did. Colton Grazzard would vanish.

HE CALLED softly, "Flack!" Flack did not answer.

Alarmed, Jason shouted, "Flack! Where are you?"

The big sampan must now be at the mouth of the harbor.

A voice called softly, "Is that you, Mr. Amboy?" It seemed to come from the water near the beach.

Jason peered into the darkness.

"Who is it?" he demanded sharply.

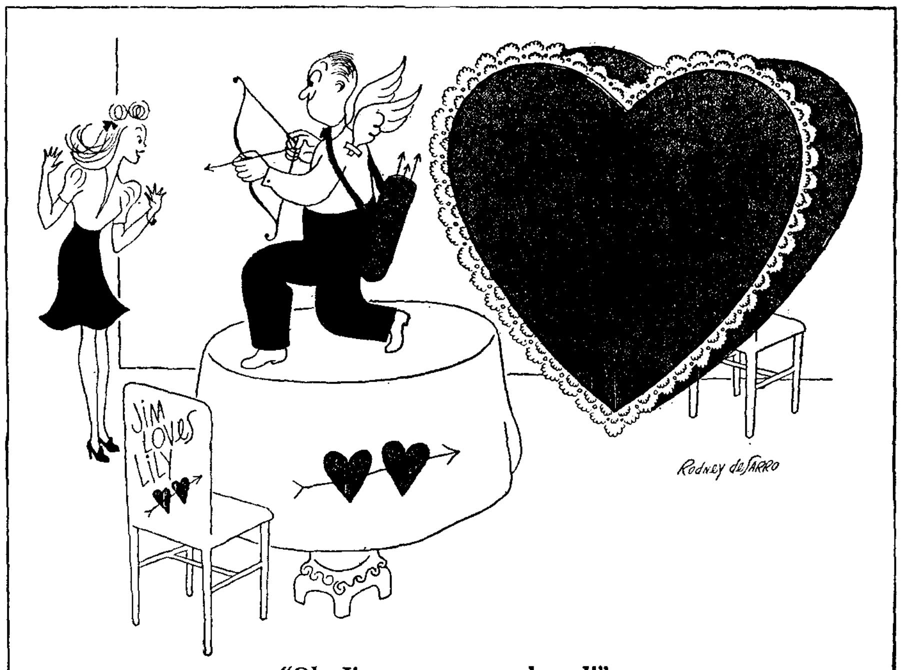
"It's me—Singapore Sam Shay," came the reply.

Jason's pulse went down twenty beats to the minute. "Oh," he said, "so it's you, Sam. Can you come alongside?"

Jason heard the engine start. He presently saw the phosphorescence at its screw, then, vaguely, the silhouette of a small sampan against the reflection of stars in the glassy water.

It came alongside the pier and bumped hard. Jason jumped aboard.

"Flack's on that sampan," Jason said, "and there are a couple of people aboard



COLLIER'S "Oh, Jim—you remembered!" RODNEY DE SARRO

Third floor back...

● It's 4 p.m. on a quiet street in a big city.

A slip of a girl, with a suitcase a little too heavy for her, climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is beating a little fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, living in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that maybe now she understands a little bit of what Tom must have felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

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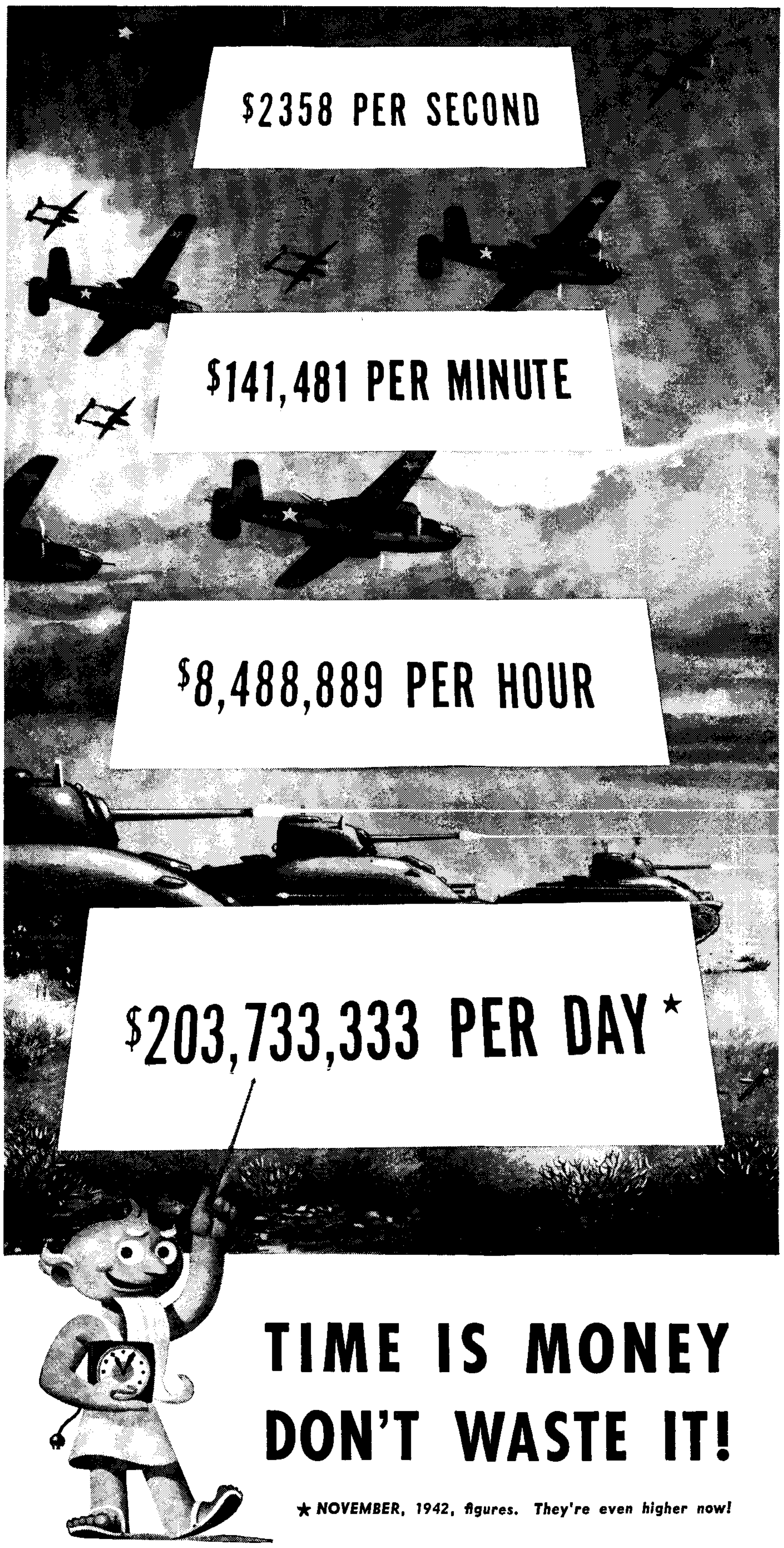

TIME IS MONEY DON'T WASTE IT!

★ *NOVEMBER, 1942, figures. They're even higher now!*

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WAR *TIME* WISDOM: Take care of the Telechron Clocks you now have. If they should ever need service, go to any reliable clock dealer. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.

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who will kill him if they find him. Have you any firearms aboard?"

"No, Mr. Amboy. What's it all about?" Shay let in the clutch. The sampan began to move.

"We're heading off a murder," Jason answered. "I'll explain it all in a moment. Let's get going!"

Kahuna Island was rising against the stars—a stripe of blackness against the blackness of the Pacific. The sampan was nosing in at throttled speed.

Jason, in the bows, was trying to see the shore. Above the tumult of his heart, he heard the soft, smothered roar of surf, and this puzzled him. The wind was from the north—the trade wind—and the landing at Kahuna was at the south end of the island. It was a sheltered shore—there should be no sound of surf here. Yet there was.

The redhead Shay was at the wheel, repeating the commands Jason called.

The offshore wind brought no sound but that of the unseen surf.

Obscurely, against the stars, Jason saw the fire *pali*—a cliff that rose sheerly from the far end of the beach to a height of six or seven hundred feet.

THE sampan crept closer. He could not see the Bertha, although when Sam Shay had stopped the engine less than a half minute ago, the big sampan's exhaust had sounded dead ahead.

A ragged fringe of palm fronds was moving slowly against the starry northern sky.

With the engine hardly turning, Jason now heard the Bertha's exhaust—still ahead but off to the left and close aboard. It stopped.

Sam Shay promptly stopped the engine. The roar of the surf became louder.

The red-haired man came forward with a boat hook with which he began to take soundings. "Sand!" he whispered.

The sampan was ghosting toward the unseen beach.

"That surf," Sam Shay whispered, "is on the other side! The island is mighty narrow here. Do you see anything?"

"No."

The keel ground into hard sand and the sampan came to a gentle stop. Off to the left, Jason dimly saw the black loom of the Bertha. He heard a faint splashing in the water near the big sampan.

A man on the beach called inquiringly in Hawaiian and the deep voice of Mrs. Grazzard answered. She was, Jason realized, wading ashore. One of the native sentries had hailed her.

Her voice answered. The man on the beach spoke again, respectfully. He laughed. The laugh was brief.

Sam Shay touched Jason's arm. He whispered: "She doesn't know we're anywhere around! She doesn't suspect anything! She told him to go back to sleep. I guess that was sarcasm. But where's that other guy? Where's Flack? She's alone!"

Jason let himself over the side. Grasping in his right hand the stout ohia-wood club he had found in the paint locker, he eased himself into the blood-warm water.

In water chest deep, he waited and listened.

His heart was hammering again. He saw the glimmer of the white sand between the water's edge and the palm trees, but he saw no one.

Suddenly, far away, to the southeast, a deep drumming became audible. He walked slowly toward the beach.

Lights sprang on a hundred yards away through the trees and a house with a low roof appeared out of the darkness, and somewhere behind the house an automatic electric light plant began to hum.

Jason saw Mrs. Grazzard silhouetted on the *lanai*. She was alone. Puzzled, he waited a moment. He heard Singapore Sam's cautious progress through the water near him.

The exhaust of the motorboat he had heard was now closer and louder.

In the faint illumination from the *lanai*, he saw a tall man standing on the beach just ahead of him. The man called sharply in Hawaiian. Sam Shay answered in the same tongue. The sentinel on the beach spoke more sharply.

Jason heard the rush of Sam Shay's feet in the sand. He heard the impact of a fist. The sentinel went down and rolled over twice.

Singapore Sam Shay kissed the knuckles of his left hand and said, "Where's Flack? Where's that other guy? There's something very funny about this." And then with dismay: "Look! That baby's adrift! She's floating out!"

Jason turned about. In the faint light from the *lanai*, he saw the Bertha clearly. She was evidently caught in a current and was drifting to the south.

"Get aboard her," Jason directed him. "If Flack's aboard, bring him to the house."

"Yes, sir."

The powerboat Jason had heard was closer. It was coming fast. It was, Jason suspected, either a Coast Guard or a Navy Patrol boat.

A searchlight in its bows came on and a long blue-white shaft went stabbing along the beach.

He crossed the beach and started up the path at a run. As he neared the house, he heard a muffled shot, then another. A woman screamed and a man with a shrill voice shouted.

Jason entered a long room lined with bookshelves. From floor to ceiling, the shelves were solid with books. A table lamp with a green glass shade filled the library with a curious cool glow.

Three people were struggling in the middle of the room. One was Bertha Grazzard. Another was a fat, very brown Hawaiian woman in a pink Mother Hubbard. The third was a thin, tall white-haired white man in sleeveless white pajamas. He was almost as brown as the native woman.

He was saying, in a shrill, hysterical voice, "You crazy woman! You crazy, crazy woman!"

Blood was running down his skinny brown arm from a wound in his right shoulder, and another thin red stream from the wound was running down the front of his pajama jacket.

JASON snatched the gun out of Mrs. Grazzard's hand. The Hawaiian woman was trying to force Bertha Grazzard into a deep white chair.

Mrs. Grazzard saw Jason and she stopped struggling. Her amber eyes stared at him. They opened wider and wider. He thought she was about to scream, but she didn't. She permitted the brown-skinned woman to force her into the big white chair.

Two brown-skinned men in dungarees came swiftly into the room from different doors and started for Jason. They stopped when they saw the revolver in his hand. The woman in the pink Mother Hubbard was panting. She backed away from the woman in the chair, then she turned to Jason. She said something rapidly to him in Hawaiian. She was panting and she was sweating, but she was, Jason thought, remarkably composed. She saw the two men and yelled at them. One of them answered her with an air of stubbornness and anger. She yelled again. They retreated and went out, the one who had objected still protesting.

(To be concluded next week)

China Flight

Continued from page 16

not be good to me there. And he too is better off without me. He tries to pretend he does not care when the foreign ladies never came to call on me. But he cares."

She dropped her head as she spoke, so that he could not see her face.

"How did you escape?" he said, after a moment of thinking over what she had said.

"We were at an inn," she said. "It was easy enough. The town where we stayed was on a canal, and while he slept I went away and hired a boat to bring me far out of our path, backward, by ways he would never know."

"So now you go to your grandfather's house again," old Wang said.

"There I go," she agreed. Then she lifted her head. "But what of Mrs. Shipman?"

"A prisoner," he said, "and all in the house prisoners. But she has stood off the guards. Three times those devils that stand at our gate have come in and three times by her own power, which I cannot myself understand, she has turned them around again. Nevertheless I am put here to open the back gate the moment she calls to me, and at her word the girls are to flee along the ways she has shown them on pieces of paper. Each girl has a paper of her own, and at the end of the escape there is a friendly house for each."

"How good she is," Leone said. "How wonderfully good—how better than a mother!"

"I know," he said, "and I often ask why. These girls are made of clay and water. They will never reward her."

"She was good to me, too," Leone said. She pondered a moment whether to ask him of Dan, and then did not. How could any in this house know him? No, she must find him in other ways.

She rose and pulled the kerchief over her face again. Then she unbound the ropes from her shoulders and left the fuel on the street.

"Take it," she said, "without price. It has done its work for me."

"We need it," he said simply, and hoisted it on his own back, and they nodded to each other.

"You know where I am if your mistress is ever in any need," she said.

"I know," he said.

And so they parted, he to enter the gate with the fuel, and she to go on toward her grandfather's house.

It was less than half a mile away and she would soon come to it, and she circled through a street or two until she came to the back of the house instead of the front. She might have been forbidden to enter the front gate of a house like her grandfather's, a rich house where a gatekeeper stood to keep out the beggars and the vendors. But here at the back gate she gave hard knocks with a stone she picked up out of the street. One or two doors opened at the noise, but seeing only an old woman they closed again.

At last she heard footsteps and the gate opened a little and she saw the round pock-marked face of the man who was the cook in her grandfather's house.

"Fing, it is I," she said.

He knew her voice and without a word he reached out his arm and drew her into the gate and barred it.

"You, young mistress!" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, "I have escaped."

"But your lord?"

"He is safe," she said. "He is safe enough. But I am come home. Where is my grandfather?"

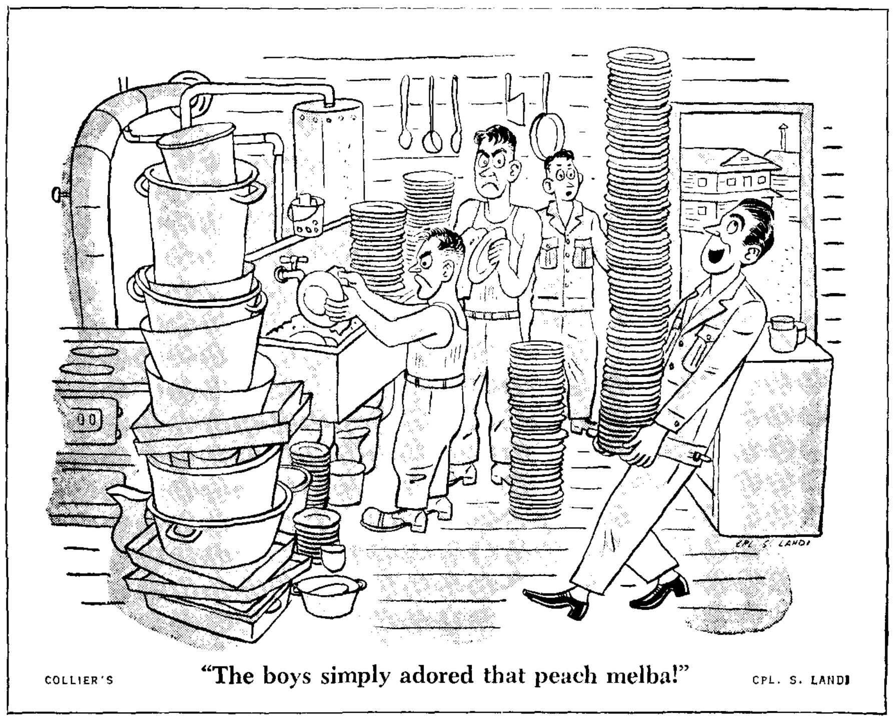
"He is in his book room," the man said. "He is sitting there reading his old books. It is all he does nowadays."

"Tell him I am come," she said. She pulled off the kerchief from her head as she spoke, and her long black hair fell down her back. "Tell him I will come to him as soon as I have made myself fit."

"Yes, yes, young mistress," the man cried and he hastened to do what she had bid him, and she went through a court and into her own old room.

OLD Mr. P'an sat in his study reading. He had not for many years read a new book and it was his determination not to do so as long as he lived. There were too many new events in the world with which he had to cope: there was no use in adding to his difficulties by finding new ideas from books. Of new ideas he had more than enough.

The first new idea had come upon him with force and terror many years ago when his young daughter, Ai-lan, had insisted upon an education. She was his only child, and he had never taken another wife in spite of the importunities of Madame P'an when she discovered



COLLIER'S "The boys simply adored that peach melba!" CPL. S. LANDI

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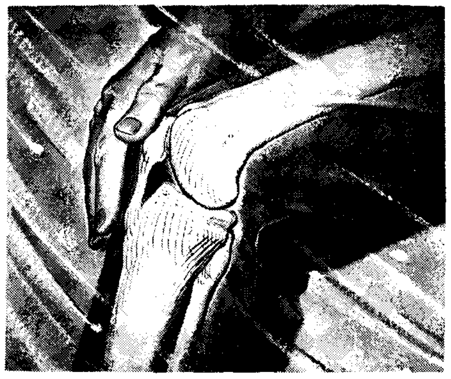

EASE that stabbing pain of COLD WEATHER JOINTS!

When the icy wind cuts through you, does it lay you up with painful, grinding **"cold-weather joints"**? Absorbine Jr. quickly eases those aching joints—brings speedy, joyful relief from such winter torture!

Normally, little blood vessels feed lubricating fluid into the joints. Extreme cold constricts blood vessels. Slows up the supply of fluid. Makes **joints "grind"** and ache. Hinders your movements and work!

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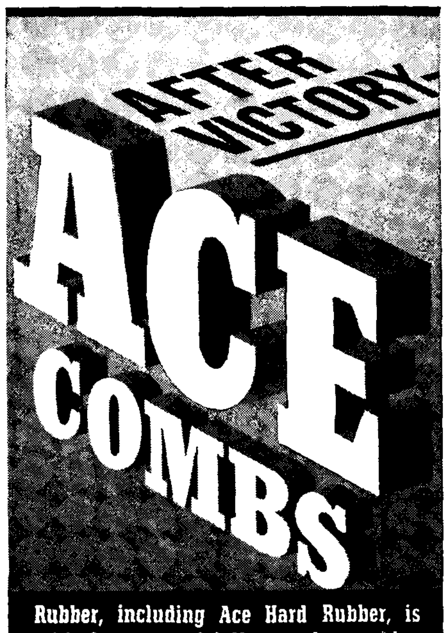
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Rubber, including Ace Hard Rubber, is critical war material. No more hard rubber combs may be made until Victory. Take good care of Ace Combs you now have.

she could bear no more children. Mr. P'an was delicate and ascetic and even his marriage to a delicate gentlewoman was a trial to him. If it had not been his duty to marry, since he had been an only son, he would have become a Buddhist priest. He was the son of a scholar and had lived always with books about him and usually with one in his hand. Among his servants and dependents his nickname was Book Fool. It was affectionately given, and in his house all were zealous in looking after his practical needs which, left to himself, he neglected entirely.

Ai-lan was to him an unknown and inexplicable character. He was proud of her extreme beauty and her brilliant mind. He did not want to teach her to read, for he did not believe in women knowing how to read; but because he liked to have her near him, he taught her to read before she was five. Thereafter he allowed her to read his books in order that she would stay near him. For otherwise how could she have found any attraction in sitting quietly even for ten minutes? Together, his gentle, half-invalid wife and himself had produced a perfectly healthy child, whose strong body and quick brain were at once their joy and dismay. They yielded to her every demand because neither of them had the strength to cope with her temper.

On only one matter had he stood firm—she could not leave the house and go to school. He would not allow her to walk on the streets or go to strange places. The only way to insist upon this was to invite tutors to teach her at home. Thus the Frenchman had come into this house.

Of course not for one moment was his daughter supposed to be left alone with a man. When he found that she had bribed her nurse to leave her alone, the woman's wailing excuse was a valid one: "But how could I dream that she would love a foreigner?"

None could dream, indeed, that Ai-lan who had been reared in the strictest Chinese traditions, could love a white man, and one who could not even speak her own language. But she had so quickly learned French that Mr. P'an had to suppose that almost immediately they had conversed in French, and of course the nurse had not known what they were saying.

THUS under her very eyes they had doubtless planned the errand for the woman, which left them at the beginning of the full lesson hour so long a time for their escape. It was true that the woman had grown uneasy while she had gone to buy the special tea, which, it seemed, the Frenchman wanted to send home immediately to his mother in France, who so loved Chinese tea. She had hurried back, the silver coin her mistress had given her for a bribe still unspent in her pocket, and had found the room empty. It was to her honor that she had come at once to Mr. P'an, tearing down her hair as she came and wailing the cry of those who mourn for the dead.

Mr. P'an never would willingly remember the ten days that followed that dreadful moment. Ai-lan would not come home. Instead she remained with the Frenchman and for two years Mr. P'an heard nothing of her. When a stranger asked him in common greeting how many sons he had, he always replied in his stately fashion that Heaven had granted him no children.

At the end of two years a white woman whom he had never seen before came to his house. She brought him news of Ai-lan. Ai-lan was in her house—a house of refuge. The Frenchman had left her to return to his home. Now, the white woman insisted, Mr. P'an must allow his daughter to come home because she had a little child—a girl.

"I have no daughter," he had told Mrs. Shipman.

"You have," she said bluntly.

The controversy had lasted many days. In the midst of it Madame P'an, always ill after Ai-lan went away, quietly died. She had never tried to persuade him to take back their daughter, for she was an obedient wife and always listened first to him to find out what she wanted. She hid her scholarship from him, ever knowing that he disliked learning in women. Nevertheless after her death he found a short poem that she had written. It was under her pillow and a servant brought it to him. The few delicately brushed lines conveyed to him the cause of her lack of will to live:

A plum tree bears a single flower.
The flower falls—there is no fruit.
Why then should the tree
Continue to live?

He had sat holding the thin sheet in his hand, and at that moment Mrs. Shipman had come to his door, without announcement, having forced her way past the intervening servants. She held by the hand a minute girl, barely able to walk. "This is your granddaughter," she said.

His eyes met the eyes of the child. By some accident there was no resemblance in this child either to Ai-lan or to the foreigner. Her eyes were the eyes of Madame P'an, but young and healthy and gay, as he had never seen his wife. Between the paper in his hand that seemed actually to quiver of its own accord, and the child's gaze, he was not able to speak.

"Go and bow to your grandpa, Leone," Mrs. Shipman said, in her wretched Chinese.

The small girl understood her, however, and moved forward to obey. Mr. P'an crushed the paper in his hand and let it drop, and he put out that hand to the child. She came forward and without fear she laid her own hand in his and he looked down at that small hand in his own dried palm.

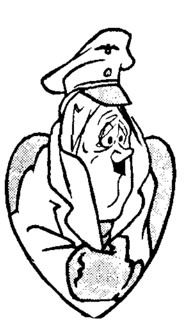
After a long moment, gazing at the scrap of a hand in his, he said in a low voice, "Let her stay."

IT WAS Leone he allowed to come home, he always argued, to himself, not his rebellious daughter. When, after a few days, he was already foolishly fond of the child, and it was obvious that she was fretting for her mother, he sent word that only for the child's sake Ai-lan could come home. Nor did he relent. When Ai-lan returned, silent and sad, he tolerated her presence. When in less than two years she died of tuberculosis, he was relieved. He lived in the child.

And yet who would believe the trouble he had had with Leone? It was not because she was less than a good granddaughter, but because as she grew older he found that no man whom he would endure as a son-in-law would marry her. His friends made strange excuses for their sons. He was too proud to inquire of them. But he knew the reason was that Leone was only half Chinese. Nor would he allow for one moment the possibility of a small tradesman or an upper servant as his son-in-law. In desperation when Leone was seventeen he accepted the aid of Mrs. Shipman, with whom he had continued a curious, unwilling friendship because of Leone's devotion to her, and he allowed Leone to be married to the wealthy Englishman. At least it was a proper marriage. But he saw the Englishman only once and that was at the wedding.

It was obvious to him on that occasion that the Englishman did not like the idea of a Chinese father-in-law any more than he himself liked the idea of a for-

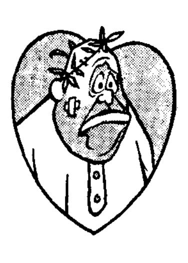
Lines for Feb. Fourteen

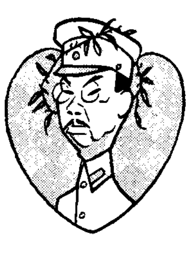


Here's my Valentine for Hitler . . .
May his brittle heart grow brittler
'Til there is no life extant
In his central heating plant.

As for loathsome Hirohito
And that nincompoop, Benito,
I have wreaths of poison oak
Which I trust will make them croak.

MARGARET FISHBACK

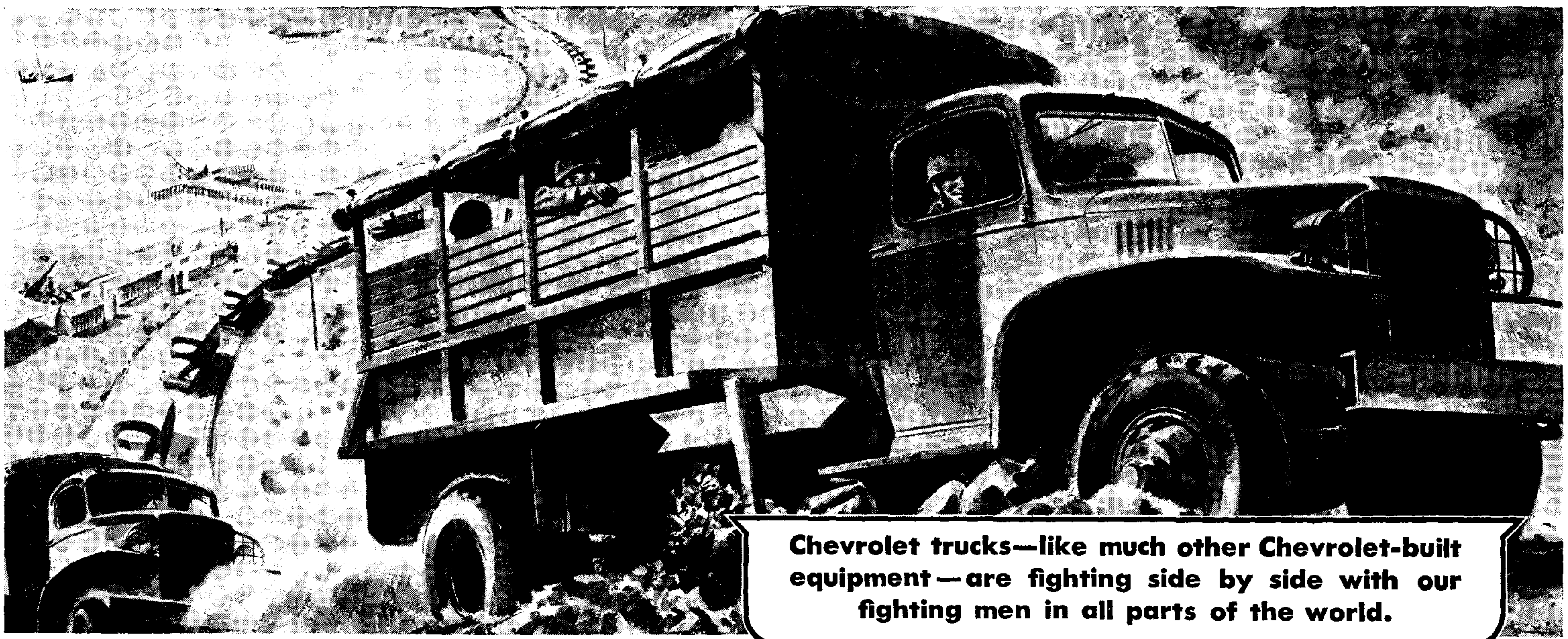




CHEVROLET TRUCKS

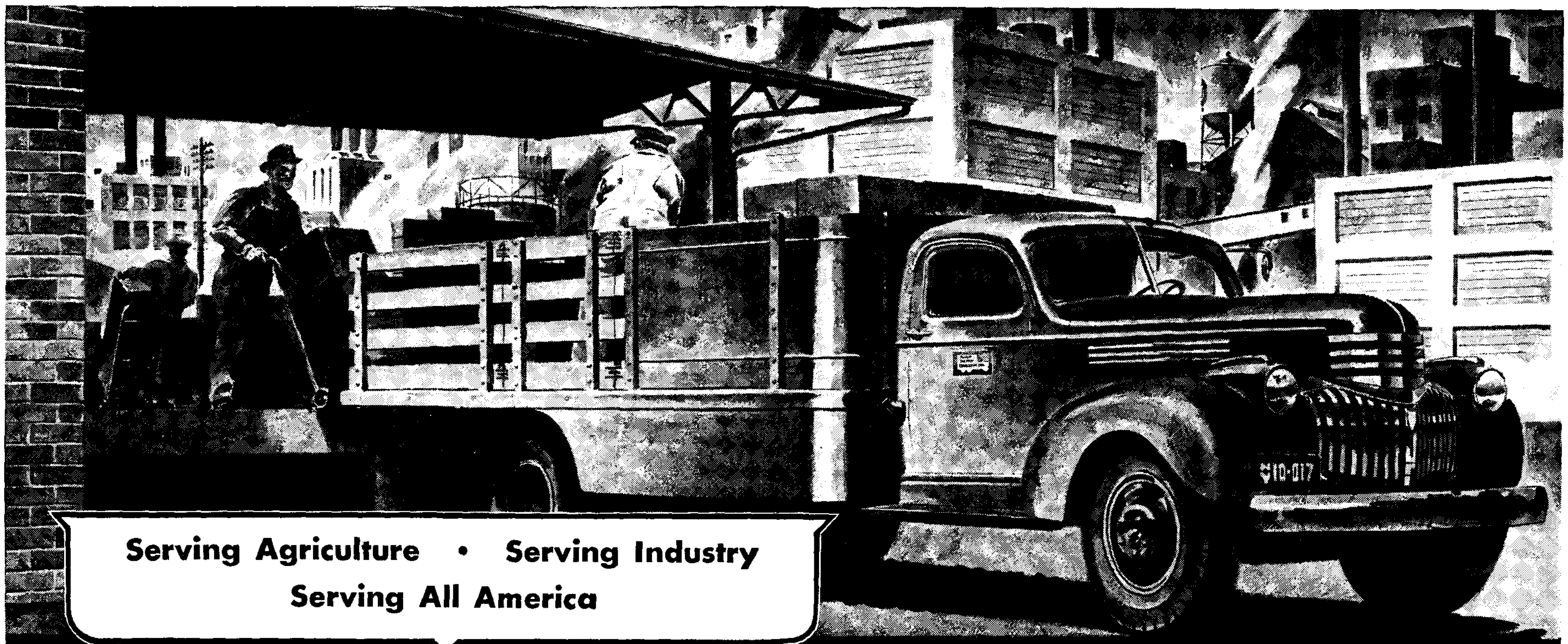
Vehicles of Victory

ON THE FIGHTING FRONTS—ABROAD



Chevrolet trucks—like much other Chevrolet-built equipment—are fighting side by side with our fighting men in all parts of the world.

ON THE WORKING FRONTS—AT HOME



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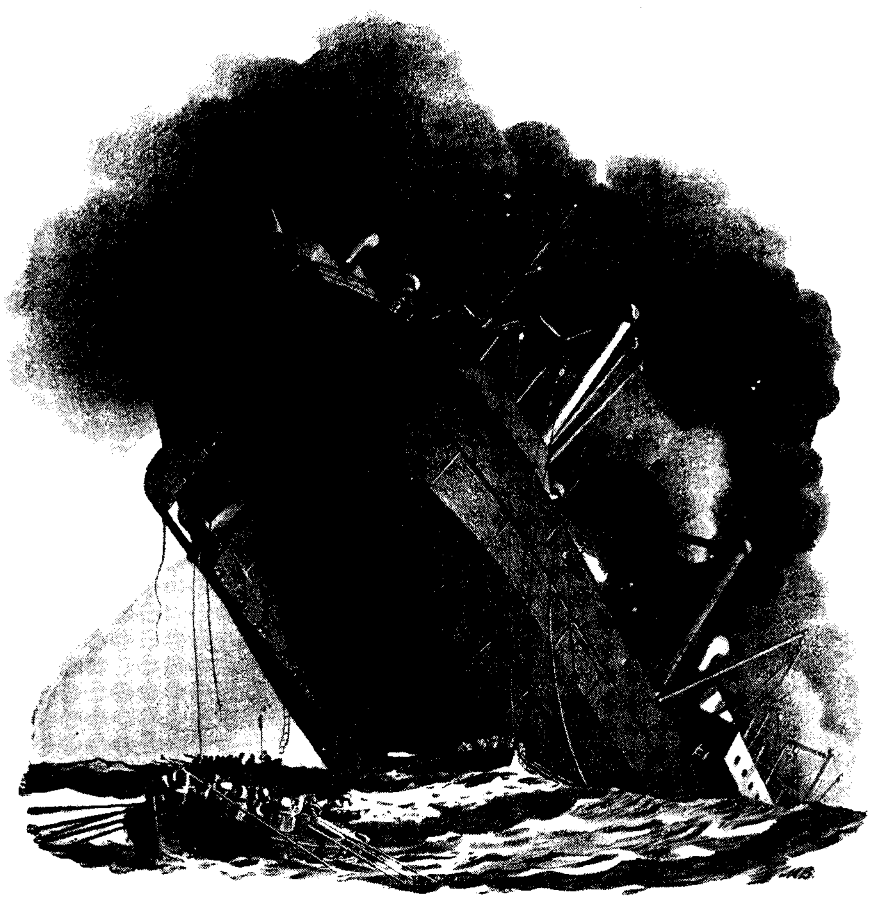
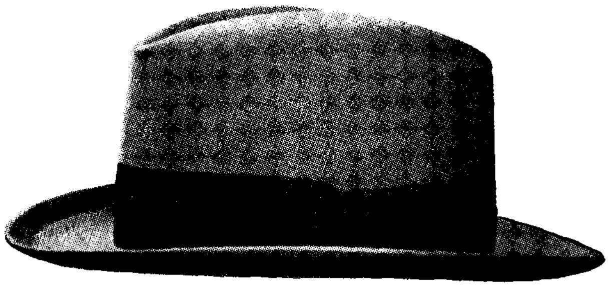
Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"I told him all about my brother in the Merchant Marine"

Keep it under your STETSON



Stetson "Three-Way"...A Stetson original, especially designed to be worn any one of three ways:
1. Brim up all around as shown **2.** Brim snapped **3.** Brim down all around.
Bound edge, wide binding on top, tapered crown.
Luxurious felt made by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...$8.50.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, $5 TO $25 • FOR WOMEN, $5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

eign son-in-law, and so Mr. P'an returned to his own lonely life. When Leone came to visit him, as she sometimes did, but not often, they did not speak of her marriage. He saw that she looked well in her always delicate fashion and that she wore expensive garments. He was relieved that she had no children. As a man wholly Chinese he preferred not to think of the further mingling of Chinese blood with French and English.

In the last few days, however, he had been extremely anxious. War had broken out in a new form. It had been bad enough when Shanghai fell to the enemy. But by remaining assiduously obscure he had been able to avoid any more trouble except the now heavy taxes laid on him. And for a while it was perhaps an asset to have an English son-in-law who was a man of some position. It was always possible that if anything should happen—if, for instance, he should be kidnaped as many wealthy men were, on one pretext or another—the Englishman would help him.

All that was changed. In the last few days he knew that it only was disaster that he was allied in any fashion with the English. He had remained in his home, therefore, not going out even to the teahouse, and had hoped that Leone could not communicate with him.

When now his personal manservant came in to announce that his granddaughter had come home, and apparently to stay with him, he was thrown into terror, which he did not try to conceal from the faithful servant.

"Is her husband with her?" he asked in alarm.

"He is not," the manservant replied.

Mr. P'an put down his old book. "If he comes here, he must not be admitted," he said in agitation. "I cannot allow a foreigner in the house at the risk of my own life."

"Calm yourself, old sir," the servant replied. "I have heard that all foreigners are being put in jail."

Mr. P'an did not hide his relief. "Ah," he said, "then that is why she has come home. Tell her I am here."

HE TOOK up his book again where he had left off and tried to compose his mind by murmuring out loud the words of ancient poetry. He was almost entirely composed when some few minutes later Leone came in. She looked, he saw to his relief, almost entirely Chinese. She was in Chinese garments and her hair was coiled on her neck, and a jade pin thrust in to hold it.

"Grandfather, you are here," she said in graceful salutation, as she stood.

He nodded, took off his brass-rimmed spectacles, and motioned to her to sit down. She did so, sitting sidewise on the chair in respect to him and his heart softened. A good child, he thought, always a good child! He must not refuse her any shelter he could give her.

"What is your situation?" he asked her.

She answered him then, telling him where she had been when the new war broke and what had happened to her. He grew very grave as she went on.

"Was it well for you to leave your husband?" he inquired.

"In these times it seemed to me better if I came home to my own people," she said gently.

He could find no fault with this repudiation of her foreign blood. "Of course I am glad to have you here," he said. Thus he approved the repudiation.

She wanted above all else at this moment to be alone, and so she returned to her own room and shut the door and pulled the satin curtain across it as a guard against a servant opening the door. It was midafternoon. The day was too far spent to do anything now. Besides, she must think what to do. She must plan, plot if she must. Where was Dan James? Had he caught his ship? If he had not, how would she find his prison? Her cheeks burned at the thought of him and she put up her hands to cool them. She had forgotten Arnold as though she had never seen him.

ARNOLD HATFORD had not wakened until long after sunrise. Time and again Yang had come to lay his ear against the cracked panel of the wooden door of the room and had heard only the deep, heavy breathing of the Englishman. By the time Hatford called him he was quite at ease. His mistress would by now be so far on her way that, whatever his master told him to do, it would be too late. He hastily poured into a teapot the boiling water he had ready and waiting in a kettle on a charcoal brazier in the main room of the inn, and putting the pot and two tea bowls on a tray he entered the room where Hatford had not ceased to shout.

Hatford was sitting up in bed, his gray hair tousled above his half-bald crown.

"Where is Missy?" he demanded.

Yang opened his black eyes wide. "My no have see," he said.

"You must go see, chop chop," Hatford retorted. "Here—put down the tea and go out and see where she is. She's probably waked—" he muttered to himself as he poured the tea. "She's probably waked and gone out to walk a bit." Yang disappeared and Hatford sipped the hot tea.

Leone was secretly restless, he had begun to think, under that fine surface calm of hers. She often woke early and slipped out of bed, without waking him, to walk. But in a strange place like this she ought to have taken Yang or at least left word.

When Yang did not come back he got up and washed himself in cold water and then sat down in great impatience, angry and alarmed. He was a tall thin man, except for a slight incongruous pouch below the belt. His red innocent face betrayed his thoughts. Just now he was trying to make up his mind whether it would do him any good to leave the room himself. He decided against it. He could not speak a word of Chinese, and if he wandered about in a strange Chinese town he would be lost in a few minutes and quite helpless.

A bad position for me to be in, he thought severely. Without either Leone or Yang, what would happen to him?

He sat motionless, his large red hands on his knees, until at last Yang came in. At once Arnold saw that he was disturbed.

"My no can find Missy," Yang said excitedly.

"No can find!" Arnold shouted.

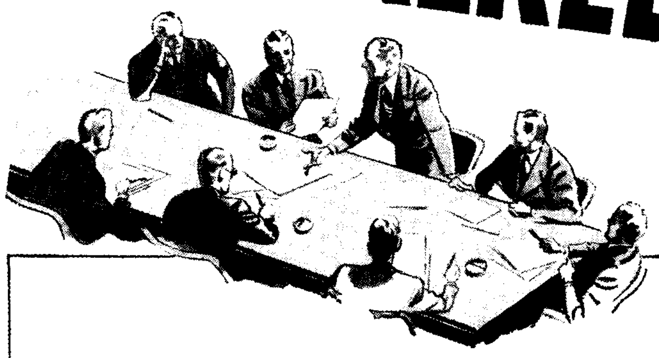
"My look every side, my talkee everybody—no have see!" Yang said. He shouted unintelligibly and through the door there came a ragged fisherman, holding in his hands a sodden mass. "This man, he takee Missy's coat-skirt in his net this morning," Yang said.

Arnold groaned. He got up and adjusted his pince-nez and examined the mass. Yes, these clothes were Leone's! "But what—whatever—" he began to stammer. His face worked and his mouth hung open. Leone! But she had been quite happy!

"Missy no wantchee go Hong Kong side," Yang explained gently. His eyes were sorrowful. "Missy talkee my, 'Yang, my no wantchee go Hong Kong side. English lady she b'long velly closs to my!' "

"Cross to her!" Arnold echoed. "Why,

HUDSON OWNERS! At a meeting back in '41 WE TALKED ABOUT *YOUR* CAR!



HERE'S A REPORT OF THE MEETING!

"There won't be any new cars"

It was evident, months before Pearl Harbor, that the growing demands of war production would cut the supply of new cars far below normal replacement needs. A staggering problem for a nation accustomed to traveling over 200 billion miles a year by automobile!

"We've got to think of present owners"

What about cars already in use? They must be made to last longer—must be kept in better condition—must be serviced more regularly. Hudson recognized a clear-cut responsibility to every Hudson owner.

"Get our dealers set for wartime service"

Hudson had several advantages in this situation. An enviable record of dependability and low operating cost, for example—as proved year after year in official endurance and economy runs under American Automobile Association supervision. But service needs were bound to increase as cars grew older, and Hudson dealers must be set up to handle them.

"Parts must be available —everywhere"

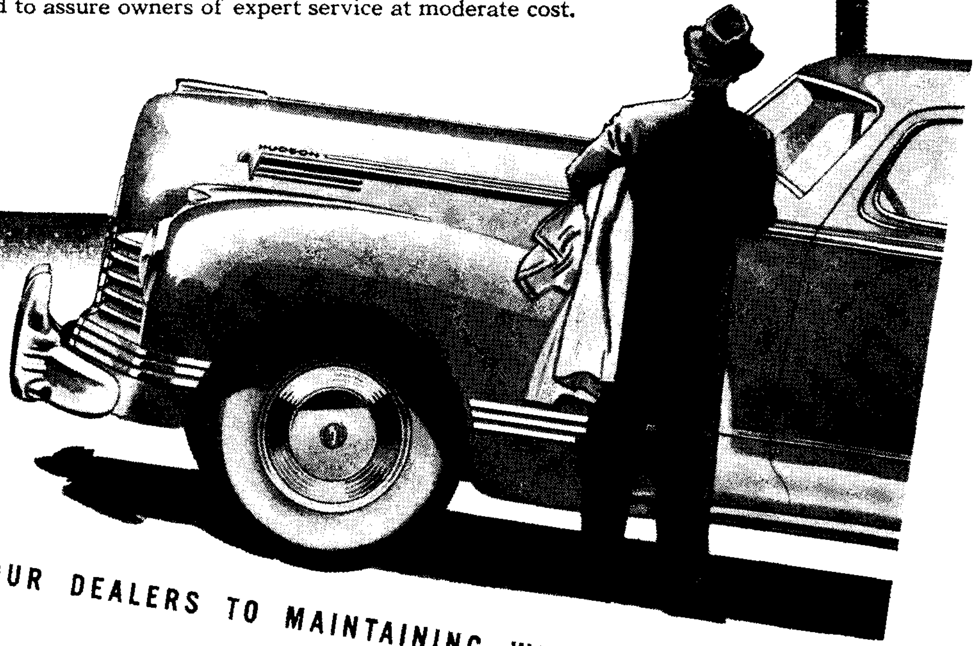
Our unique system of distribution provided the solution of the problem. It made possible a nationwide chain of parts depots—assuring prompt delivery of needed replacement parts and accessories everywhere, and conserving critical materials by enabling dealers to hold their own stocks to a well-balanced minimum.

"It's our job to keep Hudsons rolling"

Hudson's first duty, of course, was to the war effort—speedy conversion of plants and personnel to war production. But, hand in hand with this, an expanded service program was launched, to prolong the useful life of every Hudson on the road—to effect vital conservation of gas, oil and tires—and to assure owners of expert service at moderate cost.

HUDSON
MOTOR CAR COMPANY
33 Years of Engineering Leadership

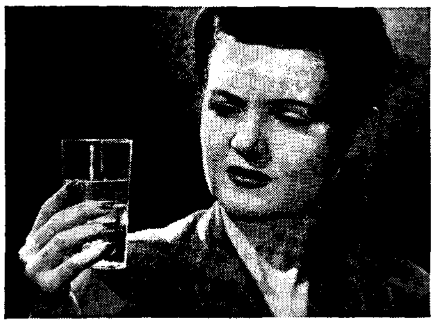
Whether you need a new car, used car, or service for your present car, see your nearest Hudson dealer.



OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

Shake Hands with a First-Class Dope!

THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*


THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but all it did was to stir me up inside without giving relief. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take... tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

TRY THE "*Happy Medium*" LAXATIVE!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right — but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—*it's not too strong!*

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—*it's not too mild!*

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

—*it's just right!*

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS
WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN U.S.P.
YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN NOT U.S.P.

10¢ & 25¢ at all drug stores

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE — It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

EX-LAX IS AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING LAXATIVE!

she didn't know—she'd never been there—besides, I told her I'd jolly well see to it that nobody slighted my wife."

Yang's melancholy voice went on: "She talkee my—'Yang, English ladies Shanghai side, all time velly closs my—suppose Hong Kong English lady same Shanghai.'"

Arnold sat down and buried his face in his hands. The fisherman stood looking from one to the other, the sodden garments dripping upon the floor.

"That vile water!" Arnold said, suddenly looking up. "Get out, you!"

Yang nodded imperceptibly to the fisherman and the man fled.

"More better you eat bleakfast," Yang said kindly.

"Don't talk about food," Arnold said. "We've got to drag—that vile canal!"

"Yes, Masta," Yang said docilely.

The longer they stayed here in this small town, Yang reflected, the longer Leone would be safely on her way. When she got to his village she would be held there for a day or two. He had sent word to his brothers that she was to be persuaded to be a spy for the guerrillas. Somehow she was to be persuaded—or forced. . . .

"THANK you, I have eaten enough," Leone said gently to her old nurse.

The white-haired woman had been her mother's nurse, too. When she heard that Leone had come home, she hastened from her retirement in another part of the city to come back to Mr. P'an's house. Once here again, an hour ago, she had proceeded to make Leone a meal and bring it to her, a meal of the things the child Leone had loved.

"Eat a little more of the sweet rice, my meat dumpling," she coaxed. "Your cheeks look thin."

Leone looked up with the old smile. "I have eaten, foster mother, and I can eat no more."

"Ah, it is your heart!" the old woman sighed, "there is trouble in your heart."

"Who has not such trouble in these days?" Leone asked.

"True—true," the old woman said. "Do you remember my two sons, child? They are both gone. The dwarfs seized them one day to carry their heavy guns to a battlefield and I have not seen them since."

Leone put out her hand and covered the dry brown old hand that was picking up the dishes one by one. "Poor old mother," she said. "Your sons gone, and I, your troublesome foster child, home again!"

The old woman wiped her eyes on the edge of her apron. "I suppose that the Englishman was hard on you," she said. "I suppose he beat you."

"No, he did not beat me," Leone said gently. "But—I had other troubles."

"And no children," the old woman sighed.

"Ah, I shall never have children," Leone said quickly. "Long ago I decided I would never have children. I shall keep my mixed blood in my own body—it is better."

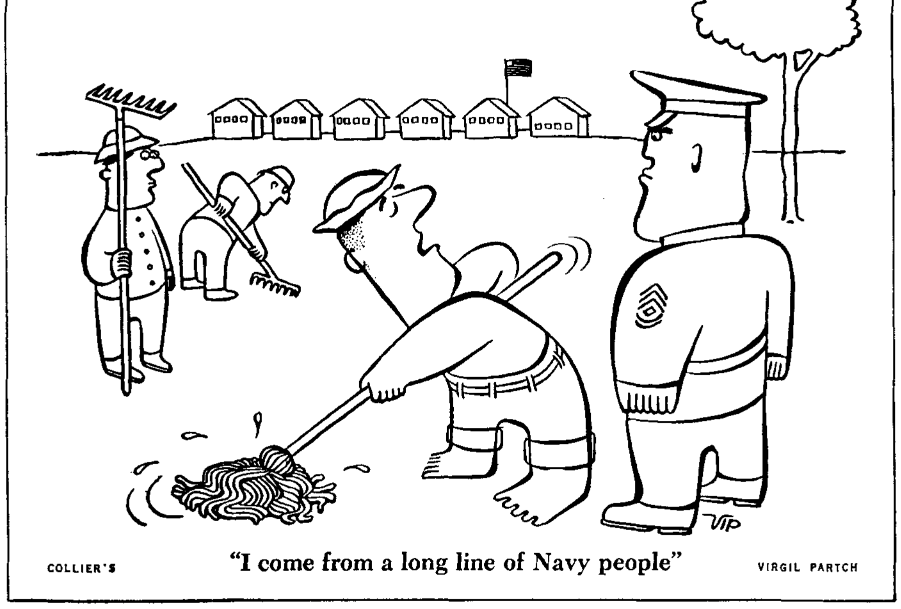
The old woman sighed again and went away without more words.

And left to herself Leone moved restlessly from table to chest, arranging and rearranging her possessions. She had not lived in this room for three years, but now it was to be her home. She would never again live in that great foreign house in the British concession. There would be Japanese living there, in those rooms where she had lived as Arnold Hatford's wife, playing that she was an English lady. She made a small pile of her English garments now and she took them and tied them into a large square of silk and put them deep into a camphorwood box. They were few enough—most of her clothes she had left in that house.

But she could not work forever at this task. It was soon over and then there was nothing to do, nothing but to wonder and to think and to plan. What could she do next? Where would she find Dan James?

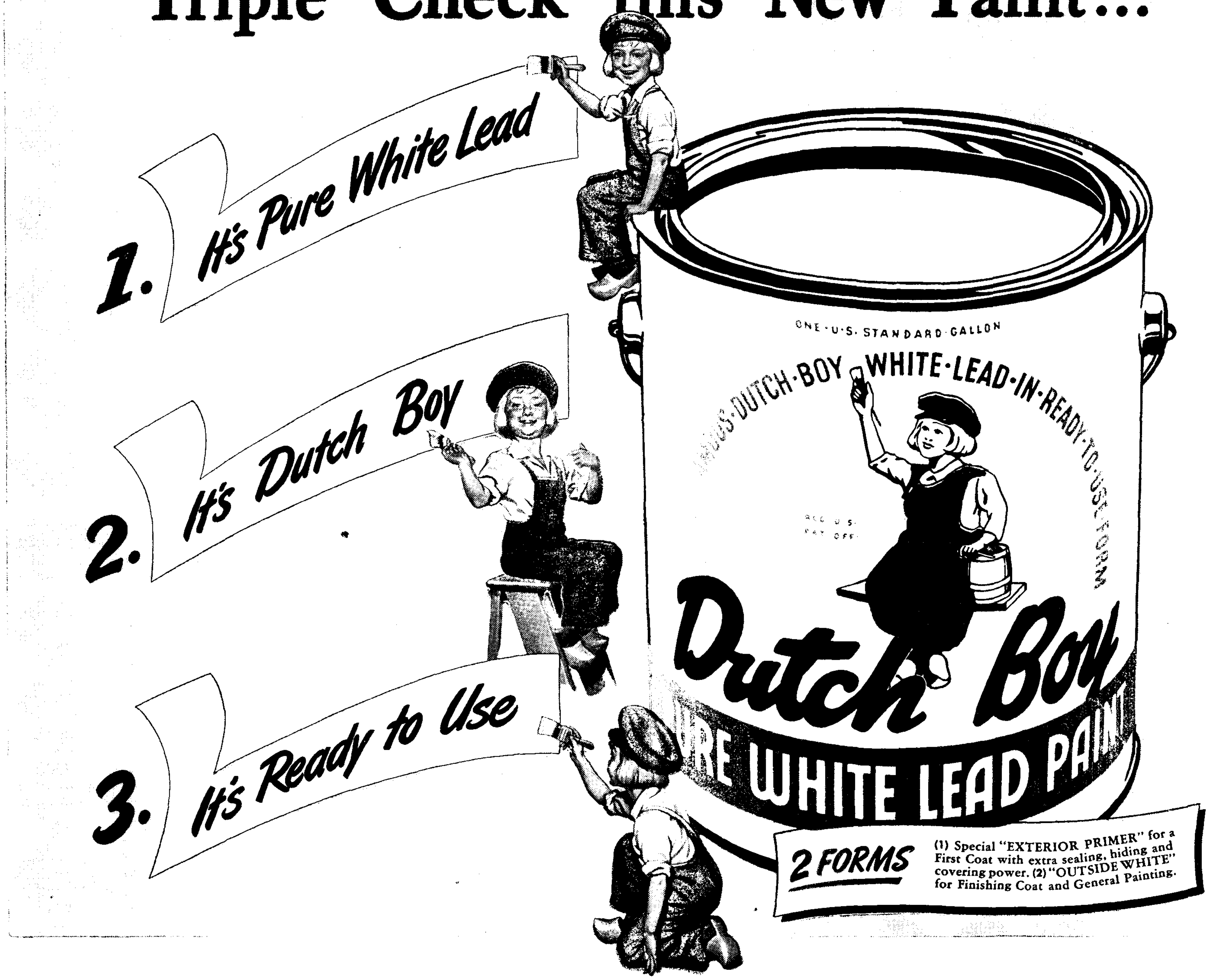
She stood in the middle of the room, her thumb and finger at her red lower lip. Then she moved swiftly. She took off her silk robe and put on a plain dark cotton one, left from her schoolgirl days. She brushed back her hair smoothly and braided it and wound it into a coil and washed her face free of powder and rouge. She would go and see Mrs. Shipman. Mrs. Shipman might tell her what to do.

IN HIS prison Lieutenant Daniel James had spent three long days and three longer nights. He had spent them for the most part in deep thought, in intense watchfulness and constant listening. But so far as he could hear or see, he was alone even in the building. There was no sound of other prisoners, no sound indeed of any living human being except the Japanese guard who twice a day shoved in a small wooden bucket of soupy rice through a wicket in the gate. Twice a day he put through the same wicket a tin can of muddy cold water. A hole in the floor and a drain took care of the waste. The face of the guard was like



COLLIER'S "I come from a long line of Navy people" VIRGIL PARTCH

Triple Check this New Paint...


1. It's Pure White Lead
2. It's Dutch Boy
3. It's Ready to Use
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Dutch Boy
PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT
2 FORMS
(1) Special "EXTERIOR PRIMER" for a First Coat with extra sealing, hiding and covering power. (2) "OUTSIDE WHITE" for Finishing Coat and General Painting.

This New *Paint*—like the Famous *Paste*—Gives Your Home The Long-Lasting Protection of Pure White Lead

Today America's irreplaceable homes need the protection of good paint. And good paint's other name is *White Lead*.

Since the Nation was born, down through the years, this rugged home guard has fought the weather—and won.

Yet paint made from White Lead costs no more than regular quality paints. And it never cracks and scales...saving you the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint at repaint time.

So it's timely news *that Dutch Boy White Lead—supplied for generations in PASTE form—can now also be had as a ready-to-use PAINT!*

This new Dutch Boy *Paint*, sold by leading paint dealers, is Pure White Lead—all ready to spread. It comes two ways: (1) special "Exterior Primer" for a first coat with extra sealing, hiding and covering power and (2) "Outside White" for finishing coat and general painting. It assures sparkling whiteness and long-lasting protection.

Remember—there is enough white lead for both military and civilian uses. *No shortage exists.* And its good quality is unchanged. Remember, too, whichever form of Dutch Boy goes on your home—the famous *paste* or the new *paint*—*"you're money ahead when you paint with white lead."*

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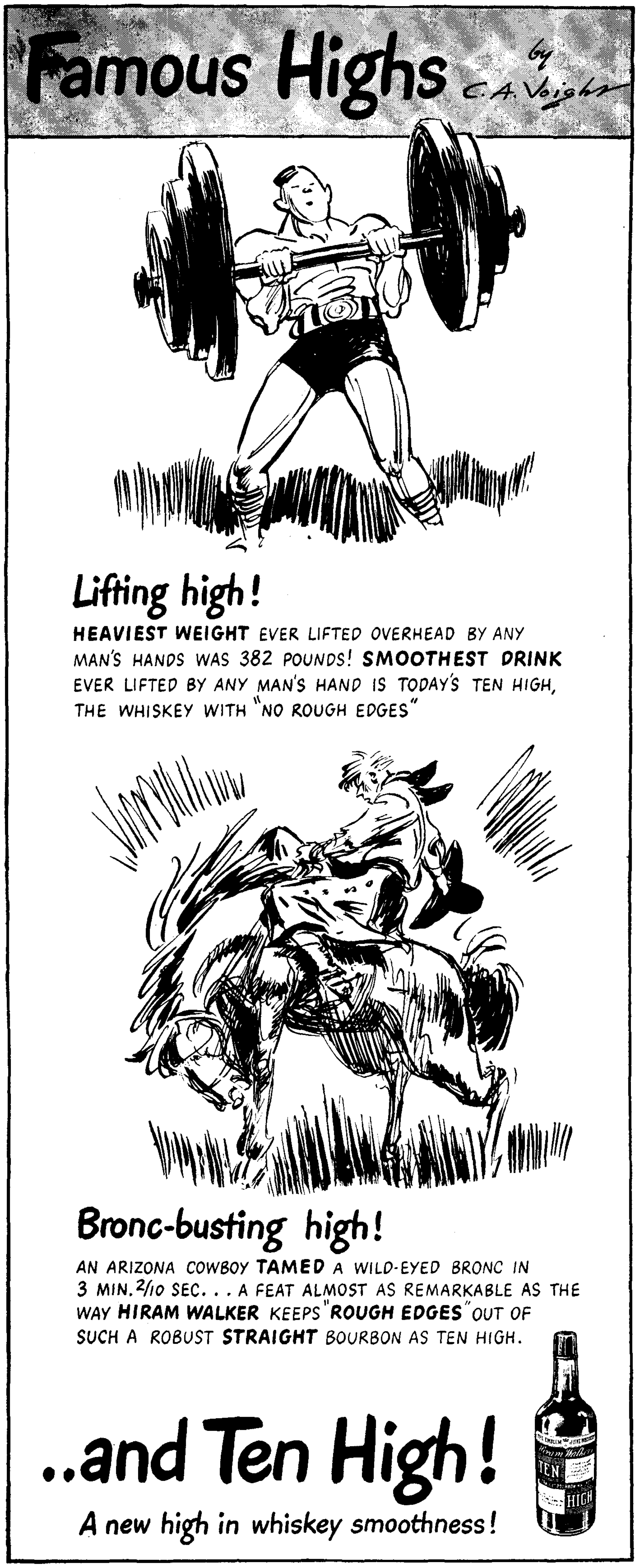


Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

Lifting high!

HEAVIEST WEIGHT EVER LIFTED OVERHEAD BY ANY MAN'S HANDS WAS 382 POUNDS! SMOOTHEST DRINK EVER LIFTED BY ANY MAN'S HAND IS TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

Bronc-busting high!

AN ARIZONA COWBOY TAMED A WILD-EYED BRONC IN 3 MIN. 2/10 SEC. . . A FEAT ALMOST AS REMARKABLE AS THE WAY HIRAM WALKER KEEPS "ROUGH EDGES" OUT OF SUCH A ROBUST STRAIGHT BOURBON AS TEN HIGH.

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

stone. When Daniel spoke to him there was not the slightest flicker of understanding or of intelligence.

By the third day Dan was beginning to talk to himself in a low monotone, muttering through his teeth: "What the hell are they going to do to me? Why don't they go on and do it? It's cold as a grave in here. Maybe it is a grave. If they took me out and shot me it would be better. I could make a break for it—or even if I got shot it would be better."

BY THE end of the fifth day, time was getting mixed in his mind. Night and day were almost alike in this cell. The raftered roof was high and unceiled, and his only window was two panes of glass let into the highest point of the roof. The walls were smooth and he could not climb them. On the second day the guard had put chains on his ankles. The chains were fastened to an iron ring in the wall. He had worked on this ring but it had long roots that seemed to go through the wall itself and be twisted outside. He had only exhausted himself. Besides, he was tired all the time—too tired to try any more—not hungry but half faint.

"I must think," he told himself sternly, "I must plan how to get out of here." But he could not think. He had flashes of clarity when he saw the face of that beautiful girl going away with Mrs. Shipman. He saw her very clearly and he remembered her name—Jenny Barchet. But what could he do for her? Where was she now?

On the morning of the twelfth day, or the thirteenth—he had lost all count—the door suddenly opened and three American sailors were thrust into his cell. He had been sitting on the edge of the bed, his head sunk in his hands, trying to think. They came jostling in, one pushing the other from the pushing guards behind them and then the door clanged and the lock screeched. He looked up.

"Quit pushing," he said irritably.

A sailor laughed with fury. "Here's a nice welcome from a fellow sufferer—'Quit pushin',' he says!"

"And I mean *quit pushing!*" Daniel repeated with great effort and distinctness. Today his eyes did not focus quite clearly. He was not sure whether there were three sailors or four.

"The fellow is sick!" one of them exclaimed. He was white-haired. "Here, you—eat a piece of this!"

The old sailor put into his hand a piece of moldy chocolate. But after the thin insipid rice gruel it tasted good and Daniel chewed it eagerly.

"Haven't got—a drink?" he asked.

"Not a drop," the old sailor replied—"But here—here's my one treasure." He reached into his ragged sock and pulled out a paper. In the paper was a crushed cigarette and a package of matches with two matches left in it.

There was utter silence as he put the cigarette into Daniel's mouth and lit the match. The first one burned.

"There's luck," the old sailor said.

They stood for a moment, taking stock of what they saw.

"Poor diggin's," one of them said suddenly. He was a young boy, his beard blond and uneven on his chin. His blue eyes were haggard.

Daniel James did not answer. The tobacco was clearing his brain. He felt better than he had in days and suddenly he was ravenously hungry.

"You fellows bring in anything to eat?" he asked.

"Ain't you just had something?" the old sailor said in an injured voice.

"He means beefsteak and fried potatoes," the blond boy said. "He means coffee and hot biscuits and peach ice cream. No, sir, we didn't think of it.'

"Quit it," Dan said roughly. "I've been here—days."

"Sure thing," the blond boy said in a low voice.

And then suddenly, before he had time to ask them where they had come from or how they had been found and sent here, they heard the sound of steady marching along the cement floor, the marching of heavy leather-clad feet. The lock screeched again, a raucous voice shouted orders, and Japanese guards crowded into the room and pushed them out. Only Daniel, whose ankles were chained, was left. The Japanese shouted again and the stone-faced prison guard came in and stooped and with a key he unlocked the padlock that held the chains.

Oh, the blessed freedom of having those chains off! Daniel stood up, his ankles rubbed and bleeding, but free. Then the guards prodded him ruthlessly, and in a moment he was outside the prison, marching with the sailors down the corridor. He turned to the one next him.

"Where—" he began. But a sharp prick in his back stopped him. There would be no talking.

They marched in silence along the dark damp corridor. The stones beneath their feet were wet and the close air was bitterly cold with dampness. It lay on their flesh like a wet garment, and its cold stink crept into their nostrils. No one spoke. There was the sound of their shuffling feet and the heavy breathing of the guards. Daniel James glanced at the short stocky guard at his side. Why did they all breathe through their mouths and breathe so hard? He caught the man's eye and saw the dull face contort into a hideous grimace whose meaning he did not comprehend. Was it a smile or only a bad boy's face?

He turned his eyes away from it, whatever it was, and then in a moment they came to the end of the corridor and then into the room where he had first been brought. Here a uniformed officer behind the desk examined them and compared them with photographs he had, wrote down their names and nodded with a harsh grunt. The door opened again and they were pushed into a closed truck and the door was shut and barred.

"Gosh!" the blond boy breathed, "where are we goin' now?"

The words were innocent enough, but the guard at his side turned on him in a gust of fury and seized him by the hair with both hands and shook him.

"Hey!" the blond boy yelled.

But the old sailor said in a low voice out of the corner of his mouth: "Take it, Mike—take it—you can get worse than a hair pullin'."

IT WAS over in a moment. The truck turned and threw the guard half off his feet and he sat down, red and panting. No one spoke then until the truck stopped and the door was unbarred. They filed out, and Daniel saw the house where he had left Jenny Barchet and Mrs. Shipman. In less than five minutes he was back in the room where he had stood with them. It was empty, but the guards forced them together in a line before the desk, and then stood at right angles, their guns on the floor, bayonets fixed, watching them.

In this strange silence they waited. The room was spotlessly clean. The mahogany of the desk shone in the sunlight of the morning. Daniel had not known until now that it was morning, but the silver desk clock said quarter to eleven. Someone had put a blue porcelain dish of blooming Chinese lilies beside the clock. He could smell the faint sweet fragrance of them as he waited, and breathing in that odor he felt exhausted with hunger and weariness and he gathered his strength together to keep from sinking to the floor where he stood. If he fell, he was sure that he would be helped up with a bayonet.

Then suddenly the door opened smartly, a cheerful voice broke off its conversation, and Shigo Kuyoshi came into the room. He looked extremely handsome. He had put on a new gray suit which a Chinese tailor had just finished, and he wore a new silk shirt of pale gray with a pin stripe in it. The wine red of his tie, made of Chinese satin brocade, threw into clarity the clear pallor of his skin and his fine black eyes and smooth black hair. He looked well fed and as though he had slept well, and as he passed them to take his seat behind the desk the smell of perfume came from him.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. In their silence he sat down and looked at them, his smooth oval face smiling and quizzical. "You haven't slept well, I fear," he said.

None of them answered. Their eyes, blue, gray, brown—American eyes—were fixed on his face. There was no fear in any of them, only cautious readiness for whatever might happen.

"I have seen you before, Lieutenant," Shigo said gaily to Daniel. "Excuse me for disturbing you again. But the fact is I have a special job for you—one that only you can perform. Please—stand to one side." He threw a command at the guards and two of them stepped forward and jerked Dan by the arms and pulled him a few feet from the others.

"As for you," Shigo said sharply to the sailors, "what were you doing, hiding in a Chinese brothel?"

The sailors did not answer.

"Didn't you know you were supposed to report yourselves?" Shigo demanded.

There was still no answer.

"Answer, if you please!" Shigo said imperiously.

"We didn't know it was a brothel when we went in," the blond boy said slowly. "We was wanderin' around the city like, and a couple of girls told us to hurry up and hide—there was Japs comin' down the street. After that we just kept hidin'."

"A pleasant place to hide," Shigo retorted. "I suppose you planned to stay there for the duration?"

The blond boy stared at him. His fine skin, dirty and unwashed, flushed.

"I don't understand Jap talk," he said coldly.

"Leave him alone, Mike," the old sailor growled. "Take what's comin' and keep your mouth shut."

"A wise man," Shigo said pleasantly, "a very wise man. But you see, my friend, I happen to want him to talk. Now, you, Blond Beast, what's your name? No, Blond Beast, that is good enough for you—tell me why you were wandering about the Chinese city. How is it you did not know that it was dangerous for you? Perhaps you were deserters from your ship?"

The blond boy looked at him with flaming blue eyes and pressed his lips together. Shigo flicked his eyelids and a guard stepped forward and with a quick jerk left the boy's arm hanging in a strange contortion.

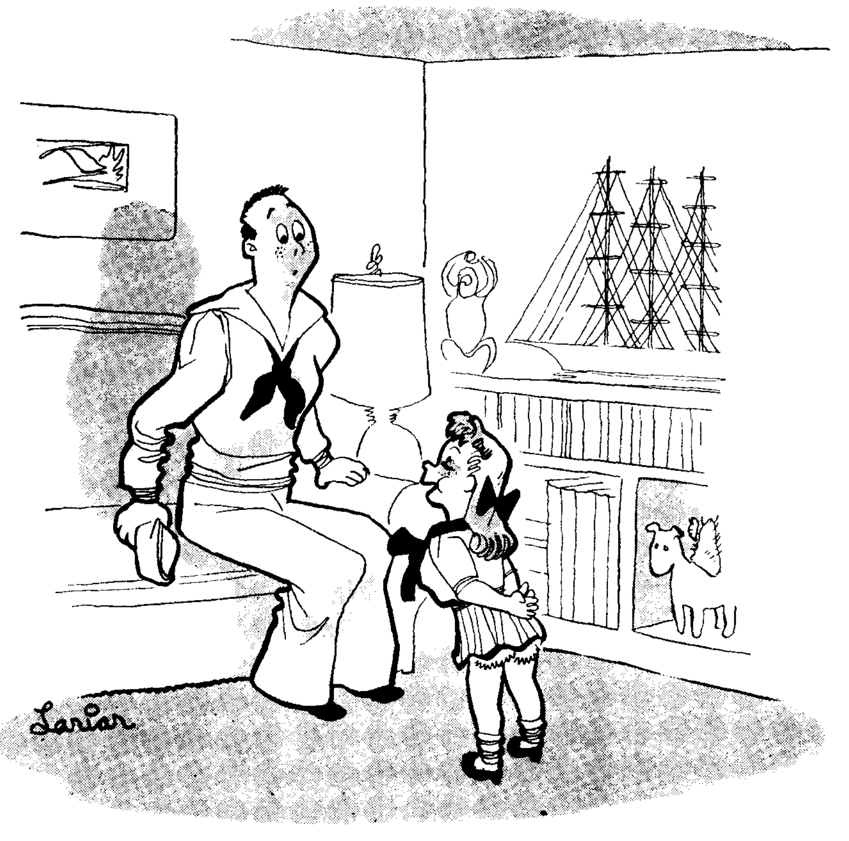
IT HAPPENED so quickly that none of them could see how it was done. The boy gave a yell of agony, and there it was. His face went white and he rocked back and forth.

Daniel sprang forward. The guards jerked him back and he hit out at them. His anger made him suddenly strong.

"Come on, fellows!" he shouted. At his word the sailors sprang together. They fell upon the guards and two were knocked down. But quicker than they could proceed, Shigo had touched a bell. Instantly through the building an alarm sounded. Every door to the room opened and guards came pouring into the room. They were encircled by the enemy. In a moment it was over. Leather thongs trussed their arms to their sides. The blond boy had fainted and he lay on the floor, his broken arm upthrust.

"How foolish this is," Shigo said gently, "how unnecessary!"

(To be continued next week)



"My sister Helen said to entertain you. Want a hug?"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

Recipe for deep, restful sleep-

WAR-TIME EFFICIENCY DEMANDS IT. Enjoy sumptuous luxury and supremely healthful comfort too. Sleep on a gorgeous new Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress. Don't delay. Have your Serta dealer show you this remarkable mattress today.

Also see Serta 1A, 3A and Tiny 4A mattresses, matching box springs, couches.

Here are five outstanding features of the new Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress:

Velvety, smooth, softness—no tufts, no bumps, no hollows to disturb you.

Two luxurious mattresses built in one.

Soothing posturized support—promotes easy, healthful relaxation.

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30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

STILL IN SERVICE—AFTER 43,150 MILES

This actual photograph of one of Mr. Schroeder's Goodyears shows how all four look today. After 43,150 miles, treads are worn down, but evenly—evidence he has kept wheels aligned and balanced. Freedom from sidewall breaks shows he has maintained proper inflation. No cupping indicates proper brake adjustment.

★*If you can't fight you can*
BUY MORE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

"Takes WARTIME to show how good TIRES are"

As a Goodyear dealer I've always talked plenty about the extra value in Goodyear tires.

Maybe in ordinary times some people thought that was just "sales talk," even if it did come from the heart.

But it's different today — now my customers are telling *me* how good Goodyears are!

New Yorker calls it *"Unbelievable"*

Just to show how quality proves itself in wartime, take the case of Mr. Walter W. Schroeder, Belcher Road, Hartsdale, New York. Back in 1940 I sold him a set of four Goodyear All-Weathers.

To date these Goodyears have run 43,150 miles — and they're still good for several thousand miles, as the picture shows. "It's unbelievable," Mr. Schroeder told me. "I never imagined tires could be safely driven so far."

I told him it wasn't so unusual; that the home office has records of many Goodyears still in service after going fifty, sixty thousand miles and even more. Now that folks have to get everything out of their tires they're discovering how much extra mileage has always been built into Goodyears.

What about future tires?

That's going to be true, too, when you can buy tires built of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

I don't know when they'll be ready—maybe in another year. But I do know this: the tire-building "know how" that has made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for 27 years will insure the same standout service from them.

So if you've got Goodyears now, you've got tires that are worth taking care of. You should see your Goodyear dealer right away and have your tires inspected. You'll get a real reward in extra mileage if you follow wartime driving rules. And when treads wear smooth, a Goodyear factory-method recap job will add thousands of miles' longer wear.

See for yourself, and as the months roll by you'll find yourself saying, like millions of others, *"As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

IMPORTANT—IF YOUR TIRES ARE READY FOR RECAPPING

Quality workmanship and materials are just as essential in recapping as in new tires. The facilities of Goodyear's coast-to-coast system of factory-method recapping plants are available to all Goodyear dealers. Your work is done by tire experts — using "natural shape" molds that prevent tire distortion and insure a longer-wearing rebuilt job.

ON SALE NOW . . . on Certificate

GOODYEAR WAR TIRE

It's not as good a tire as our prewar Goodyears, but it's the best tire that can be made from regenerated rubber. First quality prewar cord carcass — plus the priceless ingredient of Goodyear experience. Delivers long and honest service. Sold only with certificate—get application from any Goodyear dealer.

$13.25* 6.00×16

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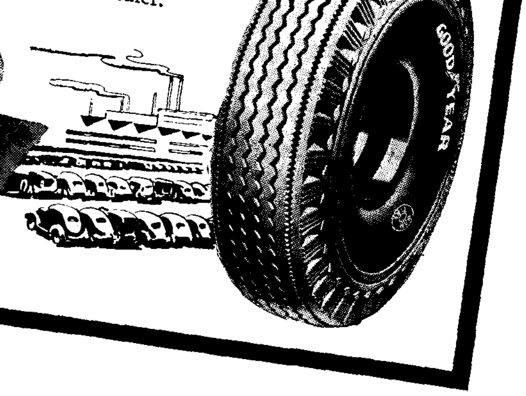


GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

All-Weather, Chemigum—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

The Shepherd of Moscow, Idaho

By John Kobler

Psychiana is both a business and a religion. Its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, has put his home town on the world map and himself in clover. And it all began with a little chat with God

Dr. Frank Bruce Robinson in a moment of repose, "catching spiritual impulses." Out of his "talks with God" has developed a profitable religion, Psychiana. It has paid the doc off handsomely, including his pride and joy, the 700-pipe organ, on which he makes recordings to sell to his followers

Psychiana requires a staff of twenty-three, and a mechanically rotating table, to assemble the 25,000,000 pieces of literature mailed annually. Doc Robinson, dictating, thinks best in his shirt sleeves. He promises students a "flash from the skies;" carefully refrains from saying how soon

OF ALL the formulas for quick victory, perhaps the most original—certainly the one involving the least bother—is known as the American Fifth Column. It promises Hitler's collapse in a twinkling, and the only effort required consists of intoning the following rubric three times a day: *The unseen forces of God are bringing about the speedy defeat of the Axis.*

The genius behind this strategy is Doctor Frank Bruce Robinson, who for fourteen years has been selling a spiritual cure-all called Psychiana. Doc, who claims frequently he chats with God, circulates thousands of pink post cards pledging people to join his mystical blitzkrieg. The post cards also carry a plug for Psychiana, and replies to them augment Doc's files of prospective customers.

"If ten per cent of the population belonged to the American Fifth Column," he figures, "the war would end overnight. As it is, I have thirty-five hundred signatures and I'm not sure that won't do it. Ever since the movement started, the Axis has taken a beating."

To the high priest of a cult with 2,000,000 followers and a fat annual gross, winning a war overnight is difficult only in degree. Take Doc himself. In his buckeye ads, now appearing in 700 newspapers and 86 magazines, he proclaims:

> I TALKED WITH GOD
>
> (Yes, I did—actually and literally)
>
> . . . Before I talked with God, I was perhaps the world's No. 1 failure . . . and now?—well, I own control of the largest afternoon daily newspaper in North Idaho. I own the largest office building in my city. I drive two beautiful cars. I own my home, which has a lovely pipe organ in it, and my family are provided for after I'm gone. . . .

And that isn't all. The unseen forces, manifesting themselves through Doc, so he reports, have enabled him to summon his dog through two locked doors, to cause goldfish to leap in and out of their bowl, and to discuss politics with his mother, who's been dead for forty-eight years.

Among its other distinctions, Psychiana is the only mail-order religion in the world. It guarantees satisfaction within 45 days or your money back. Specifically, it purveys a series of 20 lessons in how to talk with God at $28 ($8 off for cash); three advanced courses at $10, $40 and $100; fifteen books at $1 to $5; one-dollar Psychiana emblems, and 40-cent phonograph records with Doc talking on one side and playing the organ on the other.

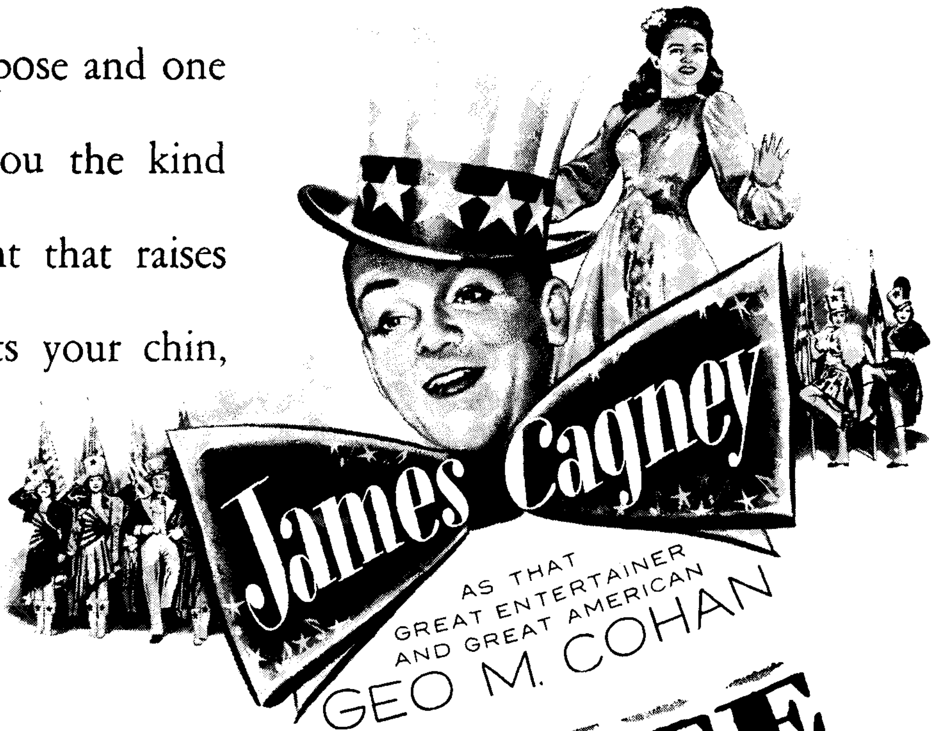
Boiled down to essentials, this multimillion-word gospel preaches the literal existence on earth of a Power, variously called the Great Without, the God-law, the Living God, and sometimes just plain God. Anybody can use it to attain his heart's desire. All he has to do is to believe in it. To set the Power in motion, Doc prescribes a set of simple, Coué-like exercises. For example, you repeat 30 to 100 times, "The Living God is making me whole." Then, *jump suddenly to your feet* and say three times out loud the same statement, clenching your fists at the same time.

"You will have a 'flash' from the skies, one might say, and you will be supremely happy, I assure you," Doc maintains, adding cautiously, "I cannot say to you definitely when this experience will come—maybe months or years."

As proof, he cites testimonials from "students." A St. Louis housewife attributes a whole sequence of little family miracles to the Power: "Before, my *(Continued on page 62)*

WARNER BROS. WANT THEM TO BE DANDY!

Yes-siree! Spare time's sure at a premium nowadays. So when you've spared an hour for the Movies we want you to be mighty glad you had. That's why Warner Bros. are on an all-out basis on the entertainment front. All day every day, all of us who *are* Warner Bros. —actors, writers, directors, technicians —have one purpose and one only; to give you the kind of entertainment that raises your spirits, lifts your chin, and helps brighten things for any day ahead. 'Yankee Doodle Dandy', say those who have seen it, is that kind of Warner Picture again. [*They tell us it's a new landmark on our own private pathway of progress which started 'way back when the Warners introduced the talking picture itself.*] We're glad that people feel that way about 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'—because if they feel that way they feel good, and that's the feeling we Americans are shooting for.


James Cagney
AS THAT GREAT ENTERTAINER AND GREAT AMERICAN
GEO M. COHAN

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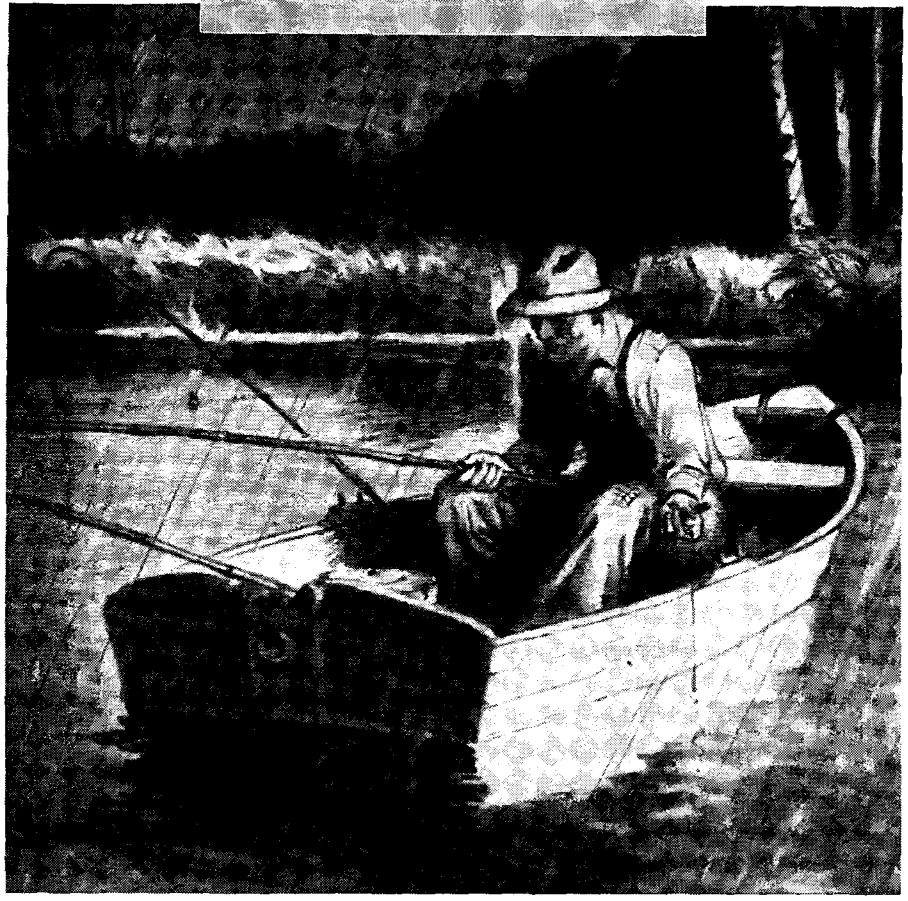
JACK L. WARNER—Executive Producer

AFTER THE WAR



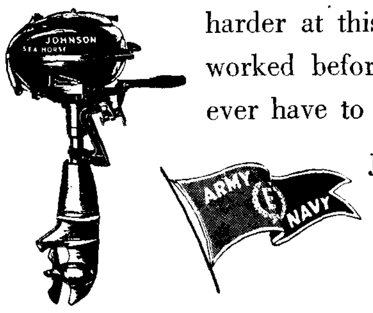
WILL YOU BE FISHING FOR FUN
—OR FISHING FOR FOOD?

If we should lose this war, it COULD be that you'll be fishing for food instead of fishing for fun. If we should lose this war, it could be that you'll be fishing for food—*for somebody else.*

Freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom to follow our chosen pursuits—these are what we are all fighting for. And these are the things that move men, money and management to turn out more and more of better fighting equipment.

Normally we devote our abilities to the manufacture of deluxe outboard motors that double the fun of boating. It is our business normally to help you "fish for fun." We can't help you to do so now because the Johnson plant is given over to war work (one hundred percent). "Sea-Horse precision" is now applied to war products. Johnson management and men are working harder at this job than any at which they have ever worked before. All to the end that none of us will ever have to "fish for food."

JOHNSON MOTORS, 301 Pershing Road,
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS



JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for DEPENDability

DO YOUR DUTY • BUY WAR BONDS

Feed the Starving Now

Continued from page 11

with questions from the exiled governments as to the foundation for this report. He was as puzzled as others, but was given an explanation that same afternoon. He received a visit from the Turkish ambassador, an old friend, who came to talk about another problem.

On being asked if the report was true and if he knew how it had come about, the ambassador replied that it was true and that he had brought it about himself. He said that although the Turks and Greeks had been age-old enemies, they had settled their quarrels and were both determined to go on being friends.

When disaster overtook Greece, and wholesale starvation spread throughout the country, the Turkish government considered it had a moral obligation to its neighbor; the ambassador was instructed to approach the British government and urge that relief operations be allowed for the Greeks. In due course, he received the customary reply, enumerating the usual arguments against any help for populations under Nazi occupation.

Turkey Makes the First Move

This unfavorable reply was forwarded to Ankara, and, a short time later, came a telegram instructing the ambassador to inform the Foreign Office that on such and such a date, such and such ships loaded with food would sail from such and such ports in Turkey for such and such ports in Greece. This did the trick.

Most countries could not have carried it off in this way. But Turkey is a highly important neutral that could not be antagonized. Not only were the ships allowed to go through to their destination, but when experience proved that the operation involved no danger to the Allied armies, that it in no way benefited the Nazis, the volume of relief was increased, and financial facilities were provided by Britain and America. The whole operation was regularized by agreements set up by the Swedish and Swiss authorities and placed under the guardianship of the International Red Cross, exactly as the writers of this article had proposed eighteen months before.

Civilization may well be grateful to the Turks for opening the door to reason and compassion. The whole problem was bogged down in governmental refusal to examine the possibilities of relief. This was all the more baffling because the whole question of relief had been thoroughly tested during the last war by the feeding of ten millions of Belgians and Frenchmen living under the German armies of occupation.

Fortunately, the success of the Greek relief operation has served to confirm the experience of the last war and to demonstrate that it is possible to help our friends and allies without weakening the war effort. In the light of this, our government has come out categorically to defend Greek relief against criticism with the soundest of arguments. We have no hesitation in approving and applauding these arguments which are those we have been advancing for over two years.

With such a clear-cut governmental attitude having been adopted as regards the Greek problem, both compassion and loyalty dictate that we should try to do as much for other allies in desperate straits.

Time will prove how tragic was our failure to institute suitable measures of relief while we could still have saved millions from tuberculosis, rickets, and physical and mental degeneration.

Recent reports give the following figures of combined meat and fat rations in some of the occupied countries:

Norway—3 pounds per person per month.

Belgium—2 pounds per person per month.

Poland—1½ pounds per person per month.

In the United States we consume an average of 20 pounds per person per month. The full horror of starvation in these Allied countries will not be brought home to us for years.

This situation is not "food shortage." It is *starvation.* Starved people degenerate in their resistance to disease, and such disease is rampant. There is typhus and tuberculosis in Polish cities. In one of the Belgian industrial districts recently surveyed, 30 per cent of the children are now tubercular—and an additional 40 per cent pretubercular. And there is an appalling increase in mortality of the children, the women, the aged and weak.

These are grim clinical figures and they represent more than cold figures. They represent children like yours and mine, with the same right to life and health and happiness, now slipping toward a miserable end for lack of food.

But a great ray of hope has come into their lives with the knowledge that at last food is being sent to the Greeks; that our authorities have recognized relief as desirable and workable. The hope of help, fast waning in the third winter of suffering, has revived in the belief that it will be their turn next. But the decision involves even more than dying children and starving millions.

If we take the right turning, we may save all that remains on the continent of Europe, that stands for what we stand for—the forces on which we must count if liberty and decency are to prevail again—for these nations are the only areas of freedom in Europe.

We make a grievous mistake if we assume that the small democracies are willingly leaving this problem to our decision. This is not the case. They feel strongly and bitterly on the subject.

Norwegian Sailors Protest

One instance may be given: Since 1940, the Norwegian merchant fleet has been used to carry food and supplies to Britain and to fighting fronts. Only a few months ago, the Norwegian seamen in New York, through their organizations and unions, made strong representations to their government in regard to the food problem in Norway. After consultation with the authorities, they took the stand that they would not "at present" take drastic action and strike. They were, however, emphatic in saying that they did not propose to go home at the end of the war and "have to go to the churchyards and find the crosses of their dead ones who have died of hunger"; that in that case, their present efforts in the common cause would have been in vain.

If we take the wrong turning, we shall come one day to find a strange Europe in which our defeated enemies alone have health and stamina, in which our friends are weakened in health and character—and perhaps embittered. To take the wrong turning is to adopt the course best calculated to thwart our own efforts at building a better world after the war.

We are fundamentally a just people

and we want to have our country take the right course. It might be well to put ourselves in the place of people in occupied territory looking across the table at starving children and try to imagine how they feel.

They know that relief is feasible, for many of them owe their lives to its successful operation in the last war.

They know a great part of their food comes from overseas in peacetime and that they cannot hope to live unless it is allowed to come from overseas again.

They know the Greeks are being fed and that they, too, could be fed: and they have the bitter knowledge that the enemy in Germany always has the option of surrendering if they do not want to starve, but that the allies of Britain and the United States are deprived of even this miserable privilege; that they are helpless and must starve if the blockade continues.

They are not moved by broadcast promises that they will be fed when the war is over or when they have thrown off the Nazi yoke. They know they will be fed when the war is over, but that does not save their children from starvation now.

Help Must Not Be Delayed

We must be honest with ourselves to the extent of remembering that these wretched people are our allies and that they have a claim upon our loyalty and help; that it does not suffice to tell them they will be fed when the war is over and leave them to their fate in the meantime. If we proceed logically from the Greek experiment, we shall be following a course worthy of our high tradition in such matters.

There is no doubt in our minds that the American people desire that these people be helped. There are ample facts to support this statement. It is worth while to review some history of the efforts to save these people during the present war. The effort to secure our government's attention to this matter was supported by 2,000 committees of leading citizens of the United States under the leadership of the Committee on Food for the Small Democracies—itself a committee of 1,000 leading citizens.

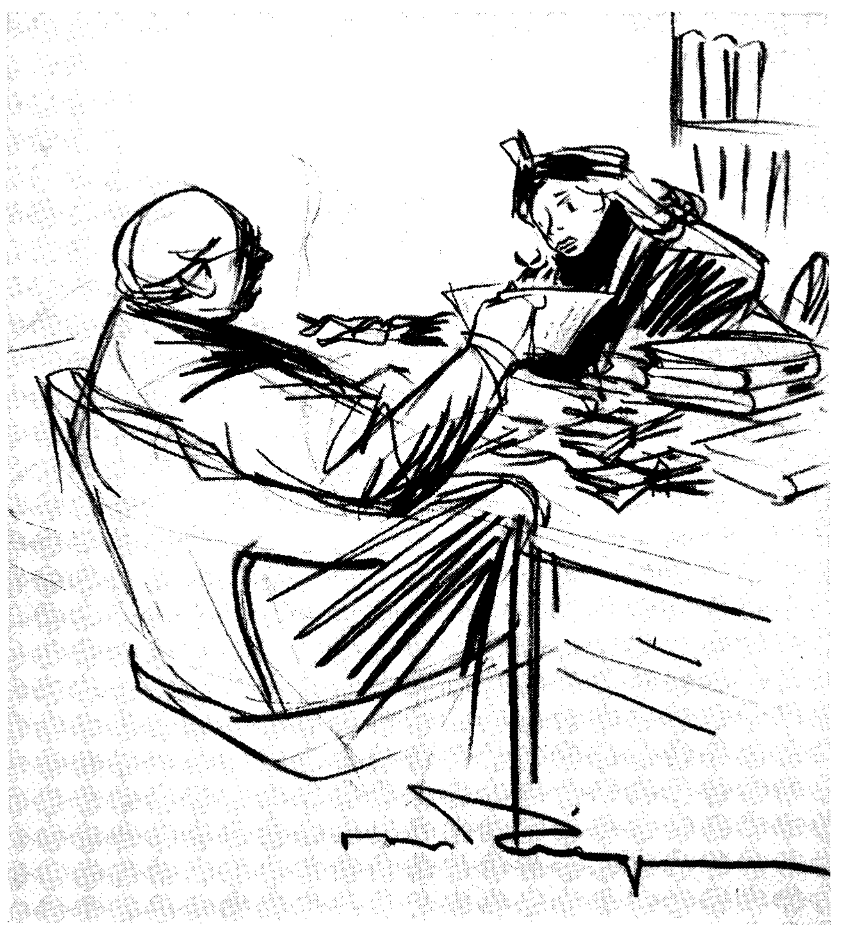
Our Congress has long been on record. A joint resolution was introduced into both houses of Congress requesting the President to take up the problem to see what can be done about relief for the small democracies. This resolution was signed by a clear majority of the House and by a large minority of the Senate, equally Democrats and Republicans.

From the beginning, the major religious organizations have supported the idea of relief—Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Catholics, Jews and many others. There were some minor and vociferous church leaders devoid of pity, who opposed it. They must have been surprised to see the non-Christian Turk take an effective stand for compassion.

Finally in December, 1942, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America added to the record by passing a resolution favoring action to save the peoples of the small democracies.

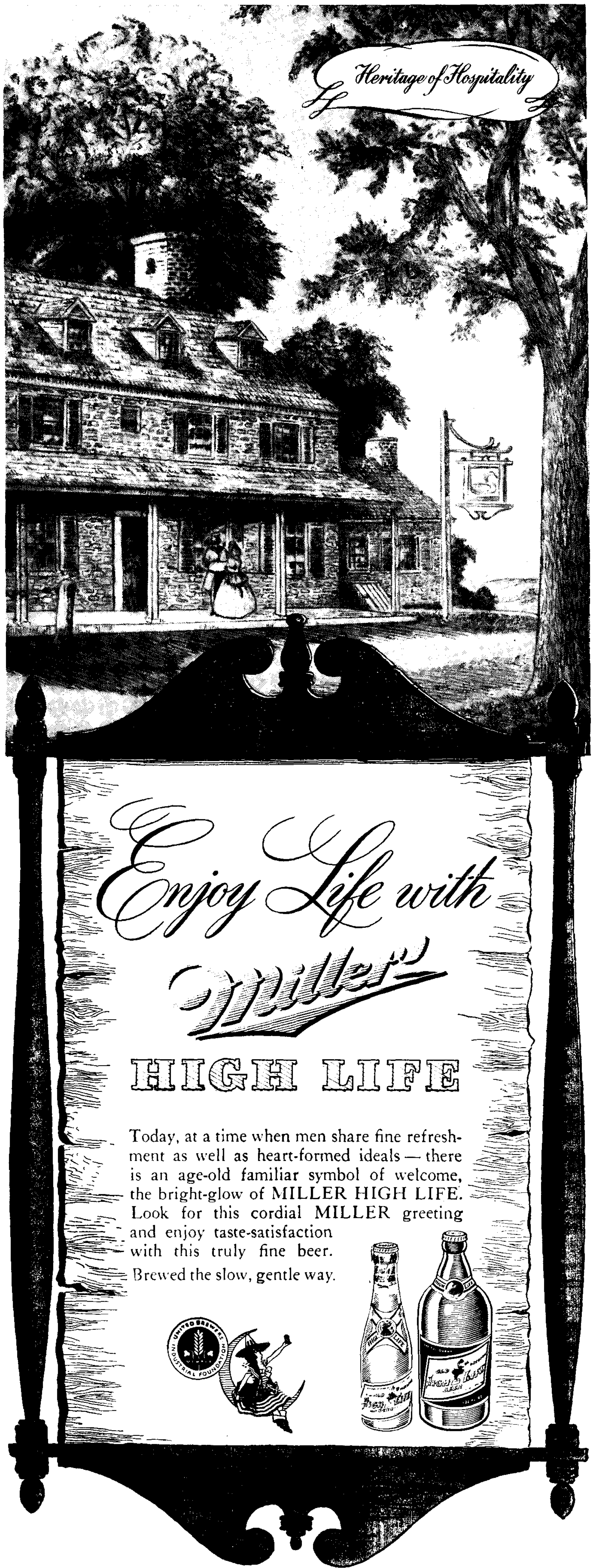
It may be added that in October, 1942, the Church of England, previously opposed, began to be moved. The High Chamber of the Synod of Canterbury, meeting in London, unanimously voted an order of the day which calls the attention of the British people to the tragic situation of the invaded countries. This resolution was proposed by the Right Reverend George K. A. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, who spoke of the misery of the Belgians and the Greeks. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over the meeting, stressed the fact that competent authorities realize that vitamins or powdered milk, even if allowed through the blockade, would not suffice to save those who should be helped. He concluded by emphasizing the need for an effort to bring about some improvement in this dreadful situation.

For a long time, the refusal to allow relief—even of an experimental charac-



"They'll ask you to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but that's just a matter of form"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Today, at a time when men share fine refreshment as well as heart-formed ideals — there is an age-old familiar symbol of welcome, the bright-glow of MILLER HIGH LIFE. Look for this cordial MILLER greeting and enjoy taste-satisfaction with this truly fine beer. Brewed the slow, gentle way.

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ter—reposed upon a single statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. Churchill in August, 1940. In answer to a question, he stated in plain, blunt language that there would be no relief—and this was stated as a matter of British policy.

We can recognize that this statement was made at a time when Britain was herself in a desperate situation. Churchill was carrying on under great anxieties and pressures, when it was not easy to concentrate on any problem aside from the immediate problem of survival. However, there have been many developments since that time, and in view of these, particularly the success of the Greek experience, it may well be that Mr. Churchill himself would be ready to reconsider the whole problem from the broader aspect of saving our allies.

But in August, 1940, it did not appear in that light to the small democracies and their officials. They were frankly shocked that a problem involving the lives of millions of their citizens should be disposed of as a matter of British policy. There they were, recognized as Allied governments, contributing their armies, navies and air forces, their merchant marine, the resources of their colonies to the common effort. It seemed to them not unreasonable to look upon this as an inter-Allied problem which should not be settled out of hand without their being heard. But that is how it was settled and how it remains settled.

For a long time, our American government acquiesced—unwilling to say or do anything that might embarrass Britain in her epic ordeal. Even when we began participating in the struggle with Lend-Lease, we continued to treat this as a British problem and to refer the official and unofficial advocates of relief back to the original source of refusal. But with Pearl Harbor, our status definitely changed. We became allies not only of Britain but also of the small democracies.

Since that time, we have had a more direct responsibility. We can no longer shrug it off with the assertion that this is a British problem, although anybody advocating relief is, even today, laying himself open to the charge of being anti-British. Curiously enough, this charge is not leveled against the many British subjects and British organizations professing the same views.

This is not a British problem. We Americans are also blockading these people. It is an Allied problem, and we are an ally. From the form of the recent announcements, it would appear that the relief problem had been transferred from London to Washington.

"To Save a Heroic People"

As Americans, we can be glad that once the Greek experiment proved itself practical, our government came out with an unreserved statement of the facts. On August 3, 1942, Mr. Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State, wrote a letter to the president of the Greek War Relief Association, expressing the satisfaction of the American government with what he described as "feasible attempts, with adequate safeguards, to save a heroic people from annihilation." On August 7, 1942, the State Department issued a statement to the press giving further details of this successful operation.

These documents will be worth remembering, for time may show that they mark an important turning point in the history of humane action in this war. The conditions indicated for passage of supplies through the blockade are obviously similar to those tested by experience in the last war. The reservation to the civil population of native crops and the condition that the work should stop in the event the Nazi authorities violated their agreements are the same we suggested in submitting the plan eighteen months ago. The statements of our government constitute an eloquent appeal for public support of Greek relief.

The declaration from our State Department goes far beyond the Greek problem. It disposes officially of the arguments previously advanced against relief operations in general and would seem to open the door for the other small democracies.

All the arguments in favor of relief having been proved up to the hilt in actual practice in Greece, on what conceivable ground can we refuse to do as much for our other allies? What answer can we make to the Belgians, for instance, when they ask why we left them to starve, after establishing all over again in this war that they could be helped without danger to the war effort?

This whole problem has been so distorted by propaganda that our national thinking needs to be straightened out before we can hope to make sensible decisions. We need a mental and moral housecleaning.

We owe it to ourselves to look at this problem from the humane point of view, to recognize that this is no cold question of figures, but a problem affecting the lives of suffering women and children, depending on us if they are to be saved from lingering death. If there were no other reasons for feeding these people, compassion for their suffering should be enough. In the parable of the Samaritan, the greatest leader of mankind did not inquire into political consequences.

A letter just received gives a striking account of a visit to a Belgian village:

"I went on an independent mission to Belgium; I took an ambulance into Belgium, filled with food that had been given to me by Americans leaving Paris.

"Conditions as I found them in the few towns of Belgium I was able to visit were far worse than described. I had not expected to be greeted on my arrival like a savior angel or anything; on the other hand, I did not expect what I saw. In the first town I entered, Douache, a town of maybe 5,000 people, I think, the inhabitants stood on the market square, completely quiet, completely immobile until the ambulances stopped; then they threw themselves at us, tearing our clothes into shreds, several times almost upsetting the ambulances in their effort to reach the food.

"When, through the window of one of the cars, I screamed for them to be quiet, a woman in a momentary silence answered, 'Quiet? It is easy for you to say quiet; our children are starving—starving, do you hear?' And at that, the whole thing started all over again, only worse.

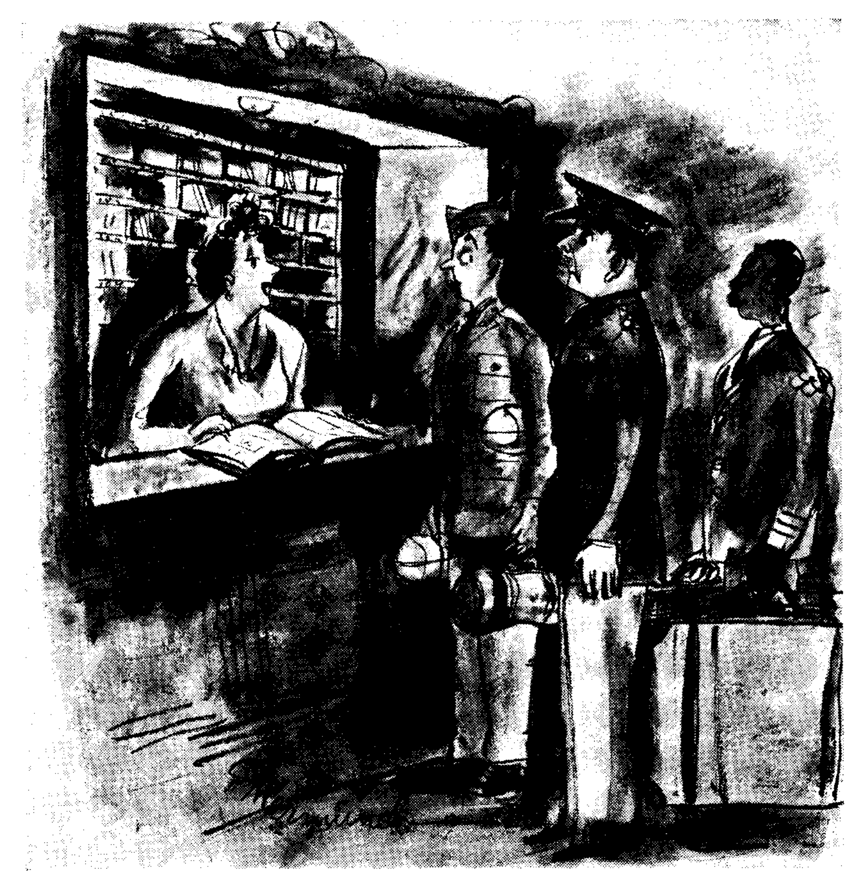
"Finally the five town elders managed to get them to line up and wait until their turn came. I visited many houses in this town; a woman told me that the death rate until then was something near 560; but I gather that in those, she included the children and old people who had been paralyzed and blinded. I remember her also pointing at a child with a water stomach, saying '*Il est mort*,' though the child was not actually dead."

The Case Against Relief

For more than two years, there has been a systematic campaign carried on to defeat the relief movement. This campaign has been characterized by irresponsible and reckless talk, deliberate misrepresentation of fact, and hysterical denunciation. One of the basic claims of the antirelief people was that they were defending the British blockade against those who sought to break it down.

Another stand-by is the statement that the exiled governments of Belgium, Norway, Holland and Poland are opposed to relief for their people. This is nothing less than a clumsy lie—although by dint of repetition, it has gained considerable credence.

Another assertion is that the people in occupied territory are opposed to relief—that they would deplore the sending of food. Does it sound strange that

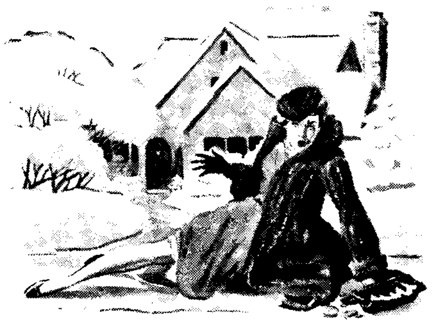


"I have something for you, if you gentlemen will share a room"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

5 WAYS TO GET a jolt in the Pocketbook

. . . as shown by actual cases from U. S. F. & G. files



SLIPS ON ICE, SUES FOR $10,000

It was only a small patch of ice on the sidewalk, but Mrs. ——— of New York State valued her injuries at $10,000 when she slipped. It would have meant financial loss and courtroom headaches for the property owner, but thanks to a public liability policy with U. S. F. & G. the owner was protected and relieved of trouble and expense. You may get a jolt if someone is injured on your premises and sues you for damages.

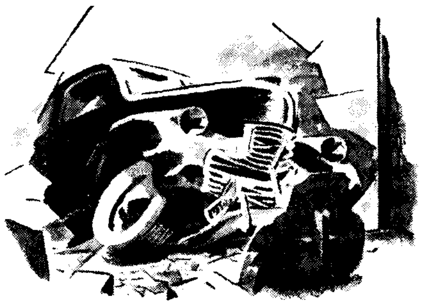
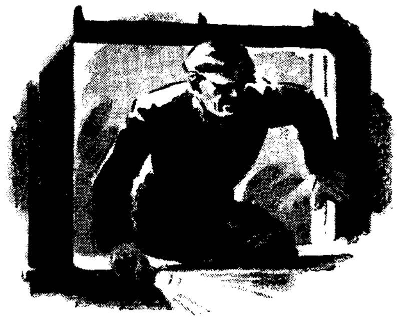


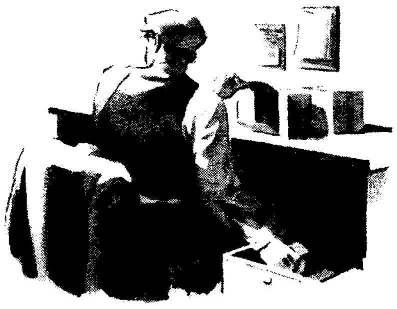
PLATE GLASS WINDOW SMASHED BY CAR

The shopkeeper wasn't pleased to have an automobile in his display window . . . because it had skidded in, out of control. But within 24 hours U.S.F.&G. had replaced the broken . . . but insured . . . glass. The life of display windows averages 8 years, and the cost of plate glass has been rising. You may get a jolt if your plate glass windows are smashed . . . and not insured.



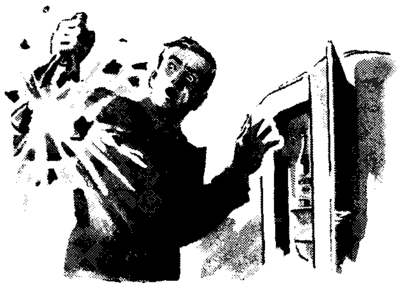
ONE BURGLARY CAUSES 30 CLAIMS

Pity the poor tailor! Not only was his shop burglarized, but he was faced with 30 irate customers demanding full value for their stolen clothes. Fortunately his burglary insurance with U.S.F.&G. paid all of the claims. Today, with crime on the increase, you may get a jolt in the pocketbook unless you are adequately insured against burglary, robbery and similar hazards.



HOW SHIPPING CLERK EMBEZZLED $34,500

When a shipping clerk turned salesman, stealing merchandise and selling it, he cleared $34,500. His employers were only partially covered, having failed to take the amount of fidelity insurance recommended by their U. S. F. & G. agent. So the partly insured employers had to assume a large portion of the loss. If war is making you use new and untried workers, you may get a jolt unless you review your insurance in the light of today's conditions.



INJURED BY EXPLODING BOTTLE

Just three days after he mailed his U.S.F.&G. agent a check for the premium on a new $10,000 accident and health policy, a ginger ale bottle exploded, completely blinding the insured in one eye. The U.S.F.&G. paid the claim. You may get a jolt from injury or illness unless you carry adequate accident and health insurance.

Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker—as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

To help you avoid serious financial jolts, your local U. S. F. & G. agent places at your disposal knowledge of insurance and how to use it—plus on-the-spot service in the payment of losses. He will be glad to make a Graphic Audit of your present insurance program—to help you guard against wartime risks which make an insurance audit imperative. Your U. S. F. & G. agent is one of thousands serving communities great and small throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him today.

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starving people should take such a stand? But the zealous campaigners say they have thousands of letters from occupied territory protesting against relief.

Has anybody seen *one* of these letters—to say nothing about thousands of them? The writers of this article have not, although they have expressed their *incredulity and their readiness* to be convinced. On the other hand, they have seen multitudes of letters, cables and resolutions of all the relief agencies inside those countries—*all* of them praying for relief in terms the pathos of which would melt stone; *not one* clamoring to be allowed to starve to death or even expressing doubt as to the feasibility of relief.

American thinking has been confused by many leaflets and statements emanating from officials who are sadly uninformed on the subject.

An Unfortunate Utterance

For instance, at the last Herald Tribune Forum, an official of the British embassy in Washington made the categorical statement that "the conquered allies have never asked for the blockade to be lifted."

It is unfortunate that an important official should be sent out to make speeches without being more adequately informed as to the facts. In this case, the authors of this article could have furnished the speaker with documentary proof that many of the conquered allies have not stopped asking that the blockade be lifted to let food through to their peoples.

Another so-called objection to relief is the statement that such matters should be left entirely to the military. Judging from the expressions of military leaders, that might be a good way of securing favorable action. Here are two of them:

General Pershing:

"I wish to send my greetings to those who are endeavoring to find a method by which food supplies can be furnished to the democracies in Europe occupied by the German armies. There is no doubt that millions are in jeopardy unless they are given aid from somewhere. From my own war experience and some knowledge of problems involved, I have every confidence that the salvation of these people can be worked out along the lines proposed by Mr. Hoover without military loss or benefit to either side."

Admiral Pratt:

"I have no hesitation in saying that this aid can be given under Mr. Hoover's proposals, without any damage to Great Britain. Taking the long view of the future of constructive forces in the world and America's relation to it, it is of vital importance to America that Mr. Hoover's plans be carried through."

With all these voices, with the actual successful experience in Greece, why wait longer to express the compassion of the American people and their solicitude for the future of civilization in Europe?

Our government has taken an admirable step in appointing ex-Governor Herbert Lehman of New York to organize American aid to reconstruction from the war. It would seem that the first step in this great task is to save the small democracies from future destruction. This would be a glorious inauguration of his mission. It would justify the religious faith for which we are fighting—for that faith lives only through action and compassion.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

his commanding officer, hearing of it, warned him not to try it under dire penalties. The flier fretted under the prohibition.

Then a few days later, the air command received a combat assignment. An enemy submarine was lying outside, attacking approaching Allied supply ships. American planes made several attacks without sinking the enemy craft. The United States fighter commander then loaded a 500-pound bomb on each of his P-39s and set out after the enemy pigboat.

They got it on the surface and blew it sky-high. Every bomb, it seemed, found its mark. Coming back, the American air commander was feeling very good. He had carried out his mission successfully. Then his wingman asked over the radio, "Hey, Skipper, how about flying under that bridge?"

It might not have been good squadron discipline, but the skipper relented. Down went the pilot. He made a clean sweep through the arch—barely wide enough for his wings—and came in smiling, more tickled about this than sinking the submarine.

Yes. You're right. That's why we're winning the war.

ATTACK, they say, is the best defense. Two Allied pilots found this out in a meeting with some Jerries over the Mediterranean recently. One of them was Captain Reade Tilley, 24-year-old Army Air Forces flier formerly with the Eagle Squadrons of the R.A.F. Tilley is back in this country after two and a half years flying for Britain, part of the time from Malta.

Accompanied by a British pilot, Tilley went on a mission over Sicily and was returning to Malta when he sighted what he first thought were birds up ahead. In a few moments, they were on them. They were birds all right—50 Messerschmitts. The two R.A.F. pilots had about two seconds to decide what to do. If they went up, down, back, or to either side, they were lost.

So they did the only thing that gave them a chance. They flew straight into the Nazi formation. This put the German fighters at a disadvantage. If they fired at the R.A.F. planes, they would hit their own planes. In a flash, it was all over. The Spitfires were clear, heading for their home base, outdistancing the enemy planes, and two of the Messerschmitts burst into flames and crashed into the sea.

AMERICAN pilots of the Umptyaught Bomber Group moved into their new British base. The new field looked all right, and their quarters seemed quite satisfactory. They were taking over the buildings and grounds of what had been one of England's best women's colleges in prewar days.

The officers took their belongings into the girls' dormitories. The rooms seemed good-sized, and the pilots occupied them by two's and three's. Suddenly, bells began to ring all over the halls. They went unanswered save for an adjutant who rushed over to see what was the matter. He went through the corridors and found why the fliers were ringing.

Behind every door, there was a button, with the sign: "Ring twice for the mistress."—John G. Norris.

WHERE WILL YOU GET YOUR Victory "Drive"?

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

THIS war won't be won by the driving force of fighting men alone.

It's going to take the same "push" and efficient use of energy at home—in factories, mills, mines—in *every* useful task and occupation.

The way you eat has a lot to do with the way you discharge your part in the war-job. One of the essentials is for you to *get adequate energy-foods.*

By all means eat plenty of such essential foods as vegetables, fruits and eggs. But be sure, too, you get enough solid, substantial, stay-with-you foods such as milk, meat, potatoes and *bread.*

Bread, for example, is more than 50% carbohydrate—a food element the body readily converts into energy. It is therefore one of our best energy-foods.

Especially is this so of enriched white bread because its carbohydrates are balanced with adequate Vitamin B_1.

You don't have to turn to the dietary charts for proof of the value of bread in times like these. We had hardly gotten into the war when bread consumption began to increase—clear indication of how people instinctively turn to this basic food when energy requirements go up.

Your energy, *your* drive, is needed now. Plan your diet carefully—eat *more bread* every day.

MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 1

BAKED TOMATO, BREAD AND CHEESE

6 slices bread
1 cup cheese cubes
2 cups tomato juice
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion

Plenty of good useful vitamin foods here make a main dish that will serve 6 persons.

Butter bread and cut into cubes; put cubes of bread and cheese in baking dish in alternate layers. Beat eggs slightly, add tomato juice, salt, pepper and onion. Pour over bread and cheese and bake in moderate oven at 375° F. for 50 minutes.

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They Do Feel Wonderful

Continued from page 14

excluded. Her muscular little hands shook as she poured the coffee.

She sat down beside him again. "It can't make any difference to us, Hank," she said.

He was startled, as if she were putting into words something that he had left carefully unspoken. He tried to be flip: "Long war with short furloughs, Julie. Ever hear that absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else."

"Don't talk like that, Hank."

She pushed her cup away and placed her hands over his. Her hands were icy cold, but at the contact their trembling stopped. "Hank," she said, "about your going into the Army, that's all right. Only I think we ought to get married first. I couldn't ever love anybody else the way I love you."

They were both perfectly still for a minute. Then Hank said, "Let's get out of this hole so I can stand up and look at you."

They stumbled to their feet and stood facing each other in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"I want you to marry me," she said. "I love you."

Her eyes, light tawny brown, a little too wide set, were turned on him with a clear, earnest attention. She was open, she was without defenses, but she was not in the least abject.

If I refused her, he thought, she would still have her dignity. I might break her heart, but I couldn't nick her pride. "Well," he said, "don't say I didn't try to tell you better."

They moved forward and stood close in each other's arms. After a long time he drew back his head and looked down at her. "Funny thing," he whispered, "I feel as if I'd been tired for a long time and now I was rested."

"Yes," she replied, low, "I feel like that, too."

They were married within the fortnight.

THEY went to Washington, which had still, in that December, a few yards of floor space yet unoccupied. They took a two-room apartment in an old remodeled house in Georgetown, and they had four months together before he was sent out of the country.

They were both happy, but she was the happier, for she had been blessed from childhood with a valiant gift for living in the moment.

Their housekeeping was eccentric.

"I ought to keep things nicer," she would say dubiously, when the kitchen was a shambles and the living room was littered with misplaced clothes and tableware.

"Oh, kick it all under the sofa till the cleaning woman comes," he would say. "We haven't got the time."

Hank worked long hours, he could not always have dinner with Julie; but when he could, they often cooked together, experimenting wildly, delighted when the result was edible, laughing and throwing it down the incinerator and running out to the cafeteria, hand-in-hand, when it was not.

Occasionally they went dancing in the evening, but more and more often they stayed at home together, sometimes laughing and sometimes quiet, seldom talking very much, and increasingly in love.

Two months before he was to leave, Julie was quite sure about being pregnant. The idea had no immediate reality for Hank.

"Does it worry you?" he asked. "Do you mind?"

"Mind! Hank, you're just fooling, aren't you?"

He tried to think about it then, to make it real, but he couldn't, not with Julie so unchanged in body and spirits, slender and gay, her bronze hair flying as she pranced around the apartment to the music of her newest record.

Julie, on the other hand, accepted it with a sort of matter-of-fact bliss. Hank, she observed, said very little about it for a person who was always trying to talk about his feelings, but after all, there wasn't much you could say, actually.

"If it's a boy," she remarked one day, apropos of nothing, "I want to name him for you, Hank."

"Henry's a stuffy name," he replied. "I'd rather name him for my father, James Harper Shaw. Jim. He left my mother pretty comfortable for a man who died so young and didn't have much to start with."

She looked at her husband's face, the earnest eyes remembering the dead man. Good fathers make good sons, she thought, and good sons make good fathers. Hank will be a very good father.

"Okay," she said. "Jim it is."

That was almost the only time that they ever spoke of the child as anything more than a factor in her health. ("Do you feel up to a hike like that?" "Why, sure, darling. I feel wonderful.")

And when the telegram came to him, seven months later, in Alaska, his only feeling was a crashing wave of relief that Julie was well, Julie was all right. When his leave came, when he got back, the baby would be eight weeks old, and Julie would be feeling just like herself again, and they'd be together, and going ahead: with their life just where they left off. . . .

Just where we left off, he thought, watching the platform whirl by as his train pulled in. Just where we left off.

It was not likely that she could have got through to the platform, he told himself, preparing his hungry eyes for disappointment. Though perhaps, if she explained and coaxed, if she just slipped through—and there she was, there she was triumphantly past the gate and waiting, just as he had remembered her, with her face raised and her hair tossing back.

Only somehow it had never occurred to him that perhaps the baby would be with her. His eyes, straining back as the car he rode in overshot the mark, stared with bewildered incredulity at the bundle on her shoulder.

Then he had his arms around her, his hands on her waist and her shoulders, remembering, his mouth on her mouth and all the forgotten darkness and peace pouring over him again.

Her voice came muffled under his lips: "Darling, look out for Jimmy!"

He drew back at once. The child in her arms was a pink and white bundle, a singularly small and unresponsive, though quite human, face showing at the upper end of it. A sudden misery of self-consciousness weighted Hank's cheeks.

"Hello," he said. "Look, I'm your father. Daddy."

"He'll catch on," said Julie, comfortably. "Had we better get a taxi?"

HANK'S hand went under her arm. She could feel a heightening in his spirits, as he led her, a rising pitch of gaiety. It takes you a few minutes to realize things when you've looked forward to them too long, she thought, sympathetically. The guess was loving but quite incorrect. Hank's gaiety was that of a man granted a reprieve. For he had suddenly remembered that in wartime Washington taxis are shared. It would be much easier, he was sure, if he was in their own house before he really had to take to the mat with the baby.

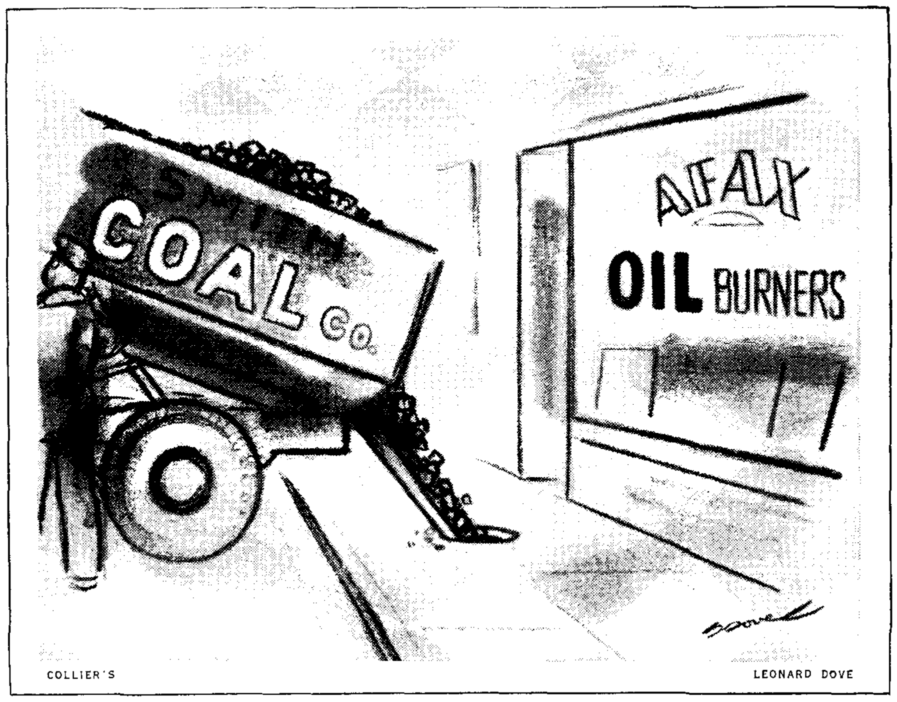
An elderly gentleman rode with them. They were the first to leave the cab. They were not alone until they stood inside their own home.

But the apartment looked strange, much bigger and very different. Hank set down his bags and looked around him slowly, his face deeply puzzled.

"Why," he said at last, in a tone of amazed discovery, "why, it's all picked up."

Julie, settling the baby in his laundry basket on the table in the sunny window where he spent the day, did not listen. He took a few steps into the room and stood still staring around him. "Why, look, darling," he said, "you didn't have to fix it all up for me. Why, you've worked terribly hard."

"Ahn? Nh?" asked Julie. She removed the safety pin from between her teeth. "What's that?" Then she understood and laughed. "Why, it's like this



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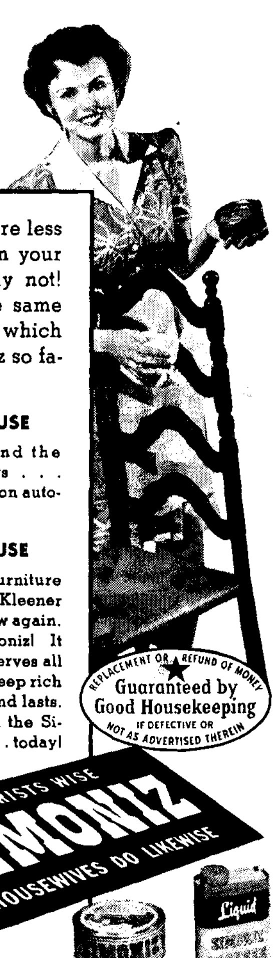

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all the time, dear. I wrote you how I was catching on."

"All the time?" said Hank. He looked around him at the immaculate order, the hospital neatness, with eyes that were both incredulous and reproachful.

"I thought you'd be surprised," said Julie.

She crossed the room to him, putting her arms around him and holding up her face. They stood close against each other, lost in stillness. At last she turned her head aside and spoke. "Do you like spoon bread?" she said.

"What? Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"I was just thinking about getting supper."

"Oh, not tonight! Tonight we step out. Got to spend all the dough Papa dug up thar in the Klondike."

"But Hank, we can't. I've got things all planned and started, and besides it's too late to get a girl to stay with the baby."

"Won't he sleep? I mean, don't they go to bed early at that age?"

"Leave him alone? Hank, you're fooling!"

"Okay," said Hank curtly.

He was exasperated by the shocked voice, the assumption of authority. It was wrong, it was all out of keeping with his lovely girl and their warm, fluent life. It was a stock situation, the newlyweds and the baby, *The First Misunderstanding*.

"Well, maybe you'll be able to arrange it for tomorrow," he said shortly.

They stood still in the middle of the floor, staring at each other. What was it that was changed, he wondered. The sherry-brown eyes, the full mouth that he had remembered so vividly, they were the same, and the beautiful hair, and the rather stubby little hands, with their trick of lifting before her, in a gesture oddly graceful and artless. But her arms were fuller, like her breasts, and her face was a little thinner, the modeling in it more clearly articulated. The formless beauty of extreme youth was passing into an individual distinction, a greater loveliness.

BUT it was not the same, it was not what he had expected. It troubled him and put him off. His eyes returned to her lifted hands. "Didn't you use to put red stuff on your nails?" he asked, vaguely.

"Chips off too much, washing didies. I will again if it's the style when Jimmy's bigger." As she spoke her face kindled and softened, and she turned away, drawn back to the basket on the table. "Oh, look," she said. "Look, he's waking up."

Hank sauntered to her side and looked down. The baby had opened his eyes and was now studying a point in space somewhere above their heads.

"Ghli," said Jimmy. "Rghla. Hlla."

"Oh," said Julie, "oh, him says such smart things. Why him is so smart, I guess they all cry because they don't know as much as Jimmy. Yes, they do."

Hank put his hands in his pockets. "I thought they only talked like that to kids in comic strips and farces," he said. He sounded like someone talking to himself. "I though it was a gag. Like Blondie and Dagwood." He walked to the pantry. "I'd like a drink before supper," he stated. "Is that still all right, or will I be setting my child a bad example?" His voice had a sharp edge.

Well, for goodness sake, thought Julie. She straightened her back and stood, her hands pressed against her thighs, thinking. "The gin's just what you left, dear," she replied, cheerfully, "and the bitters. But I got more vermouth, and the olives are in the icebox."

Well, she thought again. Of all things. He can't get used to the baby.

She drew her underlip between her teeth. Now what will I do? she thought. If we had time, I could just *take* time. But in two weeks!

She walked out into the kitchen and took her apron down from the hook. "Make one for me, too," she said. "And just wait till you see what comes after."

She was not at all sure of what to do, but that there was something to be done she never doubted. The sense of helplessness never assailed Julie. Only she hoped it wouldn't take what she called "managing." She didn't like managing people she loved.

Well, there wasn't anything to be done right then and there. Best thing to do now was just to get supper and enjoy having Hank there again.

Immediately she felt happy. "Darling," she said, "sit out here on the stepladder and watch how wonderful I am about French-fried potatoes."

Hank, Martini in hand, felt suddenly relieved. At least she wasn't disappointed in him, she wasn't angry. Perhaps she hadn't even noticed how he didn't feel much one way or the other about the baby. He finished his drink and sat still in his corner, feeling the relaxing warmth rise slowly under his ribs, watching his wife, and smiling.

"When did you start wearing aprons?" he asked.

"Didn't I always? Well, they save cleaners' bills."

"Don't you want me to help you?" he asked, remembering their tremendous experiments.

She laughed easily. "Heavens, no, I want something fit to eat!"

The dinner was a success.

"Leave' em, dear," he had said, as she started to clear away the dishes after they had eaten, and heard his mother's very words and forgotten intonations in Julie's brisk "Just as easy to get them done now and not have them staring us in the face at breakfast!"

And it was doubtless silly, he told himself, to feel this curious resentment over a well-cooked meal, a kitchen clean and in order, an apron hung back in its corner, waiting for morning.

"Darn it," he said suddenly, "even when you aren't noticing that child you look motherly. Can't we kick up our heels any more and be irresponsible? Look, Julie, we're just the way we used to be, aren't we?"

For answer she came and sat on his knees, kissing him, her hands on his back.

It was the same. Of course, it was the same. Only the baby had to have his bottle at ten, and then Julie was pulling off her stockings and saying briskly, "You won't mind waking up early? He gets his breakfast at six or he hollers."

"No," he said. "No, of course not."

But there it was again, that tone, that new quality, coming between them, making love self-conscious, taking the spontaneous gladness away. Lovers can't live by the clock, he thought. And all the time, there was the baby, that embarrassing stranger. He found himself trying not to look in the direction of the basket. He was profoundly relieved to learn that it did not accompany them into the bedroom, but remained in the living room all night. For a little while, at least, they would be alone.

They were alone and they were happy. The forgotten words came back to their lips, the forgotten gestures, doubly sweet for being recaptured after disuse and long waiting.

Hank was smiling as he settled himself to sleep.

JULIE slept too, at first, but after a little time she started broad awake. I can't wait till morning, she thought. I've got to figure it out now.

The thing, is, she thought, I got to be a mother little by little, and if Hank had been here he would have got to be a father the same way, waiting. Real feelings don't come out of the air, they grow out of happenings. Like I wouldn't have got to love Hank if we hadn't walked home from the movies holding hands, and sat close together on the davenport looking at my snapshot book, and things like that.

She turned her head to look at her sleeping husband.

He feels so bad about not loving Jimmy, she thought. He thinks things just happen, the way they do in books, bang! and there you are. He hopes I won't notice. I never saw him scared before.

Pity and tenderness welled up in her.

Dear Hank, she thought, worrying about my apron, because it's all part of the same thing. But it's not as if he was one of these people that want to stay kids themselves. He'll be all right.

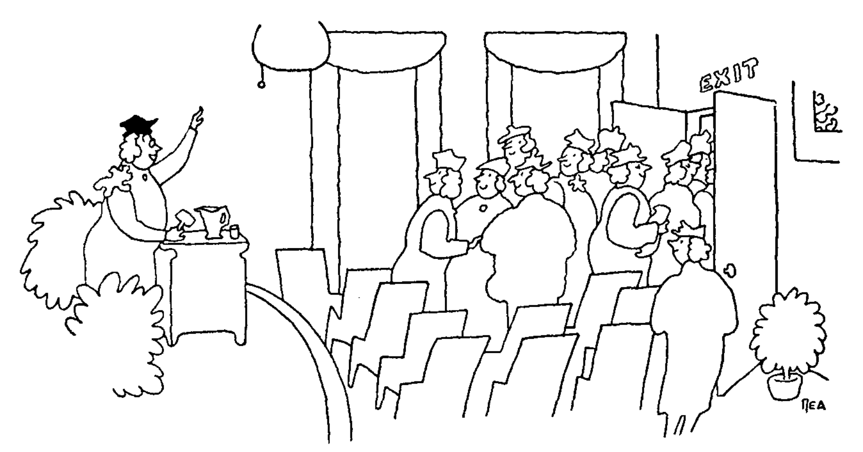
She closed her eyes again, calling up images. What is it about babies? she asked herself. Why do you love them?

Then she almost laughed aloud. Why, I know, she thought. They don't look like much at first, till you get used to them, but they *feel* so good. They do feel wonderful.

Yes, that was the clue. The rest would be easy. She settled herself to sleep again. But suddenly, once more, she was wide awake.

No. That's not all, she said to herself. The most important thing of all is how they need you. How they can't do anything for themselves, but you can. I could have him do things for Jimmy, but it wouldn't be enough, not if he knew I was right there and knew how better. He has to have Jimmy need him, too.

I could have a sick headache, I could burn my hands. . . . No, I won't. I've



COLLIER'S "Now remember, ladies, don't forget to write President Roosevelt that we've just decided we want General Eisenhower in supreme command of all our forces" GARDNER REA

A Report to the Nation

..on the Beverage Distilling Industry's Part in the War Effort... and the current Question of Rationing

by **H. V. Kaltenborn**

NOTED COMMENTATOR AND JOURNALIST

IN RECENT MONTHS I have received a number of letters from my radio and movie audience asking me this question... "Will our distilleries continue to produce alcoholic beverages during the war?"

Frankly, I did not know the answer. I investigated and here is what I found out. No distiller is making whiskey today. The beverage distilling industry is engaged 100% in producing war alcohol for the government.

As a matter of fact, I discovered that individually and collectively the beverage distilling industry offered its facilities to the government one year before Pearl Harbor.

Here's another interesting point. While distillers have substantial stocks on hand, made during peacetime... enough to last three years... they have, in fairness to all, self-imposed a system of rationing. This will assure anyone interested in purchasing these products that a reasonable amount will be available over a period of time.

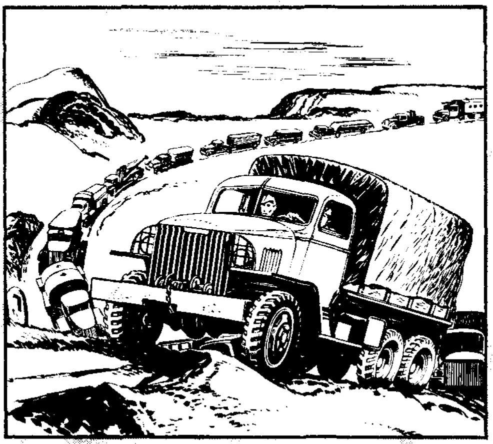
During my investigation I also learned the answers to several other questions. I am telling you about them below.

1 Why is alcohol so important to war production and how is it used?

Alcohol is a basic ingredient used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber. Half of the government's 530,000,000-gallon quota is supplied by the beverage distilling industry.

2 Didn't conversion of distilleries to war alcohol production require much critical steel, copper, and bronze?

Practically none. The industry's engineers were able to utilize tile, wood, glass, porcelain and other substitutes. And the industry voluntarily began this conversion long before the government actually requisitioned its facilities.



3 Just how much synthetic rubber can be produced from the distilling industry's alcohol quota?

The industry's facilities for producing grain alcohol make it possible to include 200,000 tons of rubber from grain in the government's 870,000-ton synthetic rubber program.

4 Is sugar used by the distilling industry in the making of whiskey or war alcohol?

Sugar is never used in making whiskey ...it is distilled from grain. And the beverage distilling industry is likewise producing its war alcohol quota exclusively from grain.

5 Will this use of grain deplete the stores needed for food?

No. There is a tremendous surplus. The distilling industry is able to transform 100,000,000 bushels of it into vital war material. This enables farmers to contribute even more directly to the war effort and frees much needed granary space.

6 With the industry 100% converted for war alcohol, won't the federal and state governments lose the tax revenue from alcoholic beverage sales?

No. The industry can still supply the public from reserve stocks made during peacetime and continue to account for over a billion dollars in taxes yearly.

7 The fact that, when war came, we had a full-fledged beverage distilling industry in existence made this contribution to the war effort possible. Otherwise, it is easy to understand how the government would have been forced to spend months of time and millions of dollars in building and renovating distilleries and training personnel.

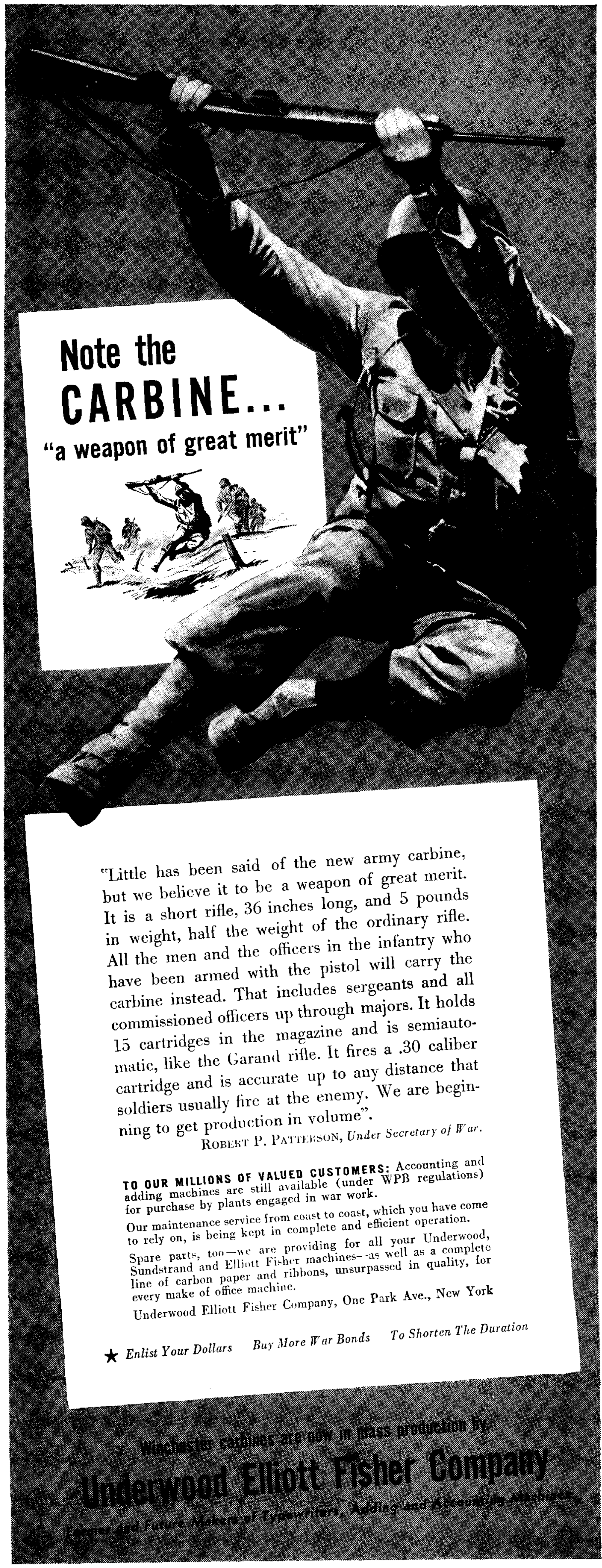
H. V. Kaltenborn

When sometimes you may be unable to obtain your favorite brand . . . please remember . . .

1 No distiller is making whiskey today.
2 Every distiller is using his plant 100% to produce war alcohol for the government.
3 This alcohol is necessary for smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber.
4 The supply of alcoholic beverages in storage must be made to last longer than originally planned.
5 Therefore—in fairness to all—rationing has been self-imposed to assure a reasonable supply over a period of time.

Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc.

Washington, D.C.



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never played tricks on people I love, and this would be a fine time to start outsmarting him, right at the start of our three lives together. Three people as nice as us don't need tricks and lies. No, I'll just walk out.

And now, perfectly confident, perfectly happy, she moved closer to her husband, and comforted by the warmth of his sleeping body, she too slept.

Hank woke at eight. The apartment was still.

"Julie?" he said. There was no answer. "Julie?"

He swung out of bed, looking in the bathroom, the kitchenette.

"Julie?"

Then he saw the note. It was pinned to the baby's basket.

"Darling," it said. "We have such a short time that I want to get things right as quick as I can. I am sure that this is the way to do it. Please take care of Jimmy today. I will be back in time to get your supper and there's plenty in the icebox for lunch. So are Jimmy's bottles. His next are at ten and two. I love you very much. Your own Julie."

Hank was too scared to be angry. "Good Lord," he said aloud. "She's crazy. I can't."

HE READ the note over three times and at each reading the wave of absolute panic mounted higher.

He looked into the basket. The child was asleep, but his hands were right up level with his face and his fists were clenched. That couldn't be right. What did it mean?

Desperately he reached for the telephone book. There, in the yellow section, would there be something about nurses? The nurses' registry.

"I've got to get a nurse," he said to the bright voice at the other end of the wire. "For my kid. It's an emergency."

"Is the child ill?"

"I don't know. He's asleep with his hands up. His mother has gone away."

"We have no nurses on call. You know, the nursing situation is very bad, the hospitals are all understaffed. The war. And there's a flu epidemic, quite severe."

"But you've got to send me someone!"

"If you will leave your phone number we will do what we can for you."

Well, she had hung up on him. Was Julie crazy? She loved the kid, did she want it to be killed?

No, that didn't make sense. She loved them both. And she was brave, but she had never been foolhardy. If she thought he could do it, perhaps he could.

Only you couldn't do anything in a panic.

"Pull yourself together, Henry," he said. "Eat your breakfast."

Orange juice squeezed and on ice, coffee on the stove, eggs in the right saucepan, bread by the toaster. No, she had not been trying to punish him. In the way she had tried to make everything easy, the table set, the chair in place, he could see her love and foresight. It heartened him more than anything else could have done. It showed so clearly that she hadn't just rushed off in a hurry, that she had thought things out.

He was half through his breakfast the first time Jimmy screamed. He stumbled to his feet and hurried into the living room. Jimmy's face was scarlet, his mouth perfectly square. From time to time he would catch his breath in a long, shuddering gasp, kicking his legs straight out and pulling them up again, and then the screaming would burst out once more like a nightmare freight whistle.

Hank was white to the lips. He bent down over the basket. Of course, there had been something wrong. People don't sleep with their fists up. He started to the telephone again, but the screams paralyzed him.

They couldn't get here in time to do much good, he thought. "Listen, feller," he said aloud. "Listen, I don't know much. Only please shut up. Shut up and I'll try to do something."

And firmly, courageously, he put his arms under the small armpits and lifted his son out of the basket.

A gasp, a gulp, a sigh, silence.

Hank stared, bewildered by the incredible quiet. "Are you all right?" he asked feebly. "What was it, feller?"

The baby looked at him. The small hands waved before his face.

"Ghli," said Jimmy.

"What?" said Hank. And then, soothingly, "That's right. It's all right."

He laid him down again. Jimmy screamed as loud as ever. Hank understood. Hank laughed. "You like me, do you?" he said, picking him up again. "Well, I'll be darned."

The baby was very wet. But he liked his father. He stopped screaming when he was picked up. He was wet, he'd been feeling terrible, but he liked his father so much that he stopped screaming the minute he was picked up. And if he was wet, he could be dried. After all, thought Hank, I should think that an engineer who was once a machine-shop apprentice could change pants as well as a toy-store clerk.

Holding his son in the crook of one arm he pulled up the long nightgown (soaking, too) and examined the arrangement beneath. Well, square! In the funny papers they were always triangular. This looked easier. Dry things in that dresser, probably. And now to copy the folds of the wet one in the dry one.

He took out pins, untied strings. Jimmy, his son, was stark naked. Very small, quite bare and helpless, but surprisingly human. A small male human, kicking across his father's knees. The skin smooth and warm to the touch, the flesh pleasantly solid, not at all squashy. Mustn't let him get cold. A little thing that size could chill quickly. So much surface in proportion to the volume. He wrapped a blanket around his son and continued to hold him in the crook of his left arm as he matched the wet clothes to the dry, folded the clean diaper.

The vest fastened in the front, the nightgown (wasn't that sort of a sissy thing, or didn't any of them have pajamas till they were bigger?) fastened in the back. Neither Hank nor Jimmy had been told that the baby should lie flat and be turned not more than once during these operations. The dressing was completed to their complete satisfaction.

Bed wet, too. Find a dry pad.

"There now, you shut up till I finish my coffee."

AT TEN Hank remembered the bottle. Jimmy was quiet, but that was no sign he wasn't hungry. How many people you know scream when their meals are due? Few, thank God. Get hungry all the same.

He withdrew a bottle from the icebox. Babies' food, he remembered out of somewhere, is supposed to be sterile. Well then, stand the bottle in water to heat it. And just about body heat, of course. You could spill a little out and see if you got it right. Nipples, right there in that jar.

How do I know all this stuff? Hank demanded of himself at this point. Whole thing is, I suppose, I haven't got anybody here to rattle me, and Jim hasn't caught on. He has confidence in the old man. Well, why not? It only takes common sense.

But when the bottle was ready, he hesitated. Did you sit them up? He closed his eyes, hunting for pictures.

He was ten when Dabby Sullivan's mother had a new baby. "First one I couldn't nurse myself," she'd said. He could see it, lying on its back in Mrs. Sullivan's lap. A woman like that, with so many, all healthy, he assured himself, settling comfortably into the armchair, would have done things right.

Jim had fallen asleep over the last drop when the telephone rang. He laid the bottle aside and lifted the child gently to his shoulder as he went to answer it. A large belch, and quiet breathing again. Why, sure, I remember, he thought, happily. She used to say, "Now I'll bubble him." Lucky the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"This is the nurses' registry. About the infant: we have someone who can take care of it for the remainder of the day."

"What?" said Hank. He had forgotten the nurses' registry. His large hand supported his son's small back, giving and taking comfort. "I was just going to call you," he lied. "I have found someone who will stay with the child until his mother returns. Thank you."

He hung the receiver back on the hook. "You sleep now," he said, unsmiling, laying his son back in the basket, settling the blanket lovingly about his shoulders. "We aren't going to have some darn' fool that doesn't know anything about babies in here pushing you around, Jim."

IT WAS almost evening before he first realized that Julie would be pleased when she got back. How pleased he did not know, for in the long day he had forgotten a good deal. She had been impatient because he was a little shy with Jim at the start, he thought. She should have seen that he'd catch on in another day or so, anyone as good with kids as he was. Nevertheless, he wouldn't have missed it.

He stood by the basket looking down. The round head, the soft hair, straight and brown, so smooth to rub, nicer than a spaniel, was turned to one side. Nice ears, they lay right back. Nice hands, too. Very big hands for his size. He'd be tall.

Long-legged pair we'll be. Wonder if he'll be another engineer. Let him make up his own mind, though. Mutual respect, best part of love. He rubbed the small head again, gently.

Julie came through the door. "Hank, darling, how are you? How's Jimmy?"

"Hush. Fine. He's fine. We both are."

She looked around the room. "I expected an awful mess."

"I figured this was a job that called for system."

"You had someone in to help you!"

"I did not."

But she was not quite sure. She hesitated, looking at her husband. He looked so exactly the same, and everything was so quiet and in order. She didn't know just what she had expected, but certainly not this. Hair on end, maybe, and a new light in his eye, and things spilled all around.

"Did you mind?"

"I missed you, and the whole idea was a lot of nonsense, but we had a swell day."

A lot of nonsense?

What did happen? thought Julie. I've got to find out where we are.

"Hank," she said, "I've been thinking things over, and I guess I was foolish last night. I'll go out with you tonight if you want to. We'll just get him settled down first."

Hank stared at her. "You're crazy," he said. "If you want to run out all the time, make your mind up in time and we'll get a responsible woman to stay here for the evening."

We can't tell the truth *all* the time, she reflected. She drooped her head to hide her eyes. "I know, darling," she said. "I didn't think it was a good idea. I only wanted to please you."

Hank was annoyed. "Why, Julie, I hadn't been home five minutes when I said that. I just hadn't caught on. You didn't take that seriously?"

"Well, I did."

She looked so ashamed of herself that he forgave her at once. He put his arms around her, pushing back her bright hair, kissing her quietly. "Tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow we'll step out. Tonight we'll just lie around and talk and be glad we're all together, eh, dear?"

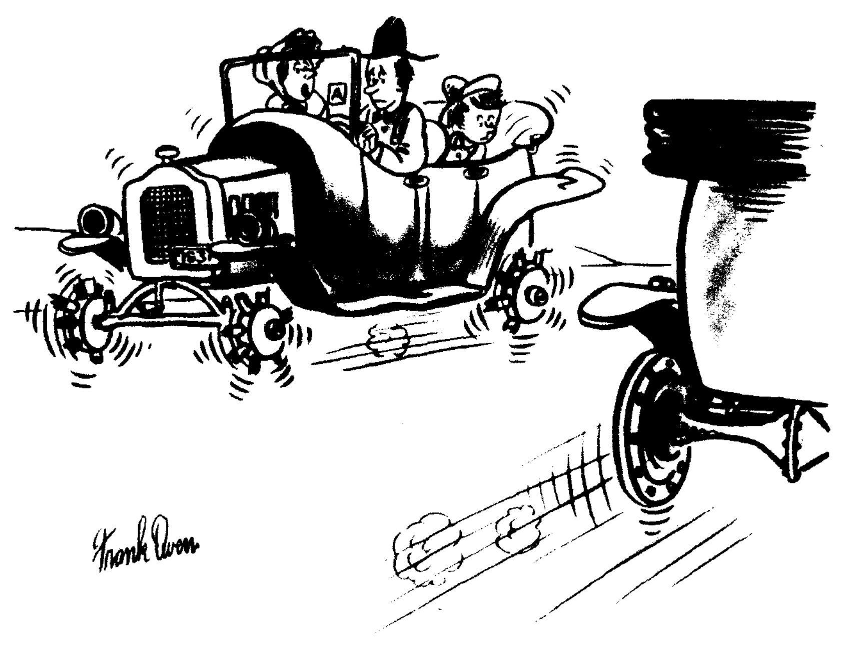
Happiness rose in her, flood-tide happiness welled over her. It's all right, she thought. We aren't going to waste any time. I did the right thing.

She went out into the kitchen and filled the kettle. She took it to the stove. "Time to start supper," she said.

He followed her, his face relaxed and content. He reminded her.

"Put your apron on," he said.

THE END



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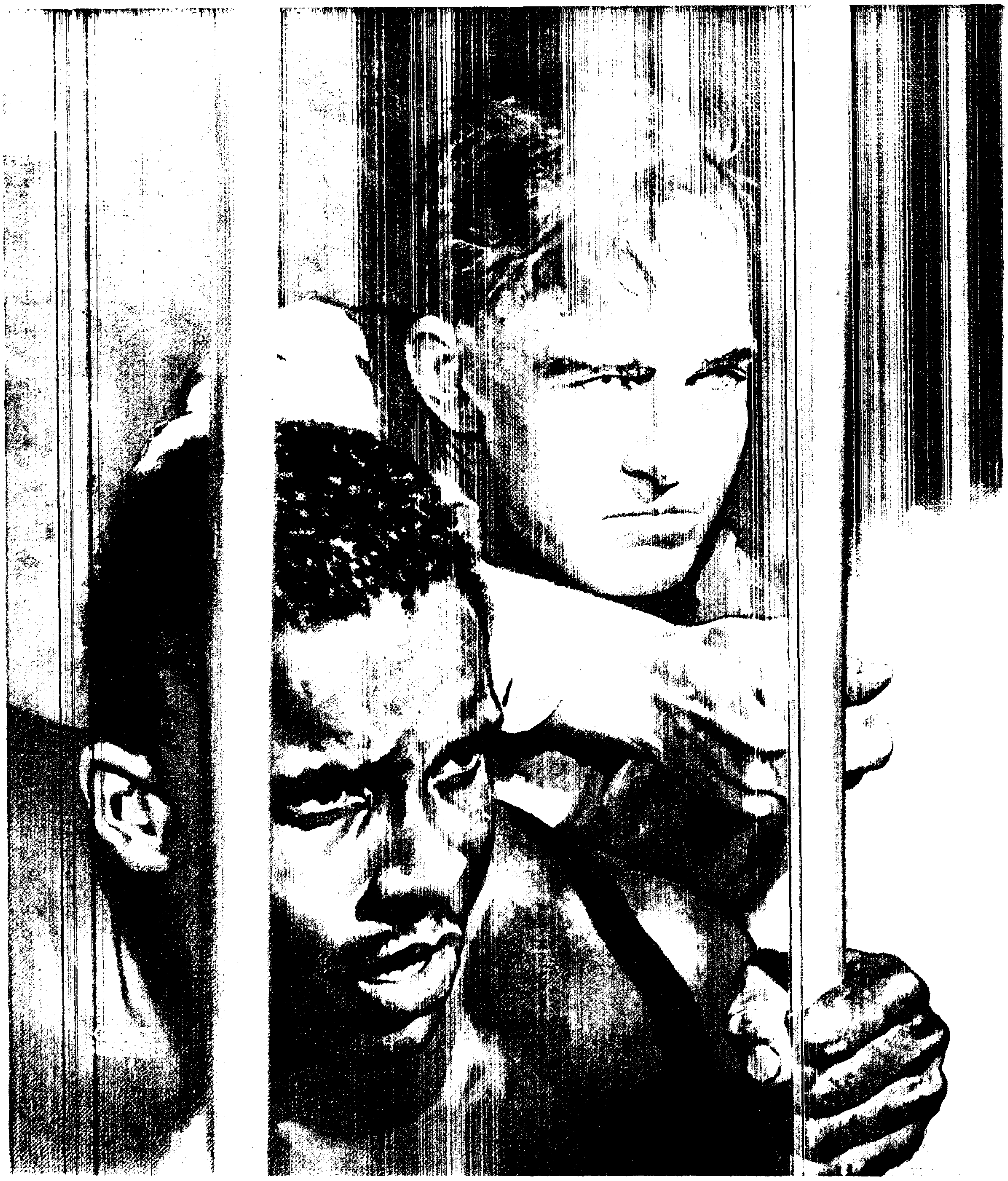
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Your Mutual station each week.

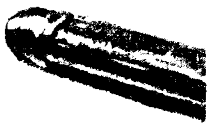
THE WEASEL

By Hector Chevigny

He was a killer at heart, and the knife was his favorite tool. These facts made possible the only decent act of his life

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SHEPHERD





"Don't make no noise. Don't 'sturb him at all," Billy breathed. "Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy." . . . "Stand back!" commanded Frank. Billy heard a peculiar grunt behind him, felt a breath brush his cheek

FRANK VARGAS lay indolently on his bunk as he raised the knife by its blade and flipped it, but it bit again into the same beam above the opposite bunk, and in the same tiny crevice. It didn't quiver, either; it was thrown too truly.

His cellmate, the huge Negro Billy Pease, again obligingly rose to extract it and hand it back. "Daw-gone," said Billy, "if you ain't the handiest boy with that pig-sticker."

"Thanks," said Frank indifferently, accepting the knife. He closed his eyes. The clean, whitewashed cell in the strong little brick jail was like an oven. It can get hot, summers, in Montana—hot and humid. Billy Pease was stripped to his waist and his big ebony torso ran with sweat. Frank's thin shirt was streaked with it, too. Billy looked at his cellmate and frowned, trying to estimate Frank's age. With his eyes closed, like this, he looked maybe eighteen, a kid who'd read too many crime stories. He looked old enough when he opened his eyes, though, as old as thirty, sometimes. Frank smiled faintly, as if he knew he was being scrutinized. Without seeming to open his eyes, he raised his hand and again threw the knife. It stuck in the same crevice.

A moment passed. "Get it for me, will you, Billy? It's too hot to move."

Billy obligingly again retrieved it and handed it back, but he did not smile. "Le's put it away, huh?" he suggested.

Frank's eyes opened wide and he stared at the huge Negro. "Why?" He suddenly looked all of thirty again.

Billy tried to return the stare but had to drop his eyes. You didn't stop to wonder about Frank's age when he stared at you suddenly, that way. It was like running into somebody's fist, unexpectedly, with your chest. His eyes seemed to have no color. Billy's fingers fumbled with a thread in his dungarees. "Because," he answered, "it might spoil the blade."

Frank laughed. "I'll sharpen it again. Don't you fret."

"Put it away. What if the sheriff comes in and finds you playin' with it?"

"He'll wish he hadn't." Frank twirled the knife rapidly between his hands.

"Might git Zilma into trouble fo' bringin' it to you." Frank frowned and stopped twirling the knife. Billy hastily changed the subject. "Hope Miss Zilma gets up some mo' that chicken-meat fo' suppuh."

"You stick close by me when it comes time to use this knife, Billy, and I'll buy you all the chicken you can eat in the first town we can light in," said Frank, confidently.

He resumed twirling the sharp weapon. It made Billy restless. He wished Frank would put it away. Billy had a wholesome respect for Sheriff Dodd Macmillan.

"Know something," said Frank, twirling the knife very rapidly, now. "She ain't so dumb at that." He meant Zilma Macmillan, the sheriff's daughter. "Most people got no idea of the kind of knife throws best. This is just what the doctor ordered."

Frank stopped his twirling and regarded the weapon with satisfaction. He seemed to find comfort in the perfect balance of the heavy bone handle and his experienced thumb seemed to thrill at being run along the blade within an ace of drawing blood. "I'll bet she filched it out of her dad's collection of stuff taken away from guys like us."

Raising the knife by the blade as if again to hurl it at the same beam, he altered his aim slightly and sent it singing a quarter-inch past Billy's woolly scalp. It hit the wall, dug out a fleck of whitewash and fell to the mattress on Billy's bunk. Billy's smile vanished. "You quit that, now," he said.

"Why should I?" asked Frank, retrieving the knife.

"You stop showin' off. I kin see yo's good."

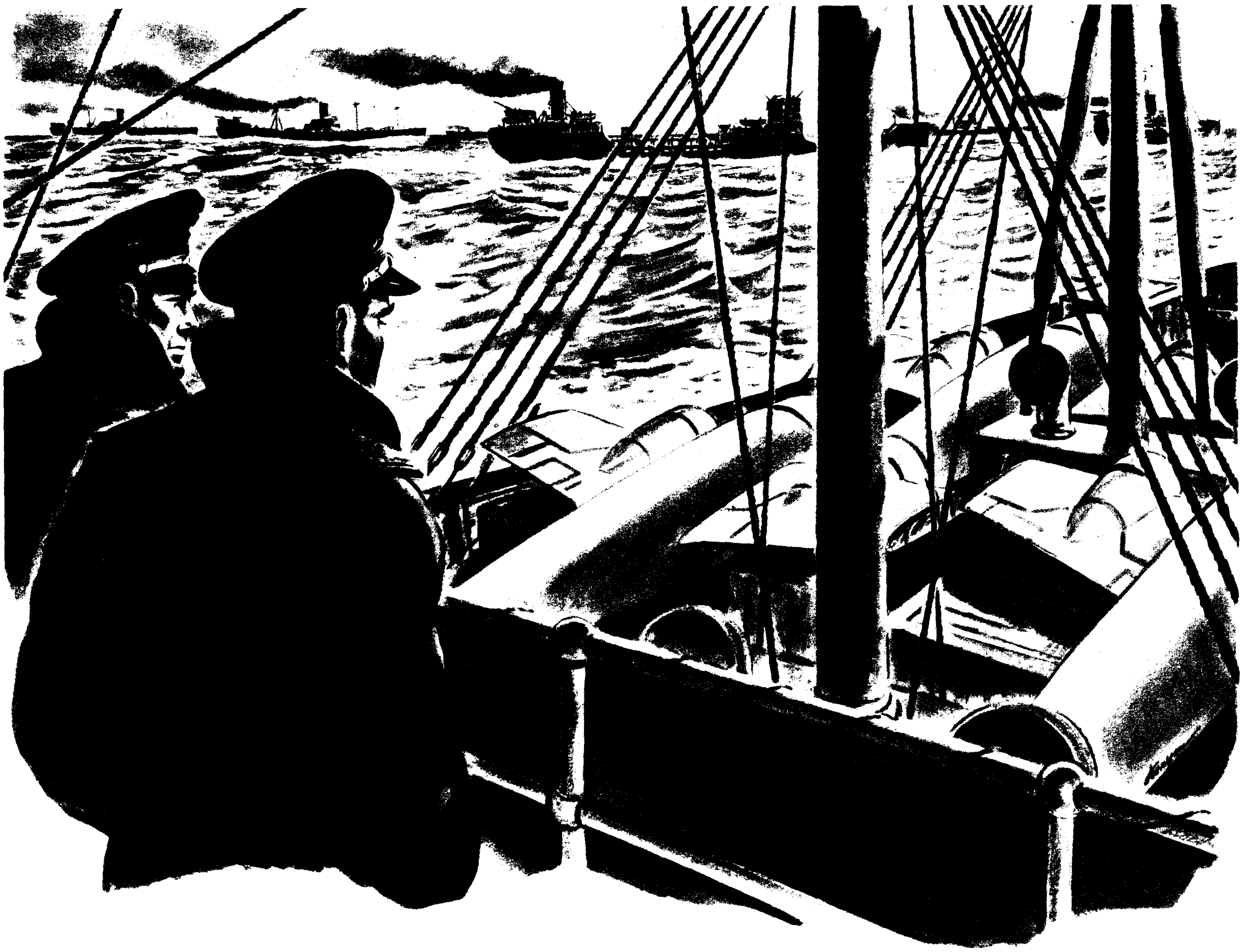
Frank pretended to take offense. "Whaddya mean, showin' off? You better apologize for that one, Billy." And he raised the knife as if to hurl it again.

"I apologize," said Billy, and raised an arm as if to shield himself. But he knew his cellmate would not really risk injuring him. The raised arm was just in propitiation.

"Okay, then," said Frank, relaxing again. "But watch out how you go around criticizin' people, see?" He lay back again on the bunk and drew a sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket but kept the knife dangling from the crook of a little finger.

Billy Pease considered his cellmate gravely. He was certainly a puzzle. Before he'd gotten that knife he'd been one of the most worried white boys Billy had ever seen. Billy liked him better worried. To look at him now you'd think he was just a two-bit kid practicing to be a bad one. But he needed no

(Continued on page 77)



This is the way to win a battle in the desert

Libya and North Africa made it clearer than ever: THIS IS A WAR OF SUPPLY.

In 1918, an American soldier could be equipped and maintained on 5 tons of supplies each year.

But today, for every soldier sent abroad, 10½ tons of shipping space must be provided for *equipment alone*. And it takes an additional *18 tons of shipping to supply a single soldier for a year!*

Supply is a matter of *ships*.

And ships need electricity.

Vast quantities of electric power, for a thousand vital tasks that must be done to take a convoy safely across the seas . . .

Electricity to steer the vessels and operate the radios and signal lights.

Electricity to detect the approach of enemy subs and planes, to sound the alarm, to organize the defense.

Electricity to power great cargo winches, and delicate navigating instruments.

Electricity to make magnetic mines harmless, to provide invisible "black light" for reading charts at night. Electricity to keep food fresh, to cook it, to ventilate the ships, to provide comfort for the crews.

Electricity in every freighter, every tanker, every Navy escort vessel—to help win the war of supply!

We of Westinghouse take tremendous pride in building so much of the electrical equipment, so many of the great turbines and gears and electric drives, for the ships of America's Navy and Merchant Marine.

Into every piece of that equipment go all our "know-how," all our skill, all our determination to *do our share* in this war—and if possible, a little more.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tune in the Westinghouse Program starring
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Sunday, 2:30 P. M., Eastern War Time.

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PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE

The Shepherd of Moscow, Idaho

Continued from page 46

husband wore glasses for his work, now he does not. Tom was fixing the electric socket. Something went wrong. He forgot to turn the electric switch off. All of a sudden, fire sprang up, touching his hand and hair. He was surprised to find the fire was cold."

Other letters tell of blind men restored to sight, the dead raised, businesses saved from bankruptcy. Doc offers $100,000 to anybody who can prove these testimonials spurious.

Despite frequent investigation by federal agencies, Psychiana flourishes as lustily as Father Divine or Jehovah's Witnesses. It has students in sixty-seven countries, and Doc claims many of them in high places, notably the late Senator Borah of Idaho, a warm personal admirer. During a visit to the White House, Doc reports, President Roosevelt told him, "You and I are trying to do the same thing—make people think."

At fifty-six, Doc Robinson is a beefy, handsome man, standing six feet and weighing 225 pounds. His eyes are lake-blue, his hair iron-gray, and he has the look of a tired matinee idol. His fondness for dramatic, broad-brim hats adds a touch of the Old West medicine man.

Doc's excursion into mysticism started at a remarkably tender age. "At three, I peered beyond the clouds," he recalls. "I knew I had a mission to perform." The years between this precocious discovery and his emergence as a mail-order messiah, however, were earthy ones. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, the oldest of four boys. His father, Reverend John Henry Robinson, was a hell-fire and brimstone Baptist preacher, whom Doc describes as a hard man, given to jumping up and down on his children for discipline.

Mrs. Robinson died when Frank was eight. Soon after, his father married a fetching young lady of his parish named Haigh, who turned out to have an equally picturesque temperament. One day, in revolt, the future prophet knocked her flat. His father ordered him to join the British navy and he wound up at fourteen on the training ship Caledonia.

Just Like an Alger Hero

Disliking nautical life, he jumped overboard, hoping to contract a dischargeable illness. He succeeded with rheumatism. Rather than keep him around the house, the Robinsons shipped him, steerage, to Canada.

Landing with $2.50 in his pockets, Doc began a Horatio Algerlike economic struggle.

"I was tossed hither and thither like a piece of driftwood on the bosom of the stormy ocean of life," he says.

He turned his hand to pitching hay, logging, beating a Salvation Army drum and collecting dead horses for a glue factory. In Toronto he worked as a drug clerk. His most useful asset, salesmanship, showed itself when he persuaded a customer who wanted an ounce of mineral oil to buy five gallons.

Dropping in of an evening on local Baptist gatherings, Doc occasionally delivered impromptu sermons, Billy Sunday style.

"I can hold an audience spellbound as long as I care to," he says.

One listener was so spellbound that he offered to pay Doc's tuition through the Bible Training School in Toronto. He was duly ordained to the Baptist ministry, but in the process, he concluded that Baptist theology was false. He has since extended this opinion to all other religions except Psychiana, flaying them in purple language.

Disillusioned, Doc quit before completing his Bible training and launched himself on an extended beer jag. In a lucid interval, he joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, but he was ousted for chronic alcoholism. The U. S. Navy, in which he served as Hospital Apprentice, First Class, discharged him for the same reason. He next tried the Army, serving briefly in the Philippines. He was court-martialed for "willful disobedience of orders."

In 1928, Doc was drug-clerking again, this time in Portland, Oregon. He had meanwhile married Pearl Leavitt, the daughter of a circuit judge. They have a son, Alfred, now a Naval flying cadet, and a daughter, Florence. It was in Portland that the gates of salvation suddenly swung wide to Doc.

"Singing to myself," he relates, "I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes. I was always 'talking with God,' as my advertisement states. . . . I saw everything in a flash."

Regenerated, he went on the wagon for keeps.

To find leisure to preserve this revelation for posterity and earn a living at the same time, he cast about for a job in a drugstore which closed early. Six P.M. was closing time for the Corner Drugstore in Moscow, a tidy little farming community of 6,000 people, nestling amid the pine groves and wheat fields of the Wasatch foothills. The Robinsons arrived by the next train, and Doc cinched the job at $15 a week.

BOOKS

FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

The "readingest army in the world" (to quote a high-ranking officer) is sorely in need of books. That's why the 1943 Victory Book Campaign has been organized—to see that our fighting men get the books they will enjoy. Not all a soldier's or sailor's time is spent drilling or fighting; he has plenty of leisure time on his hands when an amusing or instructive book can be a godsend.

What kind of books do soldiers, sailors, Marines, coastguardmen and merchant seamen read? The same kind of books you read. They want adventure yarns, novels, topical books by war correspondents, Westerns, mysteries, biographies; books by Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, John Steinbeck, Ernest Haycox, Agatha Christie.

You can't expect a man headed for combat duty to take a feverish interest in the State Papers of Grover Cleveland or the Ladies' Guide to Home Needlework. Don't make this Victory Book Campaign an excuse to clean your attic of those tired-looking, dusty books no one has looked at since the turn of the century. If you've enjoyed a book, that's the book to give.

You will find boxes in libraries, stores, theaters. Fill them with books and fill them wisely. You never can tell what will happen when your book joins the fighting forces.

It was a year of great psychic ferment in America. Father Divine's Heaven in Sayville, Long Island, was overflowing with angels. In Los Angeles, a man named Dingle was selling something called Mentalphysics as transcribed by the Tibetan sage, Ding Le Ming. And in a Moscow boardinghouse, Doc Robinson composed the first ten installments of his correspondence course in salvation.

A Prolific Author

Borrowing a typewriter, he pounded them out, 150,000 words all told, in three days and rushed them to the printer. The result was a lively brew of Buck Rogers science, historical fallacies and violent attacks on existing religions.

Fellow citizens of Moscow referred to Doc as "that druggist who's cracked." Undaunted, he formed a corporation and sold stock around town with the promise of quick profits. His own capital at this time was $40. Five investors advanced $2,500. A clear manifestation of the Power, Doc feels. With $400 of it, he placed his first ad in Psychology, a pulp magazine. It fetched $24,000 worth of customers, the first orders arriving on April Fools' Day. Doc opened a one-room office of his own.

He still lacked a name for the movement. Confident that the Power would reveal it in the night, he retired, pad and pencil at his bedside. Sure enough, he testifies, a man appeared in his dreams, making mystic passes over a corpse and murmuring, "This is Psychiana, the Power which will bring new life to a spiritually dead world."

Not long after, Doc, whose practice it was to swap photographs with new subscribers, recognized, in the morning mail, the man of his dream. The name was Geoffrey Birley, a British cotton importer of Alexandria, Egypt, and he wrote: "I received Lesson 4 yesterday. . . . No words of mine can adequately express the glorious thrill it gave me."

Doc promptly replied: "You are to be associated with me in business. Please send $40,000."

Two weeks later, the Spokane Eastern Trust Company informed him that half that sum had been deposited to his credit. The balance followed in smaller amounts. Doc doesn't know where Birley is now.

Within a year of the Birley apparition, Psychiana was booming. Doc bought back the stock, paying the investors 112 per cent on their original stake. He then obtained from the state of Idaho a charter certifying Psychiana as a nonprofit, religious corporation. Under this happy concession, it remains tax-exempt. Its surplus reverts to the corporate treasury, while Doc's personal withdrawals are limited to a salary, as president, and expenses—in what amount a board of directors fixes at its discretion. This board consists of Doc himself, Mrs. Robinson and Bill Marineau, an old family friend. In 1942, it approved a salary of $9,000, $3,000 expenses and a $4,000 car.

Today, Psychiana, Inc., is a major Moscow industry. The corporation has

No unpleasant Scrubbing!

Cleans Toilets FAST!

For over 30 years, Sani-Flush has been the quick, easy, sanitary way to keep toilet bowls sparkling-clean. Use it at least twice a week. Every application cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Removes unsanitary film.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks★ or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections.* Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Replacement or Refund of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

★FREE for Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. 27, Canton, Ohio.

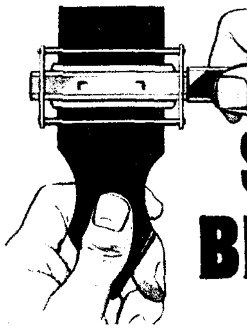
Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



SAVE BLADES WITH DURHAM RAZOR AND STROP

A Durham hollow-ground blade is *twice thicker*. Takes almost unlimited stroppings. Saves steel for war, saves money for you. Gives you grand shaves every *time*.

Durham Razor and Strop Kit, $2.50, at drugstores. *For Strop only, order direct, $1.*

SERVICE MEN: Order thru Post Exchange.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.
Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

LOANS
AT 6%
INTEREST
ONE YEAR TO PAY
LEO GAREL

"Thanks very much. I don't know how I can ever repay you!"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

its own international headquarters, a red brick, factory-size building staffed by 23 employees, its own printing plant, the heaviest private pay roll in the county, and an annual advertising bill of $150,000. Donations from the faithful have swollen the gross take by some $200,000.

"Remember the Movement in your will," Doc urges hopefully.

In new customers last year, he counted about $197,000 worth. Of these, half signed up for one or more of the three "advanced courses," another $129,000. Sales of Doc's books, Psychiana emblems and phonograph records brought the grand total to around $400,000, and Doc expects to double that in 1943.

Psychiana aside, Doc's personal holdings aggregate half a million. His bank credit is high and by shrewd borrowing he has acquired a forty per cent interest in Moscow's only newspaper, the Daily Idahonian, a prescription pharmacy, an office building renting to doctors and dentists, and numerous minor properties. A sizable portion of his income he devotes to local good works.

The Enemies of Psychiana

Such heights are not scaled without reverses, and Doc's have been extensive. He blames most of them on a sinister cabal of church leaders and envious businessmen, who, he feels, are chiefly responsible for the numerous investigations of Psychiana by the Treasury Department, the Post Office Department, the F.B.I. and the American Medical Association, to name a few.

"But they can't get anything on me," he says confidently. "My ads never claim anything for Psychiana—only for the Living God."

Less easily dismissed was a federal indictment in 1936, charging him with passport falsification. A few years earlier, preparatory to a European junket, he had given America instead of England as his birthplace. In a nine-day trial, Moscow's biggest sensation since the last Indian massacre, Doc testified that his parents once lived in New York and gave him to understand he'd been born there. Why they so misled him puzzled the jury, but it acquitted him.

No sooner was he free, however, than the Immigration Department opened deportation proceedings. Doc was saved by his most distinguished student, Senator Borah, at whose intervention a review board worked out a compromise. Doc agreed to reside outside the country temporarily, to re-enter on a visa and apply for naturalization. Only last year did the prophet finally become a full-fledged American citizen.

In the face of Doc's bounty, Moscow has taken a mellower view of him. It regards his teachings with amused tolerance (Psychiana's files contain only nine Moscow students), but on Doc as a citizen, opinion is evenly divided. Many are inclined to endorse his boast: "Moscow was unknown. It is known all over the civilized world today."

The prophet's day begins at 5:30 A. M., when he bounds out of bed to breakfast with Mrs. Robinson, a comely, silvery-haired woman who considers her husband a "soul from beyond." He reaches his office by seven. It is a snug, lushly carpeted room, plastered with morale boosters like: WHEN YOU GET INTO A TIGHT PLACE AND EVERYTHING GOES AGAINST YOU TILL IT SEEMS AS IF YOU CAN'T HOLD ON A MINUTE LONGER, NEVER GIVE UP THEN, FOR THAT IS JUST THE PLACE WHERE THE TIDE WILL TURN.

Doc, who has been in plenty of tight places, keeps a sound-recording system behind the paneling. "I have many interesting conversations in my private files," he confides.

At least two hours a day Doc spends behind his locked office door, thinking. "I am a natural-born thinker," he says. As an aid to meditation, he burns incense and plays organ recordings on the phonograph.

Across the hall, stands the accounting room, where two girls total the day's receipts and dump them into a cannonball safe. In the mailing room, another team sits at a mechanically rotating table, assembling packets of literature. Anybody who answers a Psychiana ad, customer or not, gets 67 separate pieces over a period of 22 weeks. They total 25,000,000 mailings a year, an opulence which has lifted Moscow's post office from second to first class. Not until the 67th mailing fails to take does Doc abandon his prospect as spiritually irredeemable.

It is in these promotional follow-ups that the prophet, a master of upper-case, gee-whizz prose, really spreads himself.

"Have you seemed as a piece of flotsam or jetsam in life's troubled sea?" he asks in blood-red letters half an inch high. "The most significant discovery of the age IS WHAT? . . . It's POWER. DYNAMIC—PULSING—SURGING—THROBBING. POWER to achieve anything you want . . . poverty to abundance . . . sickness into health . . . miserable defeat into marvelous success. I have CHANGED THE LIVES of thousands."

One of the world's most prolific writers, Doc personally types, hunt-and-peck system, every syllable of these rousers, not to mention the lessons, the books and the advertising copy. Averaging 5,000 words a day, he has worn his index fingers to the nub and now tapes them when working. He never revises anything and consults neither lawyers nor ghost writers.

He also used to answer personally the telegrams requesting help which pour in regularly from ailing students. This duty now occupies his assistant, an excommunicated minister of doleful countenance named De Bolt, who receives $50 a week for his efforts. Formerly, De Bolt would consult a collection of sixty form replies suitable to every emergency, lest he involve the corporation in an indiscretion. But now Doc trusts him to compose his own replies.

DOWN WITH BACK. PLEASE HELP, reads an appeal from Nevada. To this De Bolt wired back: EXPECT SPIRIT OF GOD TO HELP. WILL REMEMBER SPIRITUALLY.

When not meditating or writing, Doc concentrates on the corporation's business problems. With Lesson No. 3, the flow of spirituality is interrupted by a practical note: "Do not let a single remittance lapse, as you cannot expect the God-law to work unless everything you do is honest and straight. Don't break the LAW."

Doc bombards laggards with a series of thirteen dun letters, each one rising in emotionalism. No. 13 kisses dead beats goodby in these words: "Now in parting I wish you the very best of everything. I question if many good things will come to you. For, you will remember, the Law of God never forgets. I wish you peace. I wish you joy. I wish you happiness. I do not believe these things CAN EVER come to you for the reasons stated before. If you ever feel that you want to square this account . . ."

In extreme cases he has used collection agencies.

A Prophet in Shirt Sleeves

Doc usually gets home for supper around six and immediately strips to his shirt sleeves. The Robinson house, a Moscow landmark, is a glossy, nine-room structure, verging on modernism. It is crammed with gifts from students. One of the costliest features is a burglar-alarm system which he installed after somebody heaved a brick at him through the window.

"Crackpots have often threatened my life," he says. To protect himself, he keeps a deputy sheriff's badge, a Colt police special and a tear-gas pen.

Every evening at nine, he sits down to a 700-pipe organ, his pride and joy, and plays by ear. His favorite selection is Tales From the Vienna Woods.

"Do you catch the spiritual impulses?" he asks students. "Try listening for them."

As befits a "soul from beyond," he avoids social life, going out only Monday nights for the weekly Rotary Club get-togethers. His only intimate friend is Bill Marineau, who manages the Idahonian. He hasn't seen a movie in two years, takes no exercise whatever, and confines his recreational reading pretty much to pulp detective fiction.

After listening to a ten o'clock news broadcast, he prepares for bed by drinking coffee, always out of the saucer. Should the few visitors, whom Mrs. Robinson occasionally invites, overstay this limit, Doc is likely to start undressing in the living room.

"Some people think I'm a roughneck," he says.

The prophet no longer observes the Psychiana ritual before retiring.

"I have passed beyond that stage," he explains. "I just think."

THE END

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4/5 QUART
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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OLD
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A GOOD TIP ON A GOOD OLD FASHIONED!

Just give your bartender the password..."Fine Arts"...and get the "multi-blended" whiskey! Golden-smooth whiskies tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskies...then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!

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THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF

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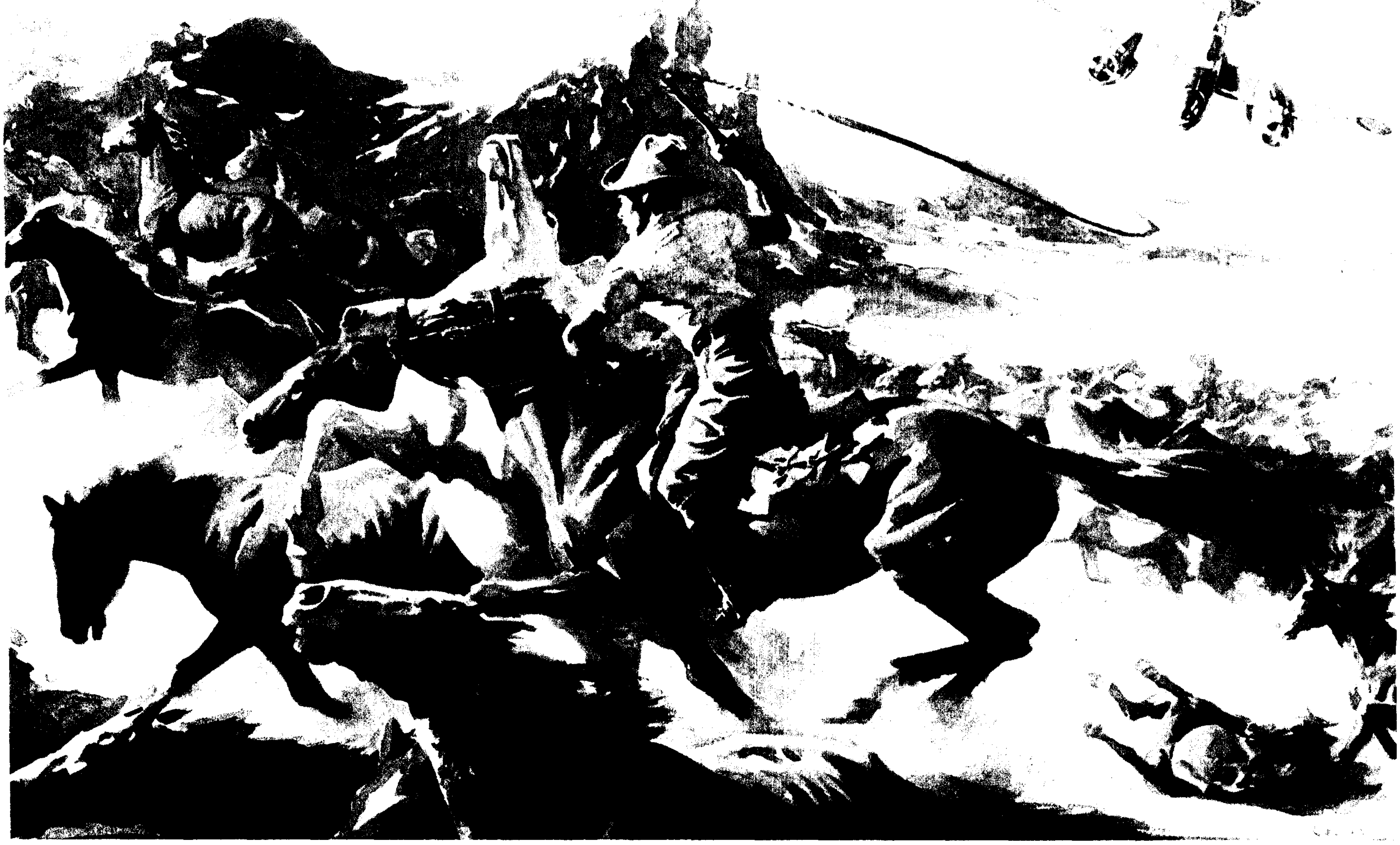


Their long stock whips were out, the plaited leather curling and cracking sharp as gunshots, biting into horseflesh

THE BRUMBY CAR

BY LOUIS KAYE

There are places a tank cannot go, nor a jeep nor a peep, for that matter. There was a job for Joe Kenney's tough little rock-bred horses

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

JOE KENNEY was eighteen when he tried to enlist, though to be on the safe side he said he was twenty-one. That was all right. From a military point of view everything was all right except his occupation, which was all wrong.

He was a stockman. He had been born and brought up on a cattle station on the border of Queensland, and the working part of his life so far had been spent driving cattle over and down the thousand-mile-long stock routes out of Queensland, and the Northern Territory into South and West Australia. It had not occurred to him to lie about this, and it is doubtful if he could have done so successfully, for his trade was stamped upon him with the impress of sun and desert dust. It had shaped his sapling body and burned and hardened the skin of palm and foot and flank.

"No go for the army then, son," the officer informed him. "That's a reserved occupation. For the present, it's more important to the country to keep you on the stock routes than to have you in service. Food's as big a part of this war as fighting."

When he had absorbed this information, Joe managed to deliver what he thought would be a devastating answer to it.

"It's not just me I want to enlist," he said. "It's some horses too. I got a mob of 'em over in the Territory, four or five hundred. I was thinking we'd all join up in the Light Horse."

It was as if he had led with his chin. For the moment, however, the officer did not swing at it.

"What's a kid like you doing with four or five hundred horses?"

Joe blushed. "I suppose it's what they call a hobby."

It was slightly more than that, but he could not speak freely about things so deep in his heart. Horses to him were a faith, a way of life, a reason for living.

He kept these four or five hundred in a southwestern tract of the Northern Territory. Only one had cost anything in money, the stallion Red Devil. The rest had cost only the work of rounding up wild horseflesh and slapping a brand on it. Joe had taken the trouble to muster the mob because he believed that out of it would come horses to carry men farther between dawn and dusk than they had ever ridden before.

It was a horseflesh laboratory, a great, beautiful experiment. The basic element in the experiment was the brumby, the wild horse of the Australian plains. The brumby does not rank high, but it does have staying qualities and an ability to thrive on desert herbage, to go long periods without water. Give it spirit and intelligence and you'd have something. That was what Joe was aiming for, that was why he had bought the great stallion, Red Devil. Thick-barreled, heavy-boned Red Devil was, but he had a world of spirit and fierce pride. He was unbroken. Joe had not bought him for riding; he had bought him for the saddle horses he would bring out of brumby mares.

The officer sat for a while in silence, no doubt casting around for some way to soften the blow he must deliver.

"Son," he said at last, getting up to put a hand on one of the boy's slim shoulders, "war's mechanized these days, and I'm afraid we simply don't need horses. You go back and try to remember that you're fighting the war just as sure as if you were wearing an emu feather in your hat."

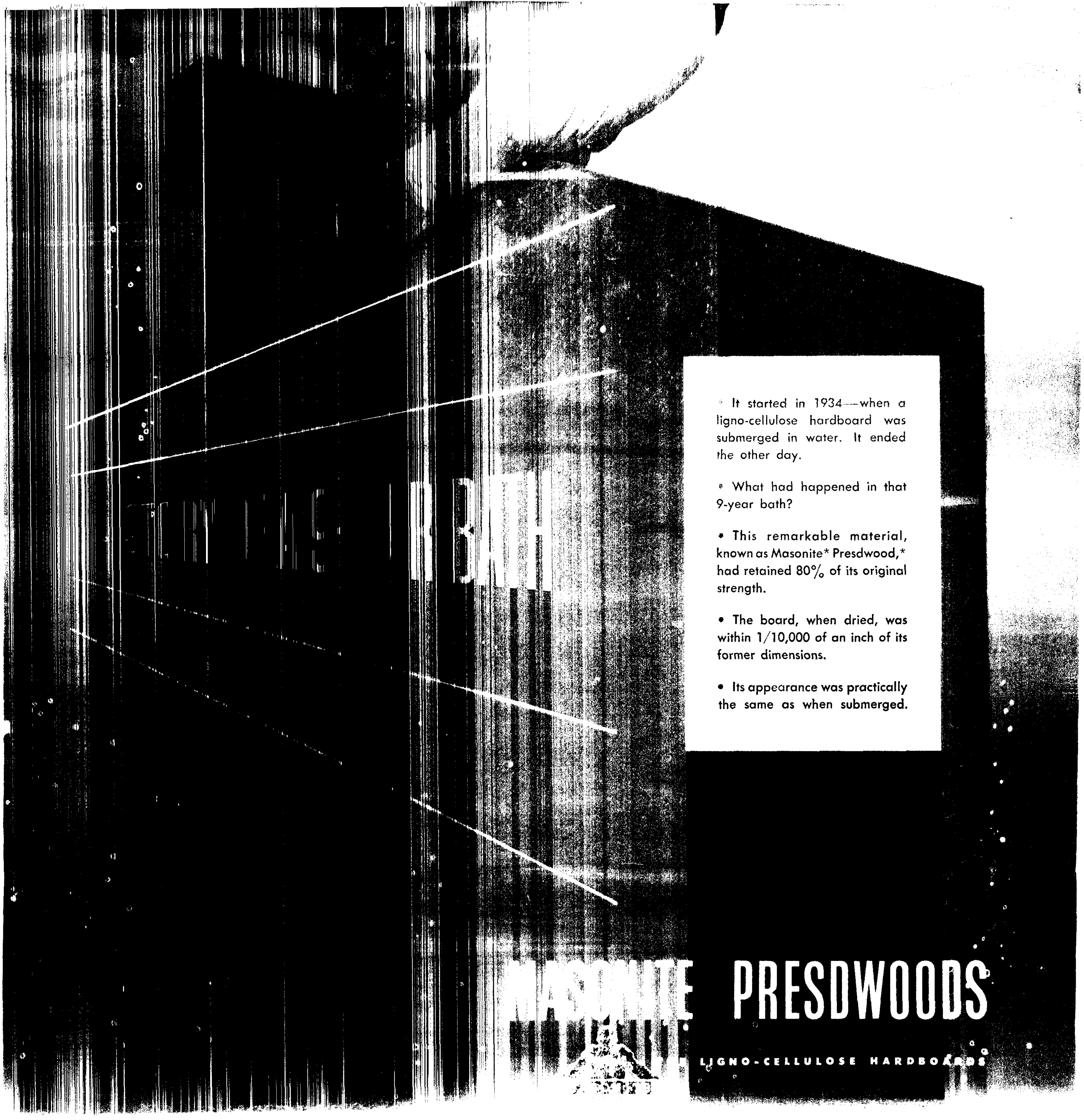
This interview took place in a coastal town, where the solace of a few half pints of beer was available; but Joe had no taste for it. He sought to drown his sorrows in a rarer brew. There was one theater in the town and he spent the rest of the day in it. He had strong preferences in films and, as it happened, the program this day was exactly suited to his taste, since it involved a great deal of riding and shooting. He saw the picture three times, but when he left, misery still gripped him by the throat; if anything, the picture had made it worse.

It was as if Australia had turned into a foreign country before his eyes, as if the men who led Australia's fighting men were strangers.

He could not understand it. And if he could not, how could he hope to make Saltbush understand?

Saltbush was his friend, his working companion, a dour youth of Joe's own years. If he had ever had another name, he did not know it; and it was not clear if he had been set adrift by the death of his parents, as Joe had, or if he had set himself adrift by running away from whatever home he might have had. He was slow and moody, he spoke seldom, he had no enthusiasms except in the

(Continued on page 80)



- It started in 1934—when a ligno-cellulose hardboard was submerged in water. It ended the other day.
- What had happened in that 9-year bath?
- This remarkable material, known as Masonite* Presdwood,* had retained 80% of its original strength.
- The board, when dried, was within 1/10,000 of an inch of its former dimensions.
- Its appearance was practically the same as when submerged.

HE secret of Presdwood lies in the two basic elements of natural wood: the tiny *cellulose fibres* of which wood is composed, and the *lignin* which holds them together.

The Masonite process starts with *exploding* wood, neither removing the lignin nor damaging the cellulose fibres. The result is a mass of fibres of varying degrees of plasticity.

The next step is to interlace the fibres to provide equal strength in all directions. And then they are welded together again under varying heats and pressures, using lignin's own great bonding power.

Masonite Presdwoods—made in this way from ligno-cellulose fibres of varying degrees of plasticity in different weights and densities—are suitable for many special purposes and uses.

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Today in America's War Program, Presdwoods have more than 500 different uses—saving steel, aluminum, rubber, asbestos, and many other critical materials.

Although Presdwoods are not readily available for civilian use, if your company is engaged in essential production, and you need a superior material to replace other scarce materials, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 West Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.

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Sealed in GOOD TASTE
That's why it is winning such ever-increasing enthusiastic approval
Special Pilsener Brew
Blatz Pilsener Beer
BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-SECOND YEAR

Behind the Wall

Continued from page 18

we held grimly to one determination: the will to survive.

It was first of all necessary to be practical and set up some kind of daily life. No matter what the circumstances, children had to be attended to, the family fed, the old and sick taken care of. Each of these natural functions of a normal daily routine presented enormous difficulties which had to be overcome. The Jewish Council came to the fore as leader of the community. This had originally been a religious institution with little personnel and no experience in communal administration. Overnight the members found themselves faced with the responsibility for 600,000 people, their relations among themselves and with the outside world. They bravely shouldered that burden and went to work with energy and determination. The president was a Mr. Czerniakow, a fine man with a strong sense of duty. I say "was" advisedly, because a few weeks ago we learned here that he committed suicide last summer when the Germans asked him to draw up a list of 100,000 people for deportation.

The Overlord of the Ghetto

The administration, sketchy at the start, had to be set up in a hurry or we could not have lived even through the first weeks. The council was to conduct all dealings with the outer world, which for us had shrunk into one figure, was incorporated in one man: Auerswaldt. This was our overlord, the Commissar for Jews in the German government. I never saw him and know few who did. He was a remote personality, but his shadow fell darkly across our lives. His office had complete charge of any question connected with Jews, and his assistants went in and out of the Jewish Council's office, issuing orders, shouting at our officials, pounding on the table with the riding whips they always carried, abusing the men who worked there so hard and under such duress. The place was like a madhouse, with the madmen in control.

All banks and exchange offices were outside the ghetto. Any financial business had to be conducted through the office of the commissar. All our legal affairs had to be handled by a non-Jewish attorney. The court building is marked on the map, showing its two entrances, one from the ghetto and another from the narrowing indentation of the Jewish town. This courthouse was the only place where the two worlds still met. Here Jew and Christian were allowed to see each other for the last time, and many a grim and tragic scene of farewell took place within that setting. Here the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds were to be severed under the law. Here men terminated old partnerships started by fathers or grandfathers. Here women took final leave of lifetime friends. Here, hardest of all, husbands and wives met, to see each other no more. The Nuremberg law had been applied in occupied Poland, and marriages between Jews and non-Jews had to be dissolved.

All the makeshift arrangements, which we had considered temporary when forced to move in so hastily, became permanent. One room only could be allotted to a family. In this room everyone slept, ate and lived. Cooking and washing also had to be done there, and it was beyond human effort to maintain order and decency under such conditions.

We had no electricity any more. Carbide lamps and candles had to serve for lighting purposes, while electric appliances such as irons, heaters, cleaners and the like became obsolete and so much scrap. We had no gas for cooking except from 1 A. M. to 6 A. M. The housewife at work all day could not possibly stay up so late or get up so early. Therefore we cooked over wood fires in small iron stoves. As the rooms naturally had no flues, the stove would fill them with choking smoke and cover everything with soot.

All radios were confiscated and telephones removed. Musical instruments, pianos in particular, were requisitioned. Streetcars no longer operated in the ghetto. They were replaced by an old horse-drawn wagon which rumbled through the main streets, stopping occasionally to lower a pair of steps for a passenger.

Whoever could afford to pay more hired a ricksha pushed by a man treading pedals.

The streets were always jammed full of pedestrians, so that one had literally to fight one's way through the masses. The Germans had laid out the ghetto with the idea of making it as difficult as possible for us to get anywhere. The worst congestion of all was at the point I mentioned before, where the two sections of the ghetto meet at a sharp angle at the corner of Zelasna and Chlodna. This was a point all of us had to pass many times a week because the Jewish Council was situated in the little ghetto. The Germans showed great skill in systematically blocking traffic at this crossroad.

A Jewish post office was organized with two branches, one in each section of the ghetto. These would handle nothing but post cards. No letters, parcels, or anything else could be sent out of or into the ghetto. Every card was examined by the German censor.

Persecuting the Sick

One of the worst hardships we had to bear was the fact that all pharmacies had been moved out of the ghetto and that every prescription had to be submitted to the commissar through the Jewish Council. The needs of the sick were thus deliberately delayed by red tape. Furthermore, we were obliged to pay for this red tape; every prescription granted—and they were by no means all granted—carried a special handling fee in addition to its cost. To make up for the loss of our hospital, we adapted several small houses to take in sick people. It was a poor arrangement, for the buildings were unfit for their purpose and were far apart, while we had no equipment beyond what we could smuggle in. At the end of 1941, when spotted fever raged through the ghetto, we still had to struggle with the same insufficient conditions.

The most vital problem for us was food. During those long months the word on every person's lips, the thought in every mind, was food—where to get it, how to get it, how much was there. For food a man would take the most fearful risks, would incur the most frightful punishments.

Because nothing could be grown in the ghetto, every bit of food had to be brought in from the outside. An Office of Provision was set up within the Jewish Council to receive what the Germans allotted to us and distribute it to the re-

Common ghetto street scene: a shoeless pauper, his feet bound in rags, carries a tattered coat he hopes to barter for food

tailers. Our official bread ration was five pounds a month per person. Enough flour for this was delivered to the council, which then apportioned it to the bakers. The flour was dark and sticky, while the bread made from it tasted like turnips and was indigestible.

The diet forced upon us was calculated to starve us. It contained no fats, no eggs, no meat or fish, no fruits or vegetables, and was, therefore, almost completely lacking in calories and vitamins.

Naturally, in these circumstances we took matters into our own hands. A flourishing black market sprang up, supplied by highly organized smuggling, and this enabled us to keep from starving to death.

The smugglers were tough characters, reckless and unafraid. The penalty if caught was death, but there were always replacements to be found for their depleted ranks. Well organized and disciplined, they worked on a large scale. Moreover, the smugglers were fortunate in two respects: food was plentiful in the country around the capital, and they could generally count on the corruption and greed of the Germans.

The black market sold white flour out of which bakers secretly baked rolls and bread at night. The wheat grains for this flour were smuggled in and ground privately on hidden hand mills. There was one in the house where I lived, and so well guarded was the secret that I never learned where it stood.

There were even a few privately run dairies in the ghetto, each with a few cows. I don't know whether the cows had been there before or whether they were driven in just before the closing of the wall. Their fodder also had to come in through the black market, the malt from breweries. Once a live cow was smuggled in, it was the talk of the ghetto for days, as was also the extravagant bribe that had to be paid to the guard who let it through.

A single day's food for a medium-sized family came to the equivalent of twenty dollars on the black market. Since our prime interest in life was getting food, any money we earned, any funds we possessed, any valuables we were able to sell, were all dedicated to that supreme purpose.

The majority of the ghetto population lived on a monstrous and unprecedented sell-out. We consumed whatever substance was left. Those who still had money spent it. By far the greater part had nothing but the valuables they had been able to carry away with them. These we sold one by one so that we could eat. There were always Germans and German sympathizers who jumped at the chance to buy *objets d'art*, precious stones and the like, for a pittance. The agents who brought about these deals lived entirely on their commissions, which they used to buy food. They had to have helpers to smuggle the valuables out of the ghetto, for the wall was a barrier both ways.

Exploits of Young Smugglers

Small children were trained for this trade. They would creep through holes in the brickwork or climb over and jump down. Once on the outside they would run away on their errands. They made marvelous smugglers, for they could be taught easily and it was the sort of game their imaginations would seize upon with delight. They loved to outwit the sluggish Germans and were thoroughly familiar with every winding street and back alley through which they sped with their burdens. They were seldom caught, because children under fourteen did not have to wear the Jewish arm band.

Those who had no valuables left sold their last miserable belongings out on the sidewalks before their lodgings or hawked them through the streets. When these were gone, they sold their miserable bodies, their last strength, to menial services for a meal, for a piece of food. And those who had no more strength, died.

The second part of this article will appear next week.

REGENT
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KING SIZE
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REGENT

Which is your type . . .
Jolson, Hildegarde, Goodman?

JOLSON? Famous Al, whose Tuesday night radio show is the joy of millions, is the discerning type. "Regent is better tasting", he remarks. That's because Regents are made from choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor!

HILDEGARDE? This international singing star gets a kick out of collecting water colors. She's the economical type. "I like Regent's King Size", she observes. "In times like these, value's important. Regents are over 20% longer...naturally mean more value!"

GOODMAN? One of Benny's eight clarinets is reserved for the classics. The practical type, he says: "That Regent crushproof box is right in the groove! It's practically a personal cigarette case!" That's one reason why Regents are *always* in perfect smoking condition.

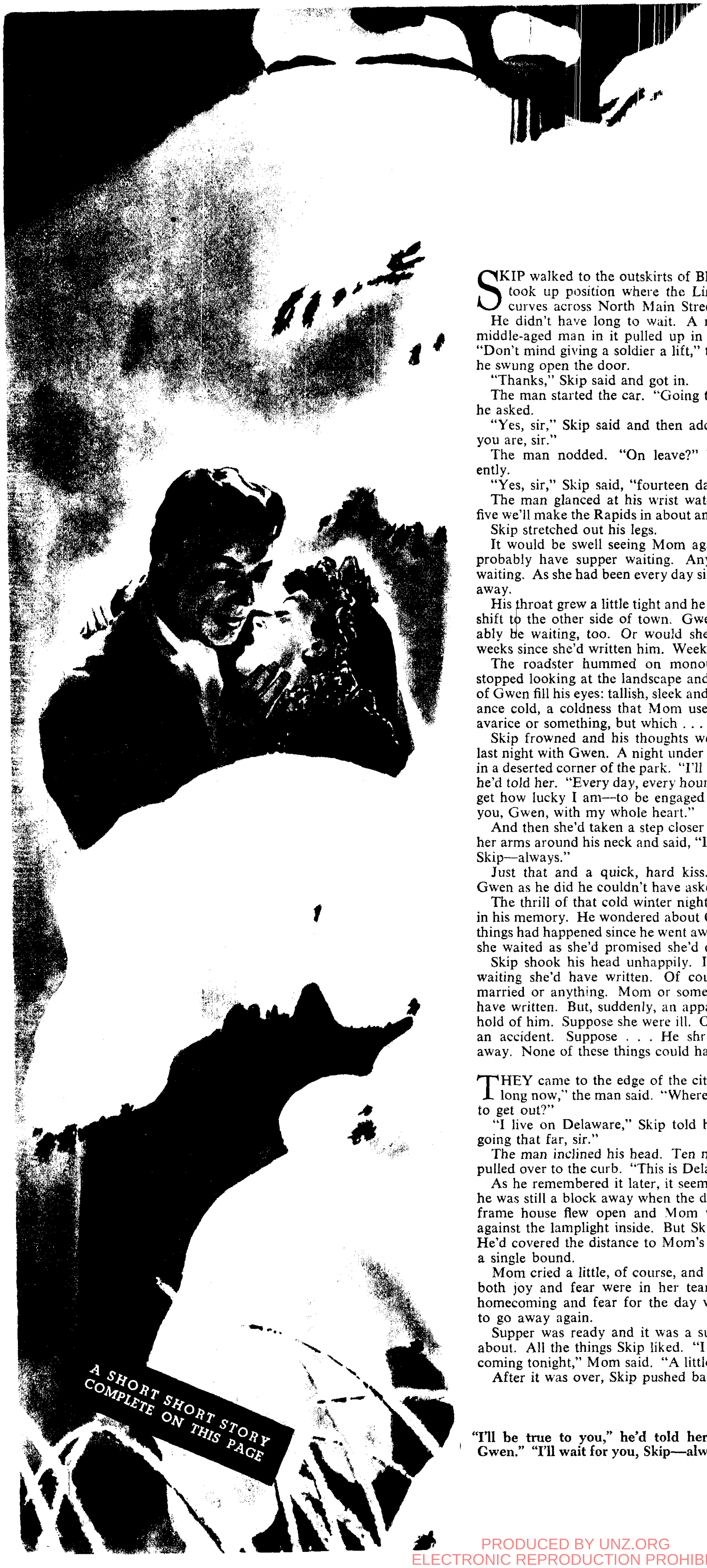
ALL THREE AGREE . . . that Regent, with its streamlined oval shape, is a *mild* smoke. Regent, you see—and *only* Regent—is Multiple Blended, an exclusive process that makes it *extra* mild! Try Regent yourself. Costs no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT
The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Married on Monday

By Roy Wheeler

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I'll be true to you," he'd told her. "I love you, Gwen." "I'll wait for you, Skip—always," she'd said

SKIP walked to the outskirts of Blandinsville and took up position where the Lincoln Highway curves across North Main Street.

He didn't have long to wait. A roadster with a middle-aged man in it pulled up in a few minutes. "Don't mind giving a soldier a lift," the man said as he swung open the door.

"Thanks," Skip said and got in.

The man started the car. "Going to the Rapids?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Skip said and then added, "that is, if you are, sir."

The man nodded. "On leave?" he asked presently.

"Yes, sir," Skip said, "fourteen days."

The man glanced at his wrist watch. "At thirty-five we'll make the Rapids in about an hour," he said.

Skip stretched out his legs.

It would be swell seeing Mom again, too. She'd probably have supper waiting. Anyway, *she'd* be waiting. As she had been every day since he marched away.

His throat grew a little tight and he let his thoughts shift to the other side of town. Gwen would probably be waiting, too. Or would she? It had been weeks since she'd written him. Weeks.

The roadster hummed on monotonously. Skip stopped looking at the landscape and let the picture of Gwen fill his eyes: tallish, sleek and at first appearance cold, a coldness that Mom used to think was avarice or something, but which . . .

Skip frowned and his thoughts went back to his last night with Gwen. A night under the winter stars in a deserted corner of the park. "I'll be true to you," he'd told her. "Every day, every hour. I'll never forget how lucky I am—to be engaged to you. I love you, Gwen, with my whole heart."

And then she'd taken a step closer to him and put her arms around his neck and said, "I'll wait for you, Skip—always."

Just that and a quick, hard kiss. But knowing Gwen as he did he couldn't have asked for more.

The thrill of that cold winter night was still sharp in his memory. He wondered about Gwen. A lot of things had happened since he went away. A lot. Had she waited as she'd promised she'd do?

Skip shook his head unhappily. If she were still waiting she'd have written. Of course she wasn't married or anything. Mom or someone else would have written. But, suddenly, an appalling fear took hold of him. Suppose she were ill. Or had met with an accident. Suppose . . . He shrugged the fear away. None of these things could happen to Gwen.

THEY came to the edge of the city. "It won't be long now," the man said. "Where would you like to get out?"

"I live on Delaware," Skip told him. "If you're going that far, sir."

The man inclined his head. Ten minutes later he pulled over to the curb. "This is Delaware," he said.

As he remembered it later, it seemed to Skip that he was still a block away when the door of the little frame house flew open and Mom was silhouetted against the lamplight inside. But Skip didn't know. He'd covered the distance to Mom's arms in almost a single bound.

Mom cried a little, of course, and Skip knew that both joy and fear were in her tears. Joy for his homecoming and fear for the day when he'd have to go away again.

Supper was ready and it was a supper to dream about. All the things Skip liked. "I knew you'd be coming tonight," Mom said. "A little bird told me."

After it was over, Skip pushed back from the table. "I . . ." he began and hesitated, "I," he hurried on, "don't suppose you've seen or heard from Gwen?"

Mom stopped midway to the kitchen, her hands full of dishes. "No," she said shortly, "I haven't."

"I guess I'll go over there for a while," Skip said.

"I expected you would," Mom said and went on out to the kitchen.

An hour later, bathed, shaved and in a fresh shirt, Skip caught a streetcar across town. It took him to within five blocks of Gwen's home.

There was a young man in a camel's-hair coat on the sidewalk ahead of him, but for a block or two Skip paid no attention to him. His concern over Gwen was too absorbing. But then he began to notice the young man's walk and something about him that was strangely familiar. Was it Don Bradley? Or Ed Gowen? Or Fred Huston? Yes! Fred Huston! It must be Fred, Fred still claiming deferment on account of the mill.

Skip's heart missed a beat. What was Fred doing in this neighborhood? He'd always been crazy about Gwen, but . . . Skip dropped back and at the next corner crossed the street. Then he speeded up again.

THE young man in the camel's-hair coat walked rapidly. *Maybe I could get there first if I ran,* Skip thought and kept on down the opposite side of the street. It probably wasn't Fred anyway and, even so, he wouldn't be going to see Gwen. No.

But outside the big brick house where Gwen lived the young man turned in.

"Gee!" Skip gasped. "He's—he's going in." Breathlessly he tried to shrink into the shadow of a tree. Into a spot where he could see and not be seen.

It seemed an age the time the young man took to walk to the house and up the steps.

And then it happened!

From his point of observation Skip saw the front door being opened. By a girl. He saw the young man take off his hat and put his arms around the girl. For a moment they stood there and then they moved away. The door closed behind them.

"Gwen," Skip cried. "It—it must have been Gwen." He was clenching and unclenching his fists without knowing what he was doing. "But I've got to be sure," he cried. "I've got to *know.*" He began stealthily to cross the street.

As he came onto the lawn that surrounded the brick house his face was grim. There were curtains at the windows but by coming close he could see in. They might jail him for this, but at least he'd find out.

A girl was coming across the room. Yes, it was Gwen. She paused at a little table and picked up a cigarette. And then the young man came forward to light it for her. Yes, it was Fred!

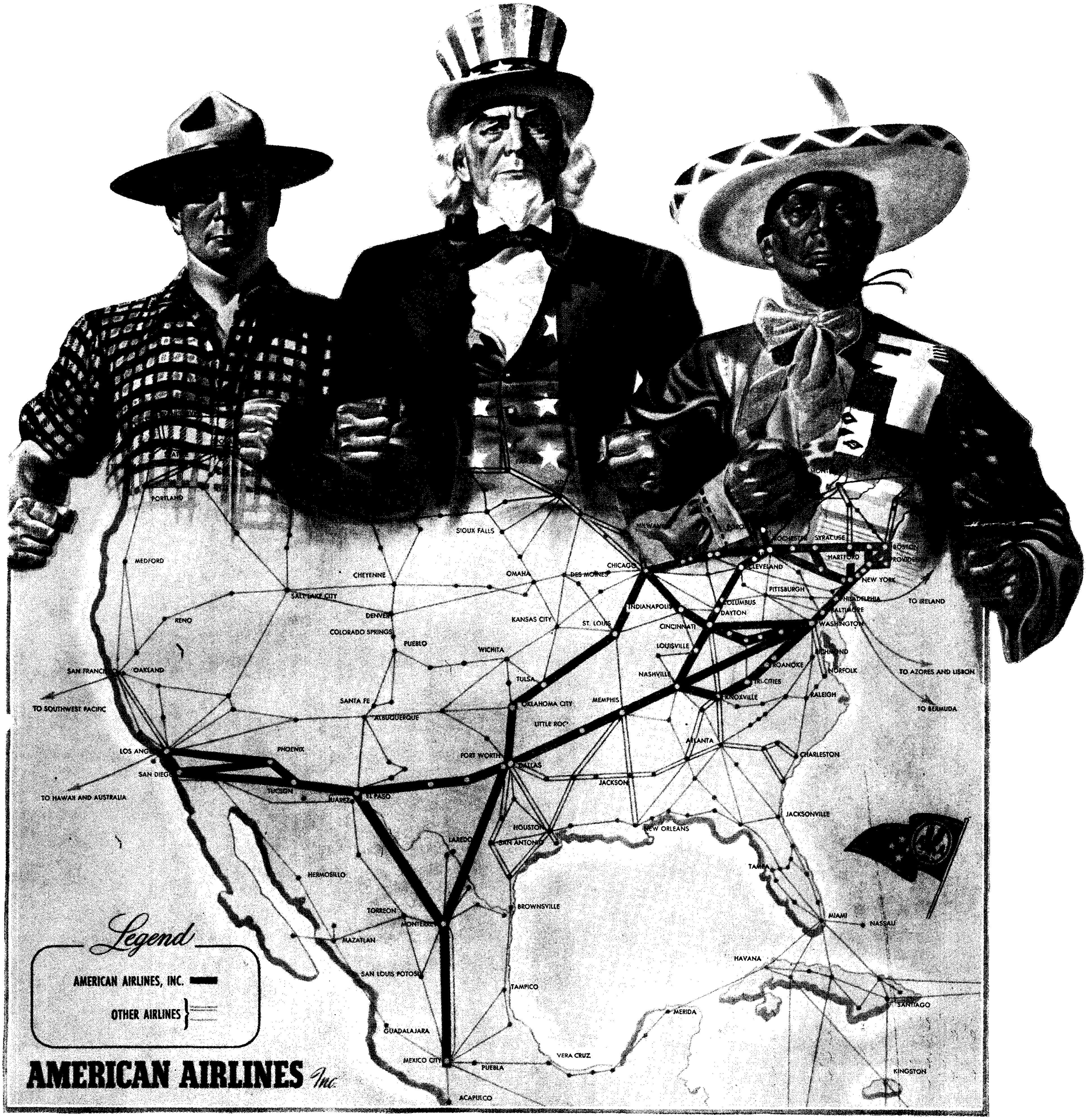
Gwen laughed and blew a little cloud of smoke toward the young man. And then he put his arms around her and their lips met.

When they came apart, Skip never knew. He was racing down the five blocks to the big drugstore on the car line.

As he burst in the door he hurled three paper dollars at a clerk and demanded change. Then with it in his hand he ran through the entire customer field and ducked into a telephone booth at the back of the store.

Three minutes later a heavily laden spinster lady paused near the side door. Her packages were bulky and her feet hurt. She had forgotten to bring an empty tube and they wouldn't give her any toothpaste. But from inside the telephone booth was coming a thrill to make her forget her troubles.

"Betty . . . darling!" Skip was saying. "I got it—the discharge. . . . When? Five minutes ago. . . . Honorable? You bet, honey! I love you, too, darling. . . . You'll come up tomorrow? . . . Gee, that's swell! . . . We'll be married Monday. . . . Gee! . . . Mom's going to love you, honey. . . . Gee . . . like I do. . . . It's a great war, honey. Gee. . . ."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ALBUQUERQUE
PHOENIX
TUCSON
JUAREZ
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"How I clipped the barber... *with the Raleigh bet.*"

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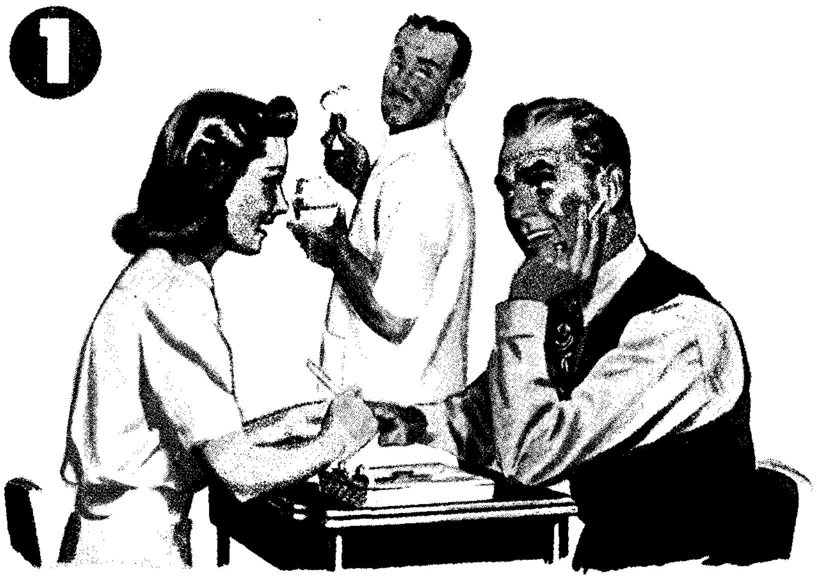

"Here's one time my barber wished he *hadn't* talked! I was telling the manicurist that all cigarettes *aren't* alike, and that I could pick my Raleighs from any other popular-priced brand just by looking at the color of the tobacco.

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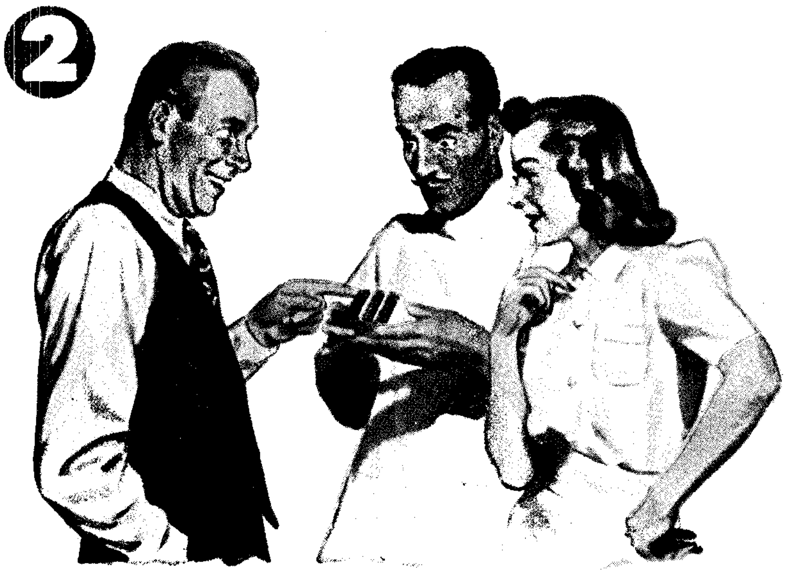

"'Bet you a shave you can't!' he pipes up. So he took my Raleighs and several other brands, covered the labels, and showed me just the open ends of the packs. He folded up like a wet towel when I picked right at first glance.

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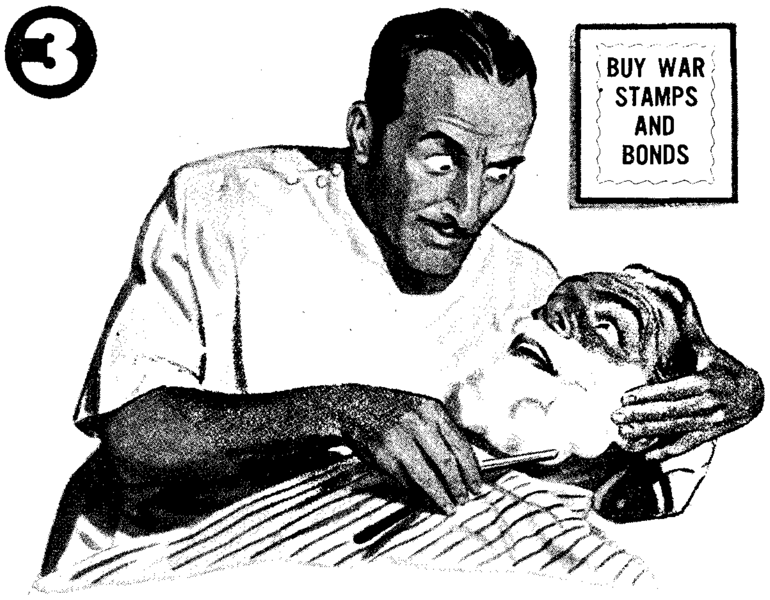
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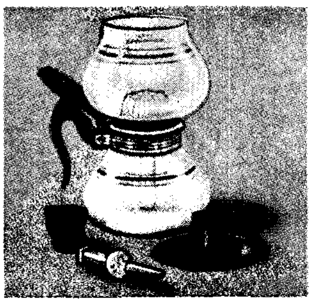

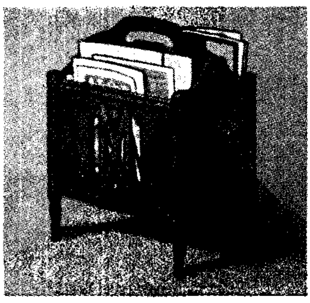

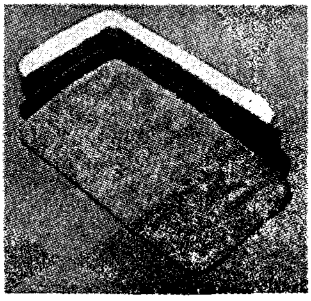

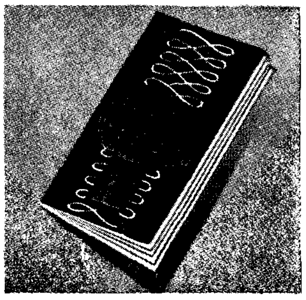

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1-A Johnson Grass

Continued from page 26

one-legged preacher-blacksmith. Neither the foreman nor the Senior Usher liked B'r Charlie; but Giles tolerated him because he could make a shovel plow sharper than any other blacksmith in the Red River bottoms and the Widow Duck defended him because he was her pastor. Presently, the talk got around to the church itself.

Giles and the Widow Duck were constantly feuding about the church. Giles was a sinner and, officially, the Widow Duck had small patience with sinners. On the other hand, Giles was interested only in the sort of work people did in the field, not at all in their church activities.

"Ain't too much down-right sin takin' place, I reckon," the Widow Duck replied to a question. "De young mens gittin' called in de Army kinder cuts hit down." She laughed. "Still, as long as ole Newman Dyke keeps ramblin', I reckon hit'll be enough sin goin' on to keep B'r Charlie preachin' agin hit."

"Young mens goin' off cuts in on de collection, too, don't hit?" Giles asked slyly.

The Widow Duck shrugged casually. Collections were getting to be a sore point, though there was no need to tell Giles so. "We s'pended de dues er de members which git caught in de draft," she explained. "We'll git hit back quick as dey come home and hit a lick wid a good crop and high prices."

"What about de mens which go off and leave dey wife behind—like Cricket and May-Lee?"

THE Widow Duck chuckled. "You sho got around to Cricket's grassy crop again, didn't you?"

Giles feigned self-reproach. "I reckon I ain't got nobody but myse'f to blame," he confessed. "I knowed better den let Cricket bring a hill woman on de place. But he begged so hard and he loved her so good—"

The mention of young love set the Widow Duck's big old heart to bubbling over. It had been many a year since she had taken Big Jim Haley away from a frail brown on Duke's Bend, but romance ever lurked in her soul. "Ah, Lawd, Giles," she said. "Hit ain't no denyin' sweet love."

Giles continued as if he hadn't heard: "Den when May-Lee put on like she was ailin' 'bout de time hoein' got tight and Cricket started gittin' behind in his crop, I didn't had no business lettin' you talk me outn runnin' 'em bofe off."

The Widow Duck dived into the foreman's trap. She didn't know May-Lee had "ailed" during the working season and she had never discussed the question of evicting the young couple. Nevertheless, she could not allow Giles to blame her without defending her position even though it had never been her position.

"Sho you can't run 'em off," she snapped. "Cricket was bawn on dis place and, good or bad, he got a right."

"His woman ain't got no right to ail, jest cause hit's mo' easier to stay in de house and groan den hit is to git out and fight Johnson grass. I couldn't 'a' runned her off, less'n I run Cricket off, too."

"Trouble wid you, Giles," the Widow Duck said, "you don't onderstand a woman wid love."

"Man, woman, or mule," Giles declared, "when you lays in de shade and grunts jest cause de sun is hot and de grass is high, dat's laziness. Pyore-D laziness."

"Pyore-D love," the Widow Duck insisted. "Hit's like dis: de mo' May-Lee didn't work in de field wid her hoe, de harder Cricket had to work wid his plow. Ain't dat right?"

Giles admitted it was true.

"And de mo' harder Cricket got to plow, de mo' he show May-Lee he love her good. On account er no man ain't gonter work dat hard for his woman efn he don't love her too good."

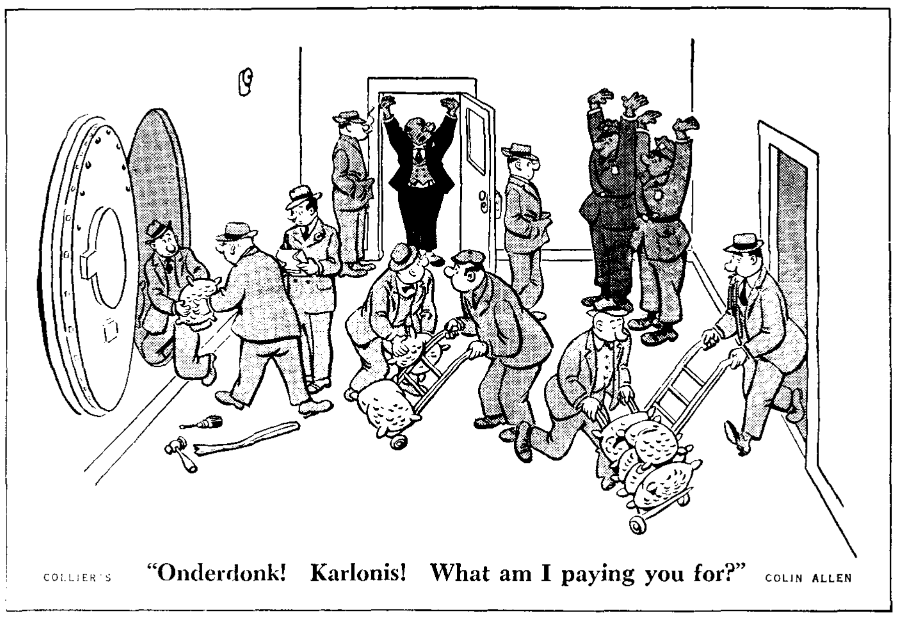
"Hunh!" Giles snorted.

"Don't you 'hunh' at love," the Widow Duck warned. "Love is holy, right outn de Bible. I don't keer efn you is a onredeemed sinner and a low-down church-don't-goer, you can't do dat. De Book say, 'Feed me tharfo' on pyore love for verily de lamb shall lay down on de line and eat de apple er Eden's Tree.' Be not disencouraged, son. God will change conditions."

Giles grinned. "Love and Cricket and May-Lee all mixed up wid de church, hunh?"

"Sho. Dey's all good members at my church. De way dem chilluns love is a blessin' in sheep's clothes and few abide tharin." Then as if to drive home the point, the Widow Duck added, "And I'm fixin' to move we s'pends May-Lee's dues ontwell her man git home f'm de draft."

"And dat will jest 'bout fix ev'ything," Giles said sarcastically. "Y'all git over at de church and tawk about bein' holy and s'pendin' dues! Who gonter s'pend de grass outn dat crop, so's hit'll pay off for what Cricket and May-Lee done et and so's May-Lee kin eat dis winter? Church got somethin' to do 'bout dat?"



COLLIER'S "Onderdonk! Karlonis! What am I paying you for?" COLIN ALLEN

The Widow Duck bristled. It was a challenge thrown to the Old Ship of Zion by as rank a sinner as ever sprouted. "Ain't no member er my church skeered of a little bitty Johnson grass," the Widow Duck snorted. "Us members'll whup dat grass outn dat good sister's crop in a committee. I'm gonter ush up a meetin' of ev'y woman big enough to swing a hoe, and ev'y man stout enough to hold a plow, and us'll whup dat grass jest like us whups ole Satan!"

GETTING May-Lee's cotton cleaned of grass took a week of the hardest work the Widow Duck had ever done plus every bit of influence and imagination she possessed. Cricket's crop was, she soon discovered, a complete mess. Only a fair plowhand at best and with Giles too busy to keep watch, Cricket had plowed sloppily and May-Lee's hoeing had shown an appalling lack of interest. The result was a field full of tall grass with deep, tough roots.

The Widow Duck put the pressure on, hard. Mamie T, the best cotton chopper on Little Bee Bend, was soon to come before the church board as a candidate for Chief Usher. The Widow Duck let it be known that "committee" work in May-Lee's field would definitely influence the board's decision. This brought Mamie T's hoe out.

WORD was spread that a reorganization of the choir was contemplated; and unless a number of the singers showed more enthusiasm about committee work they would wind up as mere Water Sisters in the Left Hand Pew instead of Mocking Birds over the Altar. There would also be added to the list of church officers a few Acting Junior Deacons, provided some interest was displayed by boys big enough to learn the deaconing business and strong enough to hold a cultivator in a grassy furrow.

After the first day's work, it was apparent to the Widow Duck that the people did not have their hearts in it. She stopped by the blacksmith shop to discuss the matter with B'r Charlie.

"What dem members needs," she told the preacher, "is a soul-splittin' sermon and prayer, right out in de field. Whyn't you drap by along 'bout sun-up and pitch a meetin'?"

B'r Charlie fidgeted uncomfortably. "Hit's a fur piece for me to crutch down de turnrow," he objected.

"You crutched a heap mo' fur den dat," she reminded him. "And not on church business, neither." But she didn't press the matter.

After supper, she went to Modom Aw-bear's cabin. The Widow Duck had no belief in and scant patience for the hoodoo woman's strange practices. She had known Modom Aw-bear when the Modom had been plain Cissie Ringgold—long before she talked in the French dialect of Cane River or pretended to have magic powers. But the Widow Duck knew that many people on Little Bee Bend believed in Modom Aw-bear's power and the Widow Duck was desperate.

"Set, Cissie, and quit suckin' yo' teef at me," the Widow Duck commanded as she entered the gloomy cabin. "You ain't got as much sense as me but you knows what's takin' place cause de people runs to you wid dey troubles."

Modom Aw-bear moaned and hissed as the Widow Duck went on: "Me and Giles got strung out in a argyment 'bout c'd I git Cricket's and May-Lee's crop worked and hit look like Giles got me down."

"De Creekit I know, yas," Modom Aw-bear sighed heavily. "For him I make one love toby. De May-Lee? No."

"Don't nobody else know her, neither," the Widow Duck said. She wrinkled her brow and thought hard. "Dat set my mind thinkin', Cissie. Maybe you done put yo' big mouf on de trouble. I bet dat's de p'int. Efn ev'ybody knowed May-Lee good, dey'd pitch in and work hard. But dey don't know her. Dey been workin' for her, cause dey knows me. She's gittin' de work secondhand and secondhand work ain't no good."

"Dees May-Lee, do she have *le je ne sais quoi?*" Modom Aw-bear made a suggestive wiggle.

The Widow Duck laughed. "She might do in a rush efn a man couldn't do no better," she said. "But I'm got womens and mens bofe workin' for her."

"Mmm," groaned Modom Aw-bear. "You got de troubles, yas."

"You's mighty tootin' I'm got troubles," the Widow Duck admitted. "But I'm got me a idea, too. Good night all and thanky for de company."

FROM the hoodoo woman, the Widow Duck made straight for May-Lee's house. "Git dressed in yo' fancy Sunday clothes and come wid me," the Widow Duck ordered.

When May-Lee was dressed, the Widow Duck inspected her critically. "Twon't do," she said firmly. "Whar yo' high heels?"

"Ain't got none," said May-Lee crossly.

"Whar at yo' weddin' shoes?"

"Dese dey," May-Lee explained. "I didn't never had me no high heels. Cricket promised me some but he never got around to gittin' 'em."

"Come on home wid me, anyhow," the Widow Duck told her. "I'll do some borrowin' in de mawnin'."

The next day the Widow Duck introduced a new and somewhat bewildered May-Lee to the handful of committee members who were struggling with the grass. May-Lee wore high-heeled shoes, open-work stockings and a black slinky dress. Draped from her head like a bridal veil was one of the Widow Duck's lace curtains held in place by the old woman's long silver hatpin which also secured a spray of red zinnias from her flower bed.

"May-Lee a widow-bride," the Widow Duck announced. "And she got love dat's so holy dat whosoever do's good unto her shall be cast on de waters of life seven times seven and shall abide tharin'!"

It was apparent almost at once that May-Lee did not have the *je ne sais quoi.* She stood stupid and wall-eyed as the women stared through narrowed lids and the young aspirants for Acting Junior Deaconships searched in vain for glamor.

The Widow Duck knew. "Git home and take dat stuff off," she told May-Lee. "And den git yo' hoe and start choppin' grass like you ain't never done. Onderstand?"

"Yas'm," said May-Lee.

"And you, Mamie T, you keep dese young'ns choppin' and y'all boys do de best you kin wid de cultivator to I gits back. Ain't nothin' gonter git dis grass but work. Pitch in hard and heavy whilst I goes for mo' he'p."

The Widow Duck went off to find

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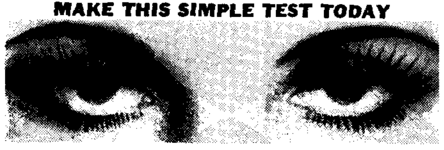

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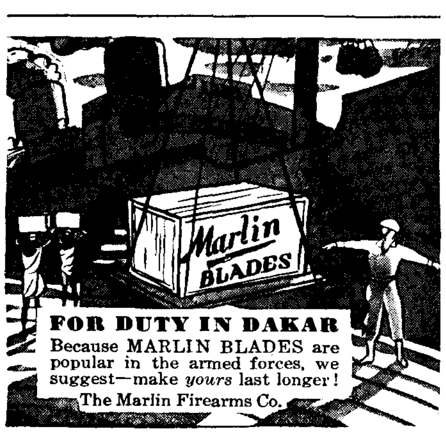

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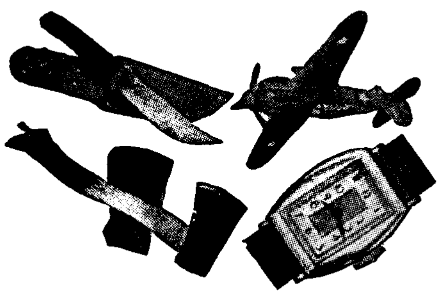

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Newman Dyke, her favorite sinner. "Go catch Eagle and Lightnin'," she commanded. "Hook 'em to de newest cultivator in de lot."

Newman backed off, grinning. "Look, Mis' Duck," he said, "I knows 'bout you tryin' to git dat grassy field cleant up. I went down and peeped around. I never seed such tough-lookin' grass and I know I ain't never seed as hard a lookin' lady as dat gaggle-laigged May-Lee. Ain't nothin' in dat field dat appeals to my favors."

The Widow Duck was stern. "Yas, de grass is tough and May-Lee sho ain't nothin' to look at. You and yo' mules is de onliest team which kin whup dat grass and y'all gonter do jest dat." She glared at him. "Or else," she threatened, "bad luck sho gonter overtake you all de days er yo' life."

Newman capitulated, the Widow Duck got her own hoe into action, and two days later she invited Giles to inspect May-Lee's field.

"De cotton done got stunted some," she said, "but hit ain't no grass dar."

Giles nodded approvingly. "Come a shower and I'll wage-plow hit th'ough one mo' time and hit'll make fair, I reckon," the foreman said. "But you better keep in behind May-Lee—"

"Not me," the Widow Duck snapped. "I said I'd git de field clean and I done hit. From hyar on out May-Lee is yo' business. Satisfied?"

"Satisfied," Giles agreed.

THE Widow Duck promptly forgot May-Lee and when a man from the guvmer came to question her about May-Lee, she was no more than mildly curious. "Yassuh," she replied, "I knows Harding Daingerfield dat got caught in de draft. His call name is Cricket and his wife is name May-Lee. Dey got married up wid a pair er cou'thouse licenses on New Year's Day. Him and May-Lee was makin' a crop up to de time de draft call his name and he lef' out for Uncle Sam's Army. You kin find Cricket's name on de book at de commissary for three-and-a-half for dem cou'thouse licenses and you kin find May-Lee in her field. Follow de turnrow to de last house on de lef', den go down de grudge ditch to you sees a dark lady choppin' in de field by herself. Dat'll be Cricket's wife."

Slow hot weeks passed. The cotton grew tall and the stalks spread across the middles. There was no room for Johnson grass to grow and no more work to be done in the field. The cotton crop was "made." The blooms dropped off, squares formed and out of them grew the hard, dark green bolls. The people sat around and waited for the bolls to pop open so the cotton could be picked.

Around the middle of August, when a few open bolls were reported, Newman Dyke came to see the Widow Duck. "I been peepin' about some," he told her, "and f'm whar I'm settin' hit look like dat May-Lee gonter make a fair crop."

"And so?" challenged the Widow Duck.

"I put in two of de hardest days' plowin' I ever done, in dat field," Newman said. "Seem like she gonter make enough to pay out at de commissary and den have some to pay wages, maybe."

"You aimin' to charge a widow woman wages?"

"May-Lee got a husband."

"You knows he off in de draft."

Newman was insistent: "I'm got me a rule I don't never do nothin' for no lady less'n de lady do somethin' for me. Yutherwise de ladies will forgit who I'm is."

"You done dat plowin' for me," the Widow Duck reminded him. "And I ain't gonter pay you no wages. But de next time some lady's husband shoots you, I'll pick out de buckshots."

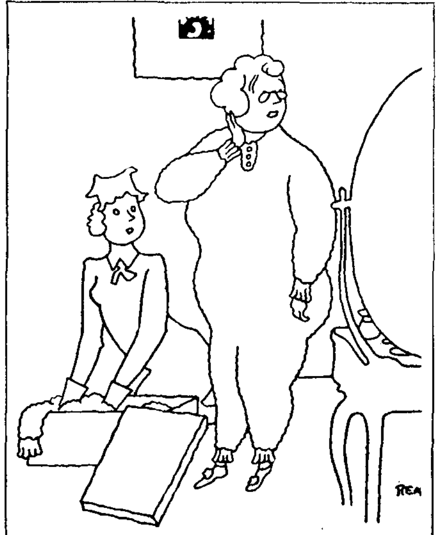
"Go 'haid, Mis' Duck," Newman laughed. "I wa'n't meanin' to charge you. Only I jest don't want de news to git about dat I worked May-Lee's crop for free. Dat be's bad, any way you looks at hit."

Once started, the cotton opened rapidly. People mended their old cotton sacks or sewed new ones from the long bolts of lowells. Rumors sprang up about the date picking would begin. A feeling of festive excitement was abroad in the land—cotton-picking time!

Then Giles rode through the fields and looked. That was on a Monday. "Pickin' fixin' to start Wednesday mawnin' quick as de dew dry off," he announced. "Ev'y picker git a dollar fo'-bits a hund'ed. Satisfied?"

No objection being offered, the people settled down for one more day of rest before the cotton would start rolling to the gin.

Wednesday morning found everybody busy in the field.



"Of course I shouldn't like to be too warm, either"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

At noon, while the pickers were eating their lunches, May-Lee became the center of attention. The R. F. D. postman, who drove down the black-top each day, stopped and called out to know if anybody named Mrs. W. Harding Daingerfield was around.

"Cricket's book name is Daingerfield," Giles told the postman. "Whar dat gal—what's her name—you!" He pointed to May-Lee. "De R. F. D. callin' you. Git out to de black-top."

May-Lee dragged herself to the highway and stood talking a long time to the postman. By the time she returned, everybody was ready to resume work. May-Lee was not dragging her feet, now. Instead, she was stepping high and held a long white envelope in one hand and a blue piece of paper in the other.

"Good news?" asked the Widow Duck.

"Good news," said May-Lee.

"Well, git yo' sack stropped on and you kin tell me about hit whilst us picks cotton."

MAY-LEE stopped and glared contemptuously. "My sack?" she demanded. "Humph! Lemme tell you somethin', big ole fat lady. I'm got myse'f a big guvmer check and I picks no mo' cotton!"

"Well, knock me down wid a sludge hammer!" exclaimed the Widow Duck.

"Cricket been gittin' paid wages whilst he in de draft," May-Lee continued haughtily. "So he sont me twenty-two dollars outn his wages."

"Twenty-two dollars!" the Widow Duck was astonished. "You got twenty-two dollars, gal?"

"Nawm," May-Lee said. "I'm got fifty dollars. De guv-mer likes de way Cricket work so good dat Uncle Sam sont me twenty-eight dollars, too. And dat makes fifty, quick as I writes my name on dis blue paper and gi' hit to de man at de bank."

The Widow Duck breathed deeply and thought rapidly. "Dat's a right smart pile er cash money for a gal to have befo' she sell her cotton. Efn you works hard and git dat sorry crop er yo'n picked clean, you might have enough money to pay out at de commissary and git kotched up wid de church dues, wid what you gits for yo' crop on top er dat fifty."

"Church dues! Humph!" May-Lee snorted. "I'm gonter leave out for Shrevepo't and git myse'f a pair er high heels and git on my Sunday clothes and do some gittin' about."

The Widow Duck reached for a loose singletree. "You'll git yo' sack an' start pickin'—"

"Hold ev'ything!" Giles ordered. "She got a right, Mis' Duck. Hit's her money and she kin do like she want."

"Hit ain't wrote in de Book dat a gal got a right to set flat of her chair and git money in de mails," the Widow Duck said.

"Maybe you ain't been readin' in de right book," Giles pointed out. "She got de money. You can't argy wid dat."

"WHAT about her crop?" the Widow Duck asked Giles.

Giles turned to May-Lee. "What about hit?" he asked.

"I ain't studdin' my crop," May-Lee said.

"Well, I'm is," Giles declared. "You and Cricket et and wored clothes on dat crop ontwell a mont' ago, and you been eatin' on hit ev'y since. Dat crop ain't too good, but hit'll pay out wid some lef' over."

"Den keep de change," May-Lee said magnanimously, "cause I'm a windin' ball and Shrevepo't bound."

"Dat's okay wid me," Giles told her, "but when you leave out f'm hyar, you's lef' f'm now on. Understand?"

"She owe me some money," Newman Dyke put in. "I plowed two days—"

"She don't owe you nothin'," Giles said. "Her crop owe you two days' wages and de crop kin pay."

"She owe church dues," the Widow Duck added. "Her and Cricket bofe."

"Nawp," Giles ruled. "Dat crop don't owe nobody's church no dues. Not even efn hit's a hund'ed dollars lef' over. You knows me too good to think I'm fixin' to pay somebody's church dues outn somebody's crop."

The Widow Duck eyed the foreman scornfully. "Onredeemed church-don't-goin' sinner!" She threw the epithet at him.

Giles laughed. "But on de yuther hand, hit ain't nothin' in my book which say anybody which work ain't intitled to dey wages. And efn I don't dis-remember, hit seem to me like a church committee worked might' nigh a week hoein' an' plowin' in dat field. And efn hit's any money to pay wages wid, I'll pay 'em to Old Ship's Senior Usher for her committee's wages. Hit ought to be enough to make up dem dues you s'pended for all de draft members!"

"I'm on to you, Giles," the Widow Duck chuckled happily. "And I bet de Lawd is, too. You hyppercritted de church into workin' dat field and now you's hyppercrittin' a way of payin' off widout makin' like you's he'pin' de church. For a hyppercrittin' sinner-man, may you abide tharin!"

THE END

To a young lady who's *All Alone* these days

1 *We know how you feel* with so many of the boys going away these days. And there are so few places that you can go yourself without gas for the car. But cheer up. There are lots of things to do that will help bring the boys back sooner, things that will make you forget you're *all alone.* Here's one of them.

2 *You can keep busy and happy* by taking up home nursing. It's easy to learn in a short time in your own home town. Then, with doctors and nurses so busy right now you can be a real help to your family, your friends and to the war effort. Call your local Red Cross Headquarters or Civilian Defense Office about it now.

3 *There's a Silver Lining* in the war clouds. When this war's over you'll be *going places,* on trips all over the country, in hours instead of days. Yes, you'll be flying as sure as you're born, cruising sunlit skyways in your own Cessna Family Car of the Air. An easy afternoon's ride will take you from New York to Cincinnati. And you'll find that flying your Cessna is as easy as driving an automobile. Today, of course, we're busy day and night building planes for Uncle Sam. But remember, if you can't *go places* now, you'll more than make up for it after the war in your Cessna Family Car of the Air.

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You can be one of the first to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No postwar obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. Cessna Aircraft Company, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kan.

★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS

Port of Navy Wives

Continued from page 15

a phone call from an officer she knew, who was stationed on North Island at the naval air station.

"Nancy, I want you to be prepared," he said. "The Lex was lost in the Coral Sea. The transport is coming in now with the survivors, and we won't know till she docks whether Jim's on her or not."

Well, he was. But she didn't find it out till an hour and a half later, when he stepped out of a Navy station wagon at the door.

That is the romantic side of San Diego. But you can look at it another way and see in this seething, throbbing city, with its streets colored Navy blue, the biggest problem town in the United States.

Washington, D. C., regards itself as a madhouse. But Washington hasn't seen anything at all. Compared to the madhouse of the Pacific, our national capital is just Sunday afternoon on the farm.

Yet two years ago, San Diego was just a pleasant, middle-sized city with two hundred thousand people and not a problem in sight—or not much of any. It was famous for the old folks who had sought out its southern California climate, and who rooted for the Townsend Plan and were known as the Geranium Growers because that was all they did; just raised geraniums on the window sill.

A Town of Countless Problems

Today it has more headaches than a porcupine has quills. Its population has easily doubled, but the figures are obscured because no statement can be made as to its numbers of military personnel.

Besides Consolidated Aircraft and a huge, expanding naval base, it has a Marine base and an air station and a couple of Army camps. It is bursting at the seams with transients. It is struggling with transportation problems and housing problems and trailer-camp problems and recreation-for-sailors problems and every other known variety of problem which springs from violation of a fundamental law. In the words of Edgar N. Gott, Consolidated vice-president, the error of San Diego is simply this: "You can't put two gallons in a one-gallon jug."

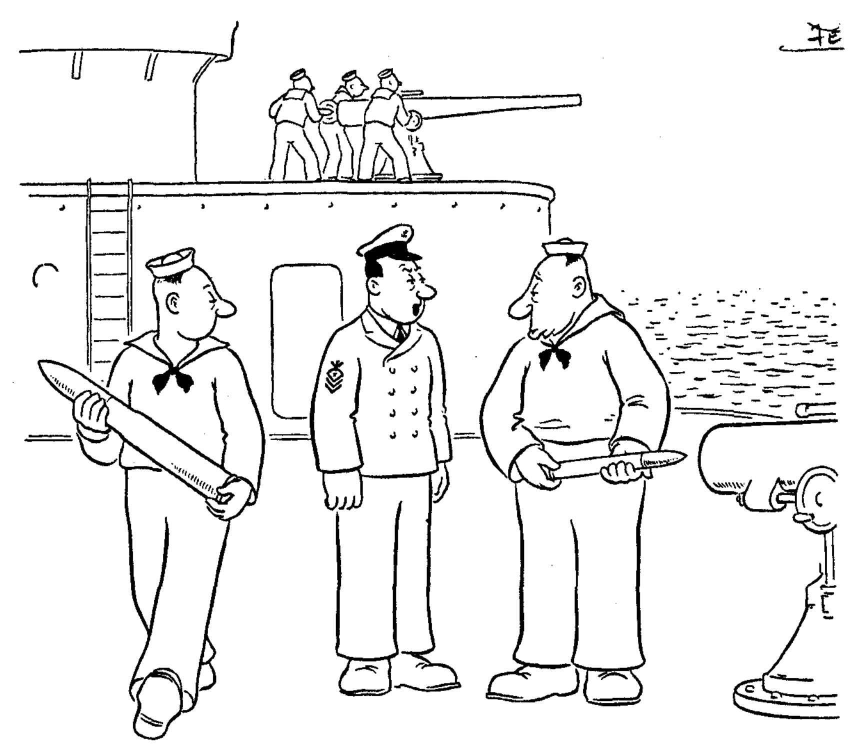
On top of everything else, there are the Navy wives. Wives of officers, newly ordered to duty in San Diego, come with their husbands, and they come after their husbands. They come alone, or with babies whose formulas have to be mixed (and you can't do that in the ladies' washroom), and with older children who need the comforts of housekeeping. A few of the men are assigned to shore stations, but for the great majority, San Diego is merely a breathing space of a few days or a few weeks, the last stop in the land of peace and freedom before shoving off for trouble in the Pacific.

Families of enlisted men arrive in swarms, to catch one more glimpse of their darlings before the take-off, but since most of the boys of the Navy are in their early twenties, the female contingent in their case runs rather more heavily to mothers than to wives. The boys are none too good at letter writing; half the time a bevy of eager relatives will land in town knowing only that he's "somewhere in San Diego" (if he hasn't been shipped out); and it's up to the USO, the Army and Navy, the Y, the Red Cross and other agencies to explain all over again why needle-hunting in haystacks is a difficult game. Meanwhile, they repeatedly broadcast the plea to relatives to "Stay home till you know where he is!"

Mothers move on, but wives remain, using up housing space which is needed desperately for war workers. The term Geranium Grower was shortened some time since to Geranium—meaning any resident of wartime San Diego who isn't doing some work toward winning the war.

There is a feeling that Navy wives, at least those who husbands have pulled out, are Geraniums. San Diego wishes heartily that they'd all go back where they came from—or if they won't do that, then for heaven's sake, learn to run a streetcar or drive a cab.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Don't be so jealous, Alfred! What difference does it make if Milton's gun makes a louder bang than your gun?"

COLLIER'S

But the girls can't see it. At least they can't see moving away.

"Leave San Diego? I should say not!" said one whose husband is hunting Japs in a submarine. "A friend of mine went home to visit her family and she'd no sooner left than her husband got in with forty-eight hours leave, and she missed him. And after she'd been back here a few months, her family talked her into going East again, this time for Christmas, and she missed him again. I'm staying right here!"

They Sleep Everywhere

There is no place to put them. A Naval Reserve ensign and his wife who arrived from Boston slept nine nights in a station wagon; they finally got a place to stay only because Navy Relief found a woman who was fixing up the basement of her house for a playroom. She was persuaded to put cots down there instead.

A captain's wife advertised in the paper for a maid—San Diego having a shortage of domestic help as of everything else. Her ad was answered by an ensign's wife, who pleaded to be allowed to do the housework for the sake of a place to stay.

On Saturday nights, the town is so crowded that people are sleeping in their cars, in the park and in the all-night theaters. Not bums, you understand, nice people. The hotels put out cots in the halls or let them sleep sprawled uncomfortably in the chairs in the lobby. One hotel not only lets them sleep in the lobby but provides the women with pillows, and when the first guests check out in the morning, the stranded ladies are invited up to the vacated rooms, to freshen up and have a bath free of charge.

From the point of view of a Navy wife, there are strong incentives for staying in San Diego. For one thing, there is the misery-loves-company feeling. Girls whose husbands are busy fighting the Japs would rather be with other girls who know how it feels. And there are other reasons.

I met the wife of a certain lieutenant commander who was somewhere in the South Pacific. ("He's had one ship shot out from under him and he's waiting for another.") She said, "You stay in San Diego because maybe you'll meet a man on the street who saw your husband last month. Or maybe he'll turn up himself some day with forty-eight hours leave. Old Navy wives or new brides, it's all the same—it doesn't take 'em two weeks to learn that."

There was another lieutenant commander's wife whose husband was supposed to be in the Solomons. She left home one morning planning to spend the week end with friends in San Francisco. As she was about to board the Coronado ferry, she met him coming off a Navy launch.

If a man is listed as missing, his wife clings to San Diego harder than ever. She won't give up; she clings to the hope that he's alive somewhere and will come home some day; and meanwhile at this great naval crossroads of San Diego, she may see a man who was in his squadron or on his ship and who will fill in that dreadful void with news.

But all too often, when the report does come, it is only to say that he was last seen waving from his about-to-be submerged plane or bailing out over an empty sea or that he was on the hangar deck when the bomb hit it. Those last pictures reach home often enough but there is not much comfort in them. One dive-bomber pilot off the Lexington radioed that he was out of gas and down at sea two hundred miles from the nearest hope of rescue; that he was badly wounded and his radio operator was dead.

"But don't forget I got two hits on the Jap carrier," were the last words ever heard from him.

Even then his wife wouldn't give up, and months later the distant rumor of a flier being found sent her telephoning frantically all over the place. He is still missing.

Yet the miracle does happen. It happened in the case of Ensign and Mrs. Worden.

Early last September, Mrs. Worden, who is young and red-haired, received one of those telegrams. "The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you . . ." and so on. Her husband was missing.

The Faith that Never Failed

At first she was stunned. Then she acted like the rest of them. She wouldn't believe it. Three weeks later, came a letter signed by Admiral Tower in Washington, offering in the Navy's sincere phrases his condolences on the "death" of her husband. This would shake anybody. It shook Nola Worden considerably.

Next, a squadron mate of her husband's came home, bringing a fragment of news. Her husband's fighter plane had been shot down in the Pacific the first day of the Solomons battle, after downing a Zero; and those in the air had seen him getting out his frail hope of a rubber boat. That was all.

Mrs. Worden tended her baby and tried not to think. In the meanwhile, Mr. Worden, having floated two days on his rubber raft, had landed on an uninhabited island where, in spite of severe head injuries, he had managed to save both raft and rations. A few days later he had pushed off again and made Guadalcanal, landing on an isolated beach thirty miles (as it turned out later) from the American positions.

With his injuries, it took him almost three months of alternate rest and struggle, with the help of the natives, to make his way through those thirty miles of jungle. But on October 3d he turned up at Henderson Field.

Mrs. Worden was painting kitchen chairs the afternoon he landed at North Island, four weeks later. When he called the house, she had stepped out to the grocery, and another Navy wife who lived with her answered the phone. He wouldn't give his name at first. He called again, but on his second try, the foolish woman was still down the street buying groceries.

"Tell her it's her old man," he said; "and I'm at North Island, and to come get me."

The friend ran screaming out of the

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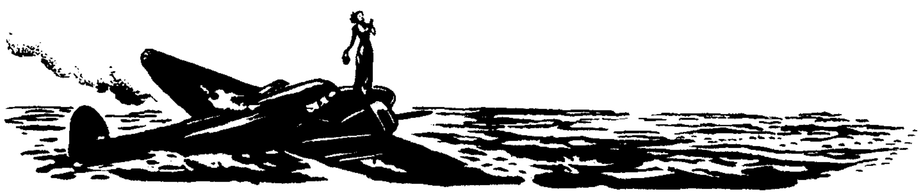

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house for Nola—who went and got him.

A missing Marine flier walked in on his sister in Coronado to find her reading letters of condolence from their friends. Like Ensign Worden, he had made his way to a Guadalcanal beach, had lived for weeks in enemy-infested jungles and finally, with the aid of natives, had made his way back to the American lines. His home-coming had a curious effect on his sister. Up to that time she'd been doing voluntary war work—AWVS, Red Cross, and so forth. Whether it was the joyous shock of his return that did it, or what he told of life and death in the Solomons, no one seemed to know. But she went out and got a job at Consolidated next week, and she's now working eight hours a day welding B-24s.

Widows are very apt to go to work at Consolidated—or so an admiral's wife told me—and it's not always a case of financial need. It's simply that when you've lost a husband through enemy action, knitting, canteen work and other voluntary activities, useful as these things are, don't seem to fill the bill. Widows want to make bombers.

If that idea spreads, the problem of Navy wives will be solved and so will the problem of San Diego. With the town in crying and desperate need for every sort of labor and service, the woman power represented by Navy wives would make a big difference.

Many have stepped in already. They are working at Consolidated, they are doing office work for the Navy, they are running busses and driving taxis. I talked to one cab driver named Alma Collins. Her husband was a bosun's mate; she had three children in school and she hired a woman to come afternoons and look after them.

"I don't want you to think I'm doing this for the money," she said. "My husband's been in the Navy twenty-four years and he makes good pay. But San Diego's hard up for transportation and I figured I could drive a cab as well as anyone. It's nice work and I love it."

Proud of His Lady Drivers

The manager of the company, C. A. Pratt, is one of the best-working feminists I've ever met. He has fifty or sixty women drivers—half of those on the day shift are women. He is proud of the fact that his was the first cab company in the United States to introduce women on a large scale; proud of their low accident record and the way the public likes them; proud because the success of his experiment helped persuade the streetcar company to put women on its bus and car lines.

There are over one hundred women driving streetcars and busses in San Diego right now, and the company is training more as fast as they can be found. But it's tough work in the rush hours, and they have to be husky—at least five feet four inches tall and weighing 135 pounds. About a third of those women now in service have Navy connections.

It's wrong to give the impression that all Navy wives with husbands in the Pacific try to stay on the Coast. They don't. In Coronado, there is a huge, old rambling hotel whose turrets and gables are of the same vintage as Lillian Russell's pompadour. A famous winter resort in peacetime, it has now become a sort of headquarters for the Navy (particularly for the flying Navy), and its immense, rambling porches above the blue-green sea have been taken over by Navy and Marine fliers and their young wives. These wives are transients, most of them. When their men leave, they're going home.

They Took Chances—and How

One day I sat at a table with five fliers and three girls. The men were all members of a patrol-bomber squadron on leave from the Solomons; they had all been in the battle of Midway before that; the one next to me had an Air Medal for rescue work at Midway; a sixth one who stopped by the table briefly was the Catalina pilot who had found the Jap fleet. The three girls had been married to three of them for periods ranging from two weeks up to nine months. The seven-months pair were named Larsen, and their story was typical of the rest. Last May, he had landed in San Diego and had called her up—she lived in Iowa. He didn't know how much time he had. Would she like to take a chance and come out?

She dashed for Omaha, not knowing until ten minutes before the plane left whether she could get on it or not. She landed in Los Angeles with the realization that he might be gone.

But he wasn't gone, and they were married, and they had five days.

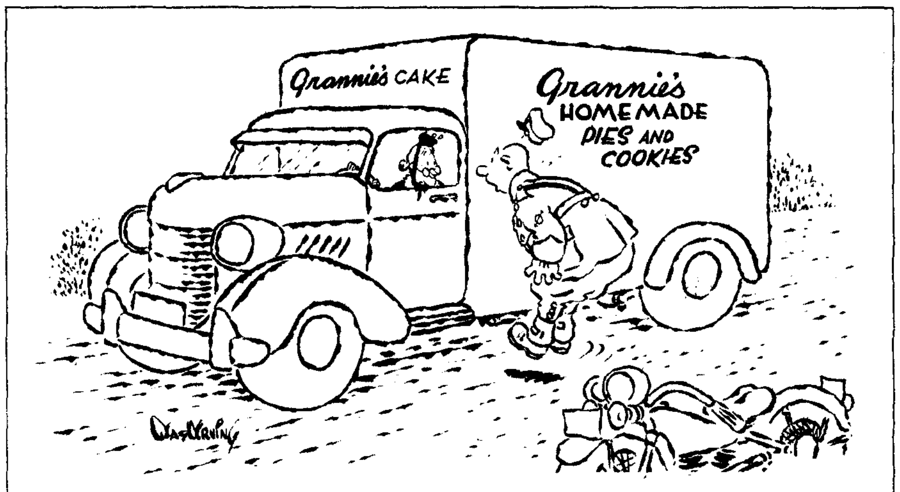
Other Navyites were of the opinion that "they were *very* lucky."

It's getting harder and harder to reach your husband by means of one of these breakneck dashes across the country. Plane travel is very tight, and the bride of a flying hero gets no priority. Another girl in the group, Betsy Nichols, had had similar luck. They were married in March when he came back from Pearl Harbor. (He'd expected two months in this country, and had three days.) Last May, he too had had leave, and she had flown out to join him.

"I told the girl at the airline why I was going, and she worked awfully hard to get me on that plane. I think she must have had some experience," said grateful Betsy.

Who knows? Perhaps she had.

THE END


Grannie's CAKE
Grannie's HOMEMADE PIES AND COOKIES

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

The Weasel

Continued from page 60

practice, as Billy knew, having seen him in the action that brought them here. *Just born for trouble,* thought Billy.

Frank finished rolling his cigarette, fished in his trousers for a match. "You know, it ain't so bad at that, bein' in a jail where they don't have many customers. Clean, anyway." The knife still dangled from the little finger.

Billy knew he kept the knife there to tease him. That was another thing, this teasing streak since he got the knife. "Ain't no jail seems nice to me," said Billy. He walked to the small window looking out on the jail yard. "Whyn't I stay in Texas?" he asked, miserably.

Frank blew out a cloud of smoke. "You know what I told you."

"I ain't in this town a week but I gits in trouble," lamented Billy. He omitted to say it had been altogether Frank Vargas' fault. He dropped his voice and hummed plaintively a moment. The humming formed into words:

"Pickin' peaches in the summuh,
Pickin' apples in the fall.
Califo'nia to Montana—"

"You know what I told you," repeated Frank. "Stick by me when the time comes and you'll be home again."

BILLY abruptly closed his mouth on his singing. A stubborn look came over his broad, black face.

"I need a friend," said Frank, conversationally. "Two of us can do it easy. There won't be a sound—that's the nice thing about a knife. Ain't like a gun. A gun brings 'em all on the run. Nobody'll know what happened to Macmillan 'till long after we're on that fast freight out of Missoula." Billy turned from the window. Frank suddenly gave him that wide-eyed, colorless stare. "Or maybe you're too yellow?"

Billy didn't even try sustaining the gaze, this time. Nor did he answer.

"Knew you'd be," said Frank, turning the stare off. "Then just don't get in my way when the time comes."

"I won't git in nobody's way," said Billy, sullenly.

"That's good," said Frank, and smiled to himself. In his mind he was already on that fast freight out of Missoula.

"If you hadda ask that gal fo' anythin', whyn't you ask maybe fo' her dad's keys? No—you hadda ask fo' a knife, to put th'ough his th'oat when he come in heah one day."

"Damned right," said Frank. "If that brakeman back there dies, I got a murder rap hangin' over me—and so do you, maybe. You know how far anybody'd get from *here* with that Macmillan on his trail."

Billy looked hard at him. He wished Frank would turn on that colorless-eyed stare again. He felt sure he could push it back, this time. "Just nevuh thought of nobody but yo'se'f in all yo' life," he said.

He got the stare. "I suppose you're a prize specimen? I seen you corned up, once."

Billy shook his head. "Some black folks got no sense, come they git likkered up. Make too much money, pickin' them apples."

"That's *your* trouble, all right," said Frank. "That and bein' yellow when you're sober."

"Does I git home," said Billy, "I gits in the Ahmy."

"You would," said Frank.

"Keep out of trouble, in the Ahmy. Wish I was in it now. With Texas boys," he added, wistfully. "Wish I'd nevuh come pickin' them apples."

"Army's goin' to have to come get this boy when it wants him," said Frank, confidently. He looked almost with affection on his knife. "Could show 'em a thing or two about gettin' Japs on the quiet, though." He enjoyed this thought a moment, then he reverted to the subject in hand. "Well, you comin' with me or stayin' here and goin' to the pen, like a sheep?"

"Ain't gittin' into mo' trouble," said Billy, stubbornly.

"Then forget it," said Frank. As if to close the subject for good Frank turned over on his stomach and opened a tattered copy of *Actual Detective Tales.*

Billy was at the window, staring at the world outdoors. The window had heavy iron bars about four inches apart, set deep in the brick and mortar of the wall. They were almost hot as a stove to the touch, but Billy clasped them in his enormous black hands as he stared. Despite the heat shimmering and dancing over the landscape it was a delectable world he saw—or at least what he could see of it above the high board fence enclosing the jail yard.

Green, pine-clad hills rose, tier on tier, until they melted into the distant Bitterroot mountains. And all around them in the surrounding valley, Billy knew, were orchards heavy with fruit where he might still be working if he hadn't gotten corned up and into trouble with Frank Vargas.

"Pickin' peaches in the summuh,
Pickin' apples in the fall . . ."

Yeah, you got into trouble just as easy up here in Montana as you did at home. Easier, maybe. Picking fruit. High wages. Everywhere they were yelling for help. You could just keep going and make money all the time. Pick grapefruit around home a while, then wander to the San Joaquin or Imperial valleys in California for seasonal stuff there, then on up into Washington or Oregon for the apples.

Sometimes you hopped a freight for smaller districts, such as this, for less competition and even higher pay. So much a box—if you were fast and strong, you made high as twelve, fifteen bucks a day. The fruit bums, followers of the crops, came on freights, in ramshackle cars, by the whole family in trailers. Tent cities rose, bars were crowded; every fruit town became a boom town in picking season.

BILLY'S eyes left the distant hills and fell on the several pelts stretched on drying frames and hung on the high board fence enclosing the jail yard—proofs of Sheriff Macmillan's marksmanship. Four coyote pelts, a dozen rabbits, four muskrats, a cougar, a row of little weasels—brown weasels, for this was summer. Billy knew weasels, he'd been a farm boy. Texas weasels were a little bigger than these, though from the look of those teeth they were about as vicious.

Billy frowned in thought. The word "weasel" had some connotation with a thought uppermost in his slow mind. What was it?

One corner of the jail yard was devoted to a wire-enclosed runway for a dozen Plymouth Rock hens. Most of the rest of the ground was planted to some radishes, lettuce and a few onions. Beyond, out of sight of the cell window,

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was the house where the sheriff lived with his daughter and her child. That child, which was about eighteen months old, most of the time was left alone in a play pen set over by the chicken run, in the slight shade afforded by a lone poplar. She was a silent baby, named Wanda, and was usually preoccupied with the dirt in her play pen and did not seem to mind the heat.

Watching her had furnished Billy with most of his diversion the five days they had been waiting in this jail—as watching Wanda's mother had been Frank's diversion.

Billy heard the screen door to the sheriff's frame house slam, now, and Zilma came into view carrying a small bucket. She crossed to the chicken run, opened the gate and began pouring feed into the trough. The chickens scrambled and squawked for the feed. She did not so much as glance toward the window; Billy surmised instantly her father must be home.

Another person born for trouble, indubitably, that girl. Had been in some already, as witness Wanda in the play pen. Married for a time, then deserted by a husband who probably figured life was too short to put up with her. Pretty, deep-bosomed, discontented mouth, maybe eighteen years old. No mother. A handful. Wore high heels all the time. Crazy over movies. Kept house for her father, who made her stay home. Frank Vargas hadn't been in jail a day when they were deeply aware of each other's presence. Frank could attract them. But maybe she couldn't have really understood what a knife could mean to Frank when she got one for him.

BILLY found it strange that a man with the savvy of Dodd Macmillan wouldn't know that Frank's kind attracted them instantly and made them do what he wanted. Maybe Macmillan had faith in his strong little jail. Or maybe that wasn't the kind of trouble Macmillan had savvy about.

Dodd Macmillan, a big, quiet man about fifty who always wore boots, a business suit and a ten-gallon hat. Not mean, just no nerves, no neck, no imagination. He always took first prize at all the shooting matches; he was the kind they kept in as sheriff all their lives. Billy had been paid off at the co-operative sheds for a week's picking; he'd had some drinks, then hopped a freight with other pickers for another town. The train crew tried to throw them off. Billy found himself fighting alongside this Frank. Frank unexpectedly let a knife fly and a brakeman crumpled to the ground.

Billy put his back up against a building, then; there seemed no way out when the crowd began gathering. They don't like knives in Montana. They already had Frank by the arms and Billy was going down when Macmillan shouldered his way in. He had his guns out and kept them steady as a rock against his hips when he told that crowd *he* was taking charge. "They're stayin' in my jail 'till Judge Haney comes through," he said. "You can all have your say then." And he got them both through that crowd to the jail, too.

Yes, Frank was right in one way; if anybody expected to bust this jail and get any distance at all away from it he would have to dispose of Dodd Macmillan first.

Zilma finished feeding the chickens, closed the gate behind her and returned to the house without more than a glance at Wanda. Her father was home, all right, Billy decided; she was mad clear through about something. He heard the screen slam shut.

He spoke without looking around: "You don't want me along anyway, if Zilma goin' too."

Frank was reading; he hadn't heard.

Billy half turned. "That gal, she goin' be in plenty trouble when you scram outten heah, fo' givin' you that knife."

"So what?" asked Frank absently.

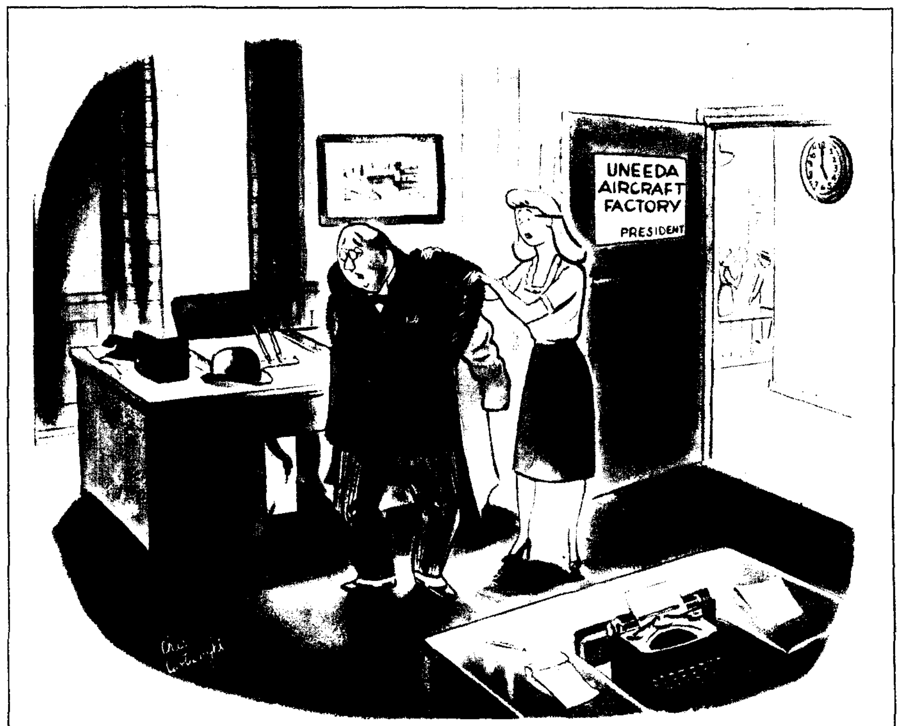
"Maybe you aimin' to take her?"

Frank put a finger on a sentence to keep his place, looked up with a frown. "What're you talkin' about?"

"You kill Zilma's dad and you cain't leave her heah."

"All right, so maybe I'll take her. I haven't decided. I'm readin'." He returned to the magazine.

The heat in the little whitewashed cell seemed unbearably oppressive. It was as if the sun overhead were pumping it down, in waves. Frank absent-mindedly unbuttoned his shirt to his belt. Exposing his white, thin torso made him seem absurdly young.



"I tramped the streets this whole livelong day, Miss Hitchner, but I couldn't find a soul who wants a job!"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

"Then you got to take that theah kid, too."

This definitely attracted Frank's attention. He looked up, sharply. "Who says so?"

"Some day she staht cryin' fo' the kid. But she won't evuh be able to come back fo' it."

"So what? Is that your funeral?"

Billy stared, hard, at his cellmate. "Not one good bone in yo' body," he said, almost to himself. "Not a single, bitty one."

Frank flushed with anger. His trigger temper was suddenly tripped. The magazine fell to the floor with a slap. "What d'yuh mean?"

"I mean theah ain't one, tiny speck of good in you nowheahs," said Billy, firmly.

FRANK sprang from the bunk, slapped Billy's flat black cheek with his palm, hit him again. Billy lifted his arms to ward off the blows and Frank began punching him in the abdomen with both fists—quick, hard, staccato blows, as if the glistening black abdomen had been a punching bag. "I'll learn you to preach to *me*," he said, thickly, hitting again and again.

Billy backed against the wall, taking the beating without making an effort to stop it. Indeed, he stretched his arms out against the wall, holding them there tightly, as if he had to keep his hands off this white boy by an immense effort of will. Only his tightly closed eyes and the perspiration suddenly gushing from his forehead revealed what he felt.

Frank stopped suddenly. He was breathing hard. "I guess that'll hold you," he said, somewhat inconsequentially.

Billy kept his eyes tightly shut, his hands against the wall.

"Well, whyn't you fight back? Whyn't you strangle me, like a gorilla? Afraid to touch a white man?"

BILLY let his arms fall but kept his eyes closed. "Not one single good bone in yo' whole body," he almost intoned. "Nevuh thought of nobody but yo'self in all yo' life."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Frank. He threw himself back on his bunk, began rolling another cigarette. His fit of temper was spent. "If she wants to come with me, that's her business, not yours. She'll come, all right—if I say so. But it'll be without the kid if she does."

Billy turned resolutely to the window. His great hands gripped hard the iron bars. He felt himself trembling queerly inside. Not from the beating but from the effort of keeping his hands against that wall and off the throat of this little white-eyed weasel. This sly animal with the vicious temper, who struck silently with knives and who would callously kill the very man who had saved their lives.

"Sure she'll start missin' the kid after a while," came Frank's voice behind him. "And yellin'. But they all start yellin' sooner or later. By that time Frank's strictly never there to hear it any more. He's always gone. Life's too short."

Billy did not answer. The connotation between two thoughts his slow mind had looked for a while back came to it. Weasels came into chicken houses at night and in the morning you found the whole roost wantonly dead, their throats slit with those long teeth, and all of it done silently. You killed weasels without mercy or compunction.

Frank licked his cigarette. His hands were perfectly steady. "Sooner or later she'll bust out of this town with a bang anyway. She's that kind. Might as well be with me. She wouldn't be a bad dish, either."

Billy kept his hands stubbornly on those bars, his eyes on the distant mountains. He had never been so desirous of killing a man, at least not when sober. Worse, the plain desire to kill was mixing with the idea it would be a good deed. It would save Sheriff Macmillan's life. He could do it, too, with very little pressure from those great hands of his. He was in plenty trouble already. He shuddered, tried to put the thought from him, almost prayed that that there judge would come to town quick. If he had to stay much longer in this hot cell with Frank Vargas it would surely happen. It surely would.

He became aware that Frank had been talking steadily. "Hell," he was concluding, "nobody with any sense ever does anythin' for anybody but himself. If anybody says he is, he's lyin'—he's really doin' it for himself all along. It's the guy who doesn't mind his own business who gets into trouble."

BILLY forced his attention on the scene and sounds before him. From the house, out of sight, came the angry bang of an iron pot on the stove and Zilma's voice suddenly raised in retort to some low-voiced reproof. Yes, her father was home.

Zilma's tirade audibly conveyed the information that she was going to that show anyway. Macmillan's reply to his daughter, if any, could not be heard. Billy wondered which would be the fastest when the time came, Macmillan with his guns or Frank with his knife. Both were plenty fast.

Suddenly Billy's eye was caught by a slight movement along the roof of the little chicken house at the end of the run, above the high board fence. Because whatever it was was outlined against the hot, brilliant sky, he had to squint to make it out.

Behind him there came a thump. Frank was again practicing throwing his knife.

The object was some small animal. It moved quickly a few feet, stopped to look around. Billy now saw it had a body maybe four inches long and a tail that made it seem much longer. It jumped and ran along the fence.

Wanda, in her play pen, saw the little animal and sat up with a pleased gurgle. Inside the sheriff's house a stove lid was slammed down. "Just because you see nothin' to sittin' in a picture show's no sign—" sounded Zilma's voice. Wanda pulled herself erect by hanging onto the sides of her play pen. The little animal saw her, reared its back and showed long, sharp teeth in a snarling squeak. Macmillan's voice suddenly cut in on Zilma's tirade; he was evidently getting angry. "You're stayin' home and likin' it. With this town filled with fruit bums—"

Billy turned slowly and looked speculatively at Frank Vargas as he lay sprawled on his bunk reading his magazine. After a moment he said, in a low voice, "Hey, come look outdoors."

A certain urgency in the Negro's voice made Frank get up at once to look. His wondering gaze followed Billy's finger. "What is it?" he asked, squinting.

Billy's black face seemed empty of emotion. "That there," he said, "is a lil' ol' weasel."

"Oh," said Frank, frowning. Wanda was reaching out a small hand to the little animal, which continued to regard the child with exposed, vicious-looking teeth. "Why, what'll it do to the kid?"

"She touch it and she gits a two-inch slit in the th'oat, that's all," said Billy. Then he added, "Guess it came after them chickens. It'll kill all them chickens like nothin', then suck their blood."

Frank suddenly grasped the bars and opened his mouth to yell a warning but Billy's big hand closed swiftly over his lips. "Shut up! He li'ble to do most anythin', you startle him."

"Whyn't they quit arguin' in there and watch that kid?" said Frank, low and angrily. In the house Zilma's complaints had reached their highest note and now she was pouring forth her opinion of her father, this house, this town, this country and everything in it in a steady stream of high-pitched invective.

"Don't make no noise. Don't 'sturb him at all," Billy breathed. "Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, don' let that chil' touch that animal! I seen 'em in Texas, kill babies at night. Cut they th'oats . . . like a knife!"

"Stand back!" commanded Frank. Billy heard a peculiar grunt behind him, felt a breath brush his cheek. With a little loud squeak the animal was suddenly impaled on the wood of the fence. The knife that held it did not quiver at all.

Billy grabbed the bars as if to tear them from their brick and mortar. "Somebody come git that kid!" he bellowed. "Somebody come quick!"

Frank pulled him roughly back. "All right, quit bellerin'!"

But Billy went on yelling. "Git that kid!"

The screen door opened and closed violently. Sheriff Macmillan, his coat off but his revolvers in their holsters at his hip, came striding into view. "What's all the shoutin' about in there?"

"Get back and keep your mouth shut," snarled Frank.

They backed into the cell and watched. Macmillan stared at the window a moment, then looked around the yard. He saw Wanda standing in her pen and looking intently at something. He strode over and lifted the little animal dying on the knife. Its tiny, slavering jaws opened and closed convulsively in its agony. Macmillan picked up a stick and put an end to its pain with one expert blow. He removed the knife, looked at it curiously. He straightened, then, and looked hard at the window. His hand went instinctively to his hip. "I'm comin' in, boys, to see what else you got like this and you better be against the wall when I do."

ZILMA ran belatedly into the yard, the screen slamming behind her. "What's the matter?"

"This," said her father, handing her the blood-stained knife.

She took it thoughtlessly, stared at it a moment, was about to return it wonderingly when she remembered, looked at it again then dropped it with a convulsive jerk.

It told Macmillan everything. "Get in the house," he told her grimly. "I'll talk to you later."

"I never saw it before, honest, I didn't—"

"Get in the house," he said, harshly, and turned to run quickly around the jail, pulling a gun from its holster as he did so.

"You half-wit—" Frank stormed.

"Shut yo' mouf'," said Billy sternly. "Face that wall and be reachin' fo' that ceilin' when he comes in. Make a move and we'll both git shot. Go on—do it."

He saw Frank pale and obey. Billy faced the opposite wall, raised his own arms. An agonized moment of waiting and they heard Macmillan's boots on the cement flooring outside the cell door. The key turned in the lock, the door opened an inch. "Be standin' with faces to the walls and hands up," he ordered. "I'm comin' in with my thumb on the hammer. Don't make it slip."

Billy pressed, hard, against the wall. He heard Frank say. "Come on. We're ready." Macmillan kicked the door open and entered.

"We got no more knives," said Frank, in an oddly strained voice.

"Thanks," said Macmillan dryly. "I'll look for myself."

Billy felt himself expertly probed along the dungarees. A moment later he heard the thin mattress dragged off each bunk and dumped into the entranceway. Then, "All right, turn."

Billy turned, slowly, his hands still up. Frank did the same thing. Billy saw that his eyes, curiously, were no longer colorless. Now they seemed almost blue. The sheriff had his thumb on that trigger, all right.

"Guess I'm pretty dumb," Macmillan said to Frank. "Wondered what was eatin' Zilma more'n usual lately. Should've guessed, when she suddenly got interested in cookin' and got up fried chicken." He paused, but only to look Frank up and down. "Looks like I misjudged you, too. Anyway I think the jail at Missoula'll be safer for you. At least I'm phonin' them tonight to come get you." He continued, looking only at Frank. "What I can't figure out is why you'd go huntin' with it in my back yard. Seems like a waste."

"You darned fool!" Frank spat out. "Another minute and it would've cut the baby's throat."

Macmillan stared at Frank. "What would?"

"That weasel on the fence—what do you think?"

THE gun in Macmillan's hand jerked ever so slightly with surprise. "Wouldn't kid me, would you, Vargas?"

"Aw, whyn't somebody keep an eye on that kid?" asked Frank, sullenly.

Macmillan seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something. He glanced for the first time at Billy. "You were worried about the weasel attackin' the baby, too?"

"Yes, *suh!*" answered Billy, positively.

Macmillan's mouth twitched slightly. His glance went back to Vargas. "Thanks," he said, dryly. "But I still think the jail at Missoula'd be better able to hold you. No women around there to bring you playthings. Judge Haney's there, too, now."

Frank tried to shrug. It's hard to do with your hands up. "Have it your way," he said.

"Just keep your hands up 'till I'm out," Macmillan ordered. "You'll get your bedding back when I've had a chance to frisk it."

He backed out, pulled the door shut and locked it. Presently his boots were heard receding down the cement entrance.

Billy lowered his arms and rubbed his muscles, slowly. Frank threw himself down on the iron frame of his bunk. His shoulders heaved as he broke into nervous, racking sobs.

Billy tried to swallow it down but couldn't. The laugh starting down in his black abdomen was too big to hold and rumbled slowly to his throat. He slapped his knees. "Hot dawg! Nevuh do nothin' fo' nobody and you gits into no trouble!"

Frank took his arms from his face. Tears wet his cheeks. "All right, so maybe I'm goin' to the pen after all. What's so funny about that?" His voice, shrill with rage and disappointment, sounded even younger than eighteen.

Billy, his great body heaving with mirth, turned to the window and grasped the iron bars to control himself. *Wait'll he finds out that wasn't no weasel out there,* he told himself, strangling. *Let somebody else tell him the difference from a lil' ol' brown squirrel!*

THE END

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The Brumby Car

Continued from page 64

matter of horses, and there he was as Joe was—which was why Joe had made him his partner.

Saltbush received the news without evident emotion, but Joe made up for that. "They don't want horses," he said passionately. "How d'they think they're going to win this bloody war?"

Saltbush adjusted his broad-brimmed hat and spat into the dust.

"You're right!" he said. "We'll forget their damned war. Let 'em get along without us."

But it was difficult to forget the war, even in the great emptiness that is the body of Australia. News comes slowly to it, as if it were not the heart of a continent on earth but a planet itself, swung out in space, measuring its days as moments, its months as hours. Still the news sifts through, carried down the stock trails by their lonely riders, handed to other riders as they pass, as clipper ships once spoke to other ships in midocean. At Boulia in Queensland one day, Joe and Saltbush heard Japan was in the war. A couple of months later, in Marree, South Australia, they heard that this new foe had roared down from the north and stood gathering planes and ships and men to reach across into Australia itself. And on top of this came news that turned them in their tracks.

THE Americans were landing in Australia.

Joe Kenney had his own picture of an American. It was the picture of a man he recognized and loved. It was the picture of a man in a sombrero.

He understood that there were other Americans, but the bulk of America, the backbone, the men who had made it and kept it going, the real Americans, were the men who rode horses and shot six-guns, like as not.

"Listen!" he said, grinning, to Saltbush when this great news came through. "If the Yanks are landing here, you know what that means?"

Saltbush signified his willingness to hear what it meant.

"It means they'll be needing horses. A horse comes natural to them. I've seen things in the pictures—cowboys, they call 'em—you wouldn't hardly believe it. They'll be doing their fighting on horses."

Saltbush meditated. "They'll be bringing their own," he said.

"All that way? When they can get 'em here?"

Clearly ridiculous, Saltbush agreed. Even if he had not, there would have been no standing against the torrent of Joe's enthusiasm. They would hit it back for home and the mob of horses, and turn them over to the Americans for whatever they wanted to pay, and if they didn't want to pay, that was all right too.

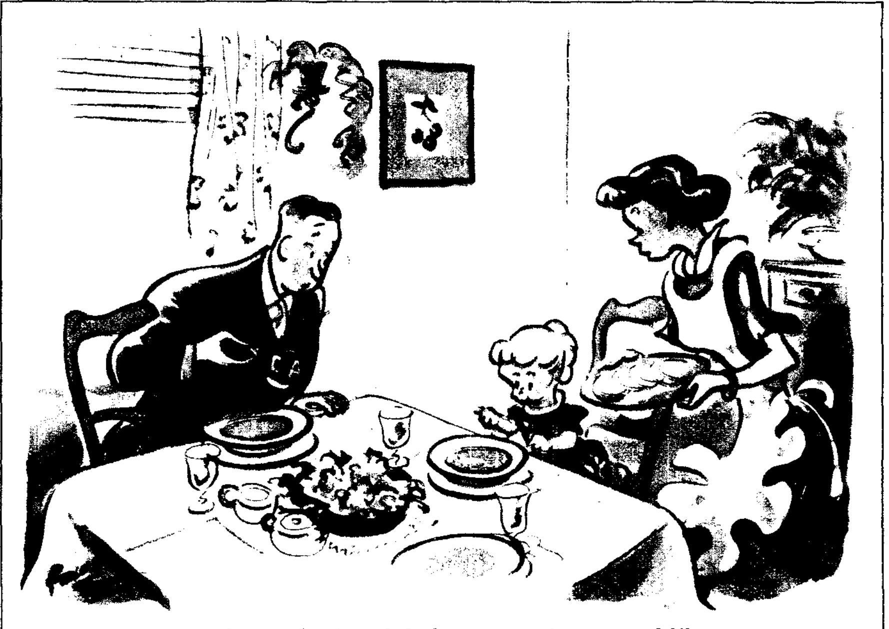
When out of the long trail, they came to home they heard that Darwin had been bombed, and Broome and the West Australian coast. The Yanks were somewhere, certainly, but just where, no one could say; it was military information, not being handed out. In Queensland? Only home troops there, according to rumor. Then, Joe said, it must be in the West, where bombs were falling. Rumors seemed to confirm this deduction. And the West was horse country, if any country was.

That was good; but to get the mob of five hundred and some horses to the West was something else.

It meant a trip of half a continent and more, none of it easy country, some of it savagely difficult, all of it virtually unknown. Joe and Saltbush knew these considerations, but in Joe's mind there was only the driving force of proving his horses, getting them into use, getting them into the war; and if Saltbush had any doubts about the trip, he did not voice them.

So they headed out on the Tanami trail, skirting the desert until they learned from abos that a rainstorm had passed to the southwest. There is nothing more precarious than following desert storm water because it turns so rapidly from the shine of reality to the shine of mirage, but it is a risk that is sometimes taken if it cuts distance from a long trail. Joe and Saltbush took the risk now.

Shorthanded, only the two of them in the dust of five hundred horses, they pushed over the desert, tracking the course of the storm water, the fresh green herbage and the shallow surface holes. Nights, they took turns in the saddle, watching the horses, watching for myall tribesmen, for this was territory where men still rode armed. They took it easily enough. Here in the wilderness they were no longer the shy, awkward youths who entered any town with misgivings; here they were self-reliant and efficient, masters of themselves and their horses and, with luck, of the desert.



COLLIER'S "Who made this alphabet soup, if I may ask?" ROLAND COE

STUNTED scrub gave place to gibber plains, and these to sand-ridge country. The desert oak vanished, and the mulgas and the bulwaddy thickets. Between the sand ridges were shy spreads of saltbush (that desert growth that had bestowed upon Saltbush his name) and cottonbush and bluebush and even, here and there, a little thirst-quenching parakilya, the most precious of desert herbage. They saw it with relief, for over this stage of the trek, water holes were few.

Some of the horses were already showing uneasiness, and the stallion Red Devil, though he had never crossed this desert before, seemed to sense that his mares and foals were in for hardship and perhaps death in the country ahead. Not trusting it, he tried therefore to cut the mob off the trail, to swing it back toward water and safety. He ran on the wing of the mob, ears flattened and teeth bare, chopping in to edge them back. This grew into a curse worse than the country. All day, Joe and Saltbush had to strive against him, matching their force, their authority against his, changing their sweat-soaked saddles three and four times a day to fresh mounts.

They could not keep up that pace. "If we've got to lick the desert and Red Devil too," Joe said grimly, "we might as well chuck it. I'll have to ride him."

Saltbush cautiously dipped out a few words: "He's never been broken. He won't take it. He'll kill you."

"He'll kill us anyway if this keeps up. Anyway, we're delivering the mob to the Yanks, ain't we? I'd feel good, wouldn't I, if I brought 'em in and then had to tell some Yank he'd have to break Red Devil for himself?"

SO THEY roped Red Devil and got Joe's saddle and bridle on, while the stallion regarded them with a nasty eye. It was an ordinary stock saddle, single-rigged, without crupper, and far from new. Joe wasn't sure of the girth, so he put a surcingle on as well, but this was so old he wasn't sure of it either. Still, he had nothing better. He tightened the leather belt about his own waist, threw away his cigarette stub for fear he'd swallow it, and got astride.

The stallion screamed and snapped teeth at the ducking Saltbush and went into the air. The battle that followed was worse for Joe because he knew and loved the stallion. It was a humiliation for Red Devil, for his mares were watching; his pride was outraged. He came down like several demolition bombs and was crafty enough to pack in another buck before he had finished the last, so that he caught Joe coming down and jarred him to the roots of his teeth. But Joe kept on board. He clung to a picture in his mind, of an American cowboy, grinning at the one-horse hurricane he rode and most nonchalantly waving his hat in the air.

The stallion stood still at last, lathered, shaking, licked. Joe fell off, and the ground came up and hit him. He turned his head in the sand and spat out blood and a white object that seemed to be a tooth. Then he looked up and grinned at Saltbush.

Saltbush was forced to speak. "Some ridin'," he said.

"When we get to the coast," Joe said, "I'll take you to the pictures, and you'll see some riding."

The mares were streaming across the red sand ridges. Red Devil shook off his weariness and humiliation, and lifted his head and neighed. A bay mare turned on the ridge and looked back with mane and tail blown by the wind, a carved cameo of wild beauty against the hot, pale sky. Joe remounted and gave the stallion his head, and they went after the mares.

Time flowed over them, covered them—a time of unchanging days and nights, so changeless that it seemed today was tomorrow, and yesterday, and all days past and future, and they were little figures riding and sweating and pushing without avail at a static horizon. But time passed, dragging the sand ridges back with it, and they were through, they were out of the sand.

They went on. Five hundred horses and the good spirits were swelling in Joe's chest as he watched them. He saw them not as they were; he saw each one of them with a man astride, khaki-clad, a horse-fighting man.

It would not be too long now. With Red Devil giving his strength to help, not hold back, they made good speed, they kept the mob in a compact mass, and their course was straight. The country was better, though still hard. Not too many horizons away were the settlements of the west coast.

They came out of the back country, the primitive, toward today's world. Here, the twentieth century could touch them.

JOE had been shaping a course to bring them around a stretch of broken rocky hills when he first heard it. It was unreal, but not for long. Its unreality grew lightning fast into hideous fact. It came out of the sun like a javelin.

"Planes!" he said.

Little dots of seed, as if flung down in a swinging arc by some heaven-striding sower. These would be fighting planes, Joe thought; it would be good to see them, if only the horses did not take too much fright. Single-winged, flat-bellied, down they came. There was a nervous shudder through the mob; they began to run, fast, faster, a full gallop. The pack-horses alone dropped back.

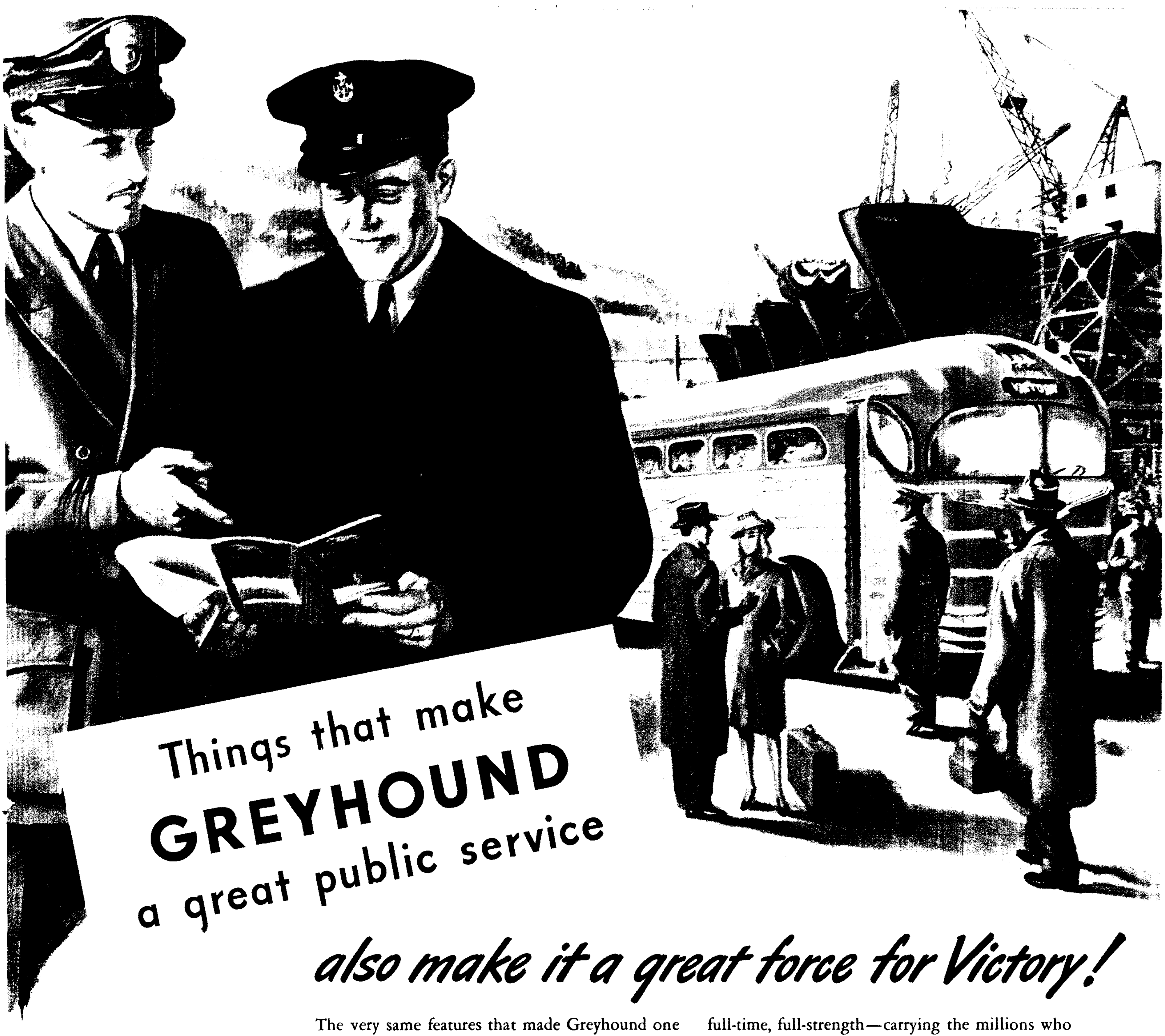
Then over the drumming horse beat, there was a new sound, and even as Joe knew it for what it was, he saw the mark on the planes, the red circle that seemed to smolder in the sun and machine-gun smoke.

"Japs!" he said. Then to Saltbush, shouting: "We're in the bloody war!"

Three of them. He should have foreseen it. The Japs would be doing a lot of scouting by air, of this coastal country. Hadn't he heard they'd dropped bombs there? His tough luck to run into them. He had no more time to regret it. With horror he saw horses—geldings, mares, foals—tumbling in the dust and screaming with pain.

He and Saltbush reacted simultaneously and identically to a situation neither had dreamed he would have to face. While the planes bellowed out of their dive and swung and climbed for another swoop of gunning, the two of them were stretching it along the flank of the mob of crazy horses. Their long stock whips were out, the plaited leather curling and cracking sharp as gunshots, biting into horseflesh—cruel, but not so cruel as bullets, and the only thing to wheel the mob, to swing it off to the right.

Off to the right was that patch of tumbled rocky land. Not good for horses



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galloping; many would fall. But they could no longer hold together there; they would be forced by the hills to break up into twos and threes. The compact target would be gone.

There was one more terrible swoop of the planes, and horses falling, the bullets reaching down as tongues of wind reach into a wheat field. Then the blessed rocks rose, and the mob parted of necessity, spreading into a wide fan covering two miles or more.

Joe reined in Red Devil, flung himself to the ground and emptied his rifle at the planes. They were mounting now. Five or six minutes the whole thing had taken. Obviously the Japs had no time, no gas, no ammunition to spare to shoot down horses one by one. They were impersonal again, spots against the sky, a distant hum—gone.

Joe lay staring after them. He looked around after a while. Then he put his head down and wept.

His tears were a compound of rage and pain; not physical pain, though he realized now that his forearm wore a scarf of liquid red. Rage that he could not strike back; pain because of what lay behind. Thirty, forty horses, some of them crooked and still, some pitching and screaming in the dust. He had to stop that.

He got up wearily and mounted and looked for Saltbush. Saltbush was on foot, carrying his saddle and bridle and rifle. His face was streaked in sweat and dust and, it might be, tears too. He spoke with even more than ordinary curtness:

"Shot my mount."

Joe nodded.

Saltbush looked at him. "You're bleedin'."

"Come on," Joe said.

They went back grimly to their hateful task. Shots marked their passage as they put the dying and helpless out of misery. It took two hours. They paused then; they did not speak, they avoided each other's eyes; each knew what the other would say, had he heart to speak; each knew what he would see in the other's eyes. Soundless, they set to the long dreary business of gathering the survivors.

When it was over, Saltbush asked the question that he had been wrestling with privately all that time and, unable to answer it, since to a horse lover there was no rational answer, he was forced to put it into words:

"What's the idea, Joe, of their shootin' horses?"

Joe sat up straight. He looked a good deal older than he had a few hours ago. He had bound a strip of cloth over his arm; his face was gray, caked in dust; much older than his years. He stared off at the paling quarter of sky from which the planes had come.

"That must be the kind they are," he said. "The kind to shoot horses, if there's nothing else to shoot. . . . But no," he added, and now there was some pleasure in his face as he thought of it. "Maybe it's not that. They came in from the coast. That means they saw the camps of the Yanks there. They see the Yanks and then they see our horses, so they know they're horses for the Yank army. Saltbush," he said, "that's bad news for them."

TWO days later, they came to the camp of a prospector, the first white man they had seen since setting forth, years ago, it seemed. He was a little wizened man in moleskins and sun-faded blue shirt, and he had, they discovered, a good supply of tea. They did not pause for talk until they had stowed away a quart-pot pannikin each. It was a lovely change from desert water. It was not the tea of the cities, it was a far more wicked brew. Black as ink, without milk but plenty of sugar, it might have made a camel pause. They drank it in great greedy gulps and ate corntack and damper, and they needed the ironbound digestions they had.

"Where you takin' the yarraman?" said the little man, using a word for horses that had drifted from blacks' camps clear across the desert. "You got a fair mob of 'em."

RELAXED and refreshed, enjoying a cigarette, Joe explained.

"Any place there's Yanks. You seen any?"

"Yanks?" The prospector grinned. "Too right I have. I ain't seen this MacArthur, but I hear he's round about somewhere too, come down from the Philippines. Sure I seen the Yanks," he continued with enthusiasm. "There's a whole boilin' mob of 'em three days' ride or so from here. But what are you takin' horses to 'em for?"

"Why, they'll be needing horses," Joe said. "First, Saltbush and me thought we'd turn the mob over to our own people and join up in the Light Horse along with 'em, but they didn't want us. Didn't want horses, they said. So when I heard the Yanks had come, well, I know the way they are—"

The little man thought this over and saw the way it was. He coughed and cleared his throat and scratched around in his whiskers for a while, then made up his mind to it.

"Sonny," he said, "you might as well know, you got a nasty surprise waitin'. You never seen any army like this Yank army. Horses—they don't know what a horse is. They got something better. Peeps and jeeps," he said, and paused and spat. "Peeps and jeeps!"

The cigarette was hanging from Joe's lip. Saltbush had finished another half quart of tea and now, physically incapable of containing another drop, he came over heavily and sat down and stared at the prospector too.

"Peeps and jeeps?" Joe said.

"Peeps and bloody jeeps!"

"What's that?"

"Bloody little motorcars!" the prospector said. "Rootin' through ditches and leapin' over anthills like a swarm of bloody kangaroos! Gave me a ride in one, they seen me starin' at 'em so hard. Damn' near took me whiskers off. 'Climb aboard, Pop,' they says, 'and grab yourself a seat. Better than Cooney Island,' they says, whatever that is. I'm always game for a lark, so I got in. Right away, we're roarin' at a bloody big gully. Me beard's in me teeth. 'Let me out!' I yell at 'em, but the young muckers laughed at me. 'Hold on, Pop!' they says, and down we go into this gully, head over breakfast, and wallopin' up the other side, and spin around sort of in the air like the bloody little thing's got twenty different wheels goin' twenty different ways all at once, you understand. I got out of there. 'Think you'll live, Pop?' they says, and I shifted my carcass away, for fear they'd get me in again. Kangaroos!" he said. "That's what that Yank army's like, a great bloody swarm of kangaroos!"

He was grinning, until the look on Joe's face caused him to remember. "Ah, hell, sonny," he said, "you got to face it. There never was an army that needed horses less than the Yanks."

Joe got up. "Thanks," he said, though it was difficult, through the lump in his throat. "Precious fools we would've looked. I guess—well," he said, striving to grin, "I guess we're just behind the times."

He turned with the melancholy Saltbush and remounted. He knew Saltbush's unuttered question. "We can go back the way we came," he said, answering it, "or we can push on to the sea and drive the mob in. Might as well."

This stirred Saltbush to the point where he fingered his hat, though even from his present emotion he did not remove it. He wrestled with speech. "Joe," he said.

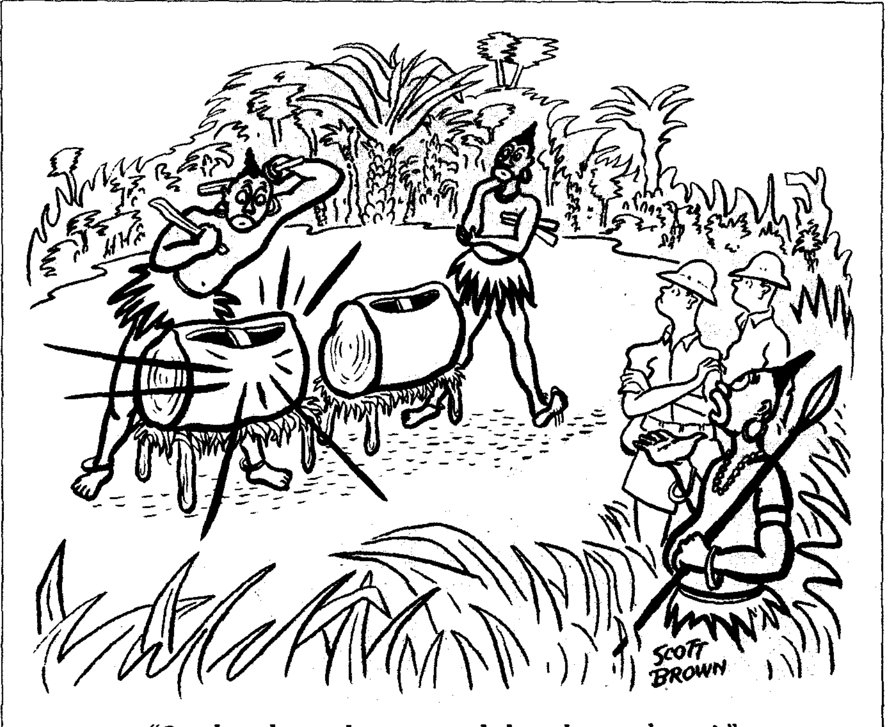
"Well?"

"If it's all the same with you, I'd like to head over to that Yank camp."

"What for?" Joe said.

"I'd sort of like to see them jeeps, Joe. Maybe," he said apologetically, "if they're feelin' good, maybe they'll give us a ride in one."

ON THE morning of the third day following, the camp came up out of the horizon, long lines of huts and tents on a sun-splashed slope, with sounds of shots beyond, where doubtless men were training, and dust, and little crawling insectlike things, which even from this distance Joe recognized as the creatures of which the prospector had spoken—the jeep itself, or the peep, or whatever it was called. He gazed at them with dis-



COLLIER'S "One broadcasts the news and the other analyzes it" SCOTT BROWN

"Ladies, here's how you can help cook a tank!..."

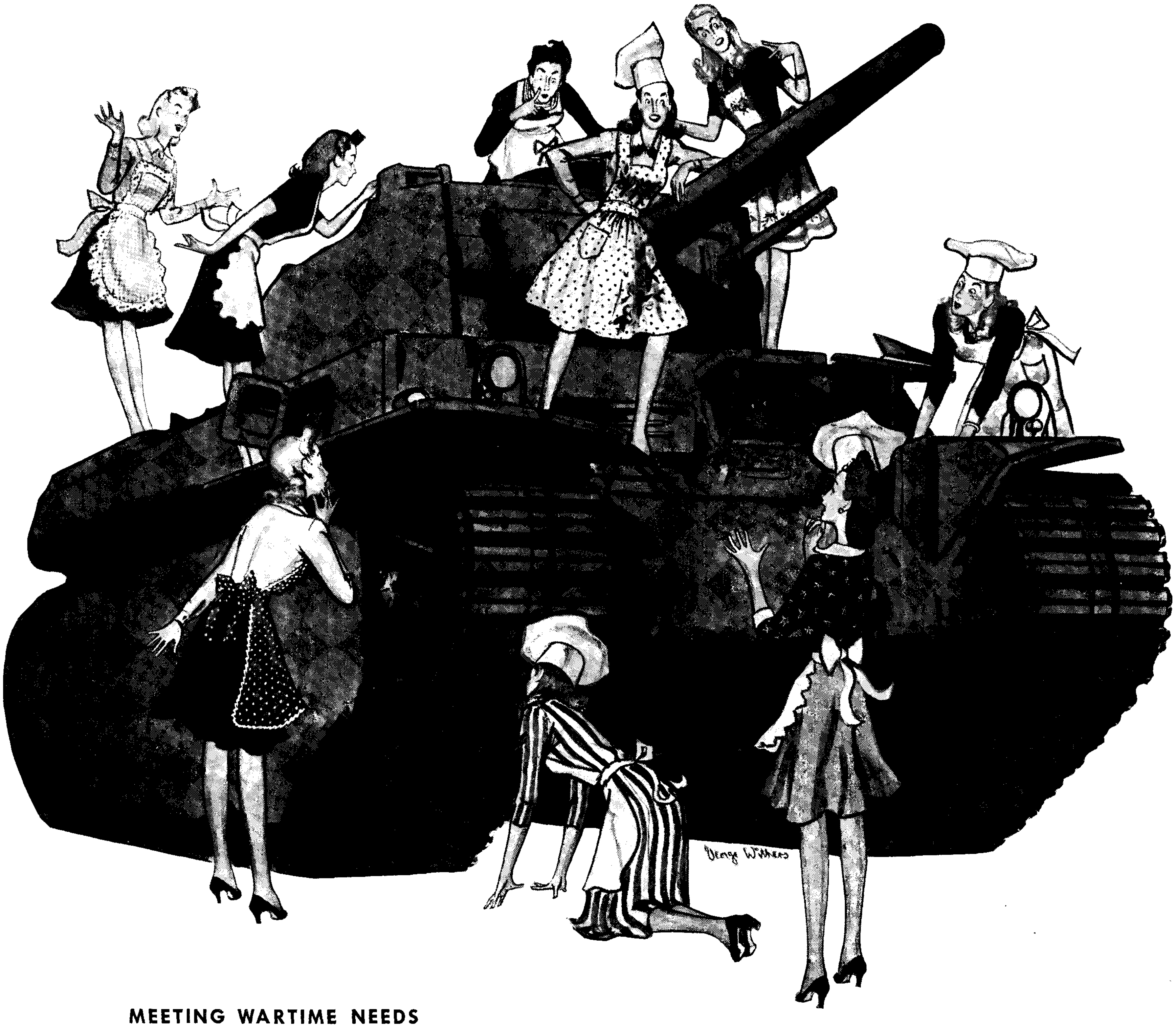
"Funny thing! We women understand why sugar, coffee, gasoline and oil have to be rationed . . . but few of us dream that the Gas that cooks our breakfast bacon is also a vital war material!

"It probably never occurs to us that we are actually helping to build a tank or a plane or a ship or a gun when we avoid wasteful use of Gas in cooking and especially in house heating and water heating.

"For Gas is used in making nearly every kind of weapon we need to win the war!

"We women have always known that Gas is the fastest cooking fuel, that it's completely flexible and easy to control. So we can easily understand why Gas is important in helping to give our fighting forces better equipment—that it's speeding production in order that our boys may finish the job over there and get back home.

"So let's all remember . . . it's just as patriotic to use Gas wisely as it is to make the many other sacrifices that are needed for Victory!"



MEETING WARTIME NEEDS

1. For Gas fuel. Today the Gas industry is producing more Gas than at any time in history. Yet because of the difficulty in transporting fuel oil and coal to make manufactured Gas—and because of the shortage of materials with which to enlarge plants or build new natural gas pipe lines—there may be times in some sections when the demands of war production will reduce the amount of Gas normally available for household use. It is for these reasons you are urged to use Gas wisely.

2. For nutrition information. If you are one of the 85 million who depend on Gas for cooking, feel free to ask your Gas Company for the latest information on preparing nutritious wartime meals.

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Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.

GAS *is vital to war production*
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FEEL THE DIFFERENCE TOMORROW!

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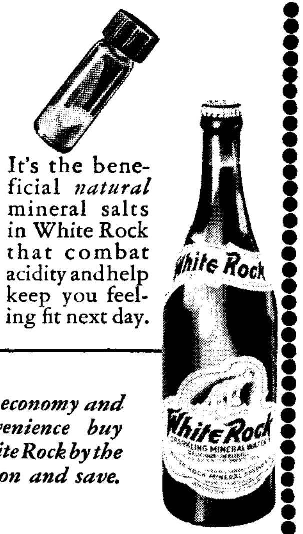

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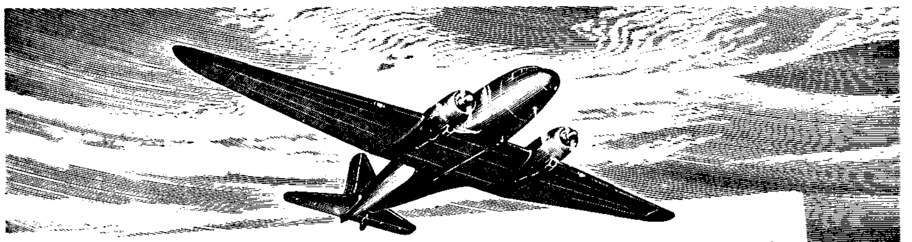
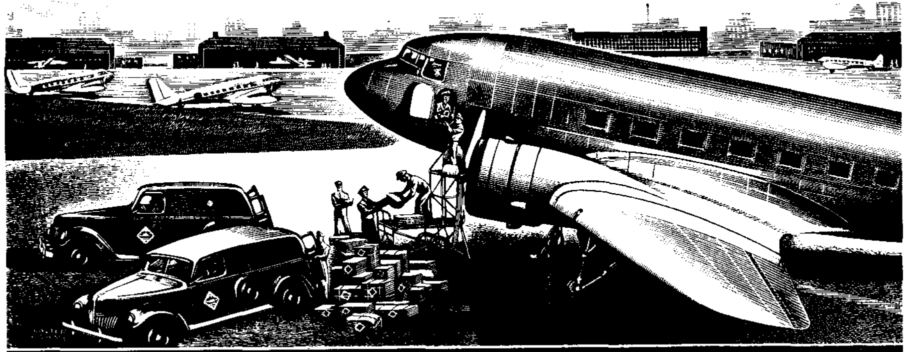


AIR EXPRESS TONNAGE GAINS 93.6%

"The impetus given by the war to AIR EXPRESS operations . . . is indicated in figures for the first ten months of 1942 showing a rise of 93.6 per cent in pounds carried . . . Despite release of about half of commercial air-line equipment to the Army early in the year, nevertheless, by rearrangement of schedules, increasing plane hours a day, and stepping up plane maintenance and servicing, air lines are equaling and even surpassing pre-war performance."

Excerpt from *New York Herald Tribune*, January 11, 1943

Although you do not need a priority to ship by AIR EXPRESS, if you have war production shipments requiring priorities, they will be granted. Phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any air line.



NOW IN ITS 16th YEAR AIR EXPRESS AIR EXPRESS Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

taste, over the fine strong backs of his herd of horses.

"You go over," he said. "I'll stay with the mob."

Saltbush looked at him openmouthed.

"What's the sense in my going?" Joe asked. "I don't want to see the crazy things. Go ahead."

With several dubious glances, Saltbush at last rode off. Joe sat slumped in his saddle, and when he looked up at the horses, there was a hot stinging behind his eyes, and the mob would not come clear; he saw them through a blur. He wiped the back of his hand over his eyes. It was not that he had brought the mob a thousand miles over country which few men in their senses would have essayed, surviving its natural perils, surviving even the wanton death from the air; it wasn't that time of hardship and suffering, only to find at the end that it was for nothing; it was the shattering of the picture in his mind, the picture of the man with the sombrero. That was gone. He could never replace it. He could not put that man in a jeep, or in a peep, and look at him again with admiration.

"Lies," he said. "All of them, lies!"

He meant the pictures. He meant more than that, but he could not quite bring it out. He was a kid who believed fairy stories, who believed all he saw. The worst tragedy is to find yourself at eighteen or nineteen not the man you had thought; not grown up, believing all you saw.

He bent over the saddle and rested his head on the big stallion's neck and closed his eyes against the stinging liquid.

INTO his misery an unholy sound penetrated. He came up with a jerk. But it was not a Jap plane, as he had thought.

It came squalling over the sunny slope, the dust spinning in sheets from its wheels, and this unholy noise issuing from its belly. It dipped its snout into a gully and dug its back wheels into the dirt and hurtled over the crest. A figure sat clutching its steering wheel and, beside this surprisingly calm figure was another, also calm, and behind these two, was a third. But this one, this third, did not sit and was not calm. Rather, by some miracle, it stood erect, with one hand gripping the shuddering framework of the vehicle, and the other—the other incredibly waving something in the air. And as the dust cloud came bellowing nearer, Joe's eyes beheld that this third rakehell figure was that of the previously impassive Saltbush, the thing he waved madly in the air, his previously immovable hat.

Red Devil moved uneasily, and for the next few minutes Joe was busy calming the stallion. By then the roar had subsided, and the little monster, a jeep, certainly, a jeep of jeeps, was rolling forward very quietly and smoothly, to draw up a few feet away and, with a last cough, hold its silence.

Saltbush leaped out. "Hy-ya-a-ay!" he yelled, insanely tossing his hat from him. "Joe, did you see me? Hey, Joe, get in here! Joe, you never known anything, till you take a ride in a jeep!"

The driver could not have been much older than Joe himself, a bronzed grinning young man. The other was older and considerably bigger, a giant of a man, apparently some sort of officer. He climbed from the car and, smiling, nodded to Joe.

"Your buddy told me you had these horses out here," he said, "so we came out to look 'em over."

"Joe!" the exhilarated Saltbush yelled. "Joe, they want horses! Joe, they're *buyin'* 'em!"

"That's right," the big man said, but the smile was gone now. He was standing looking at the mob. "We need a bunch for patrol work. There's places around here where it's tough even for a jeep, and tougher to haul gas. But I don't know about this gang." He gazed up apologetically at Joe. "They seem sort of scrubby-looking. Where'd you get 'em, anyway?"

Joe wet his lips. For a moment or two, he could not speak, and then his voice cracked absurdly.

"From the Territory," he said.

"The Territory? Where's that?"

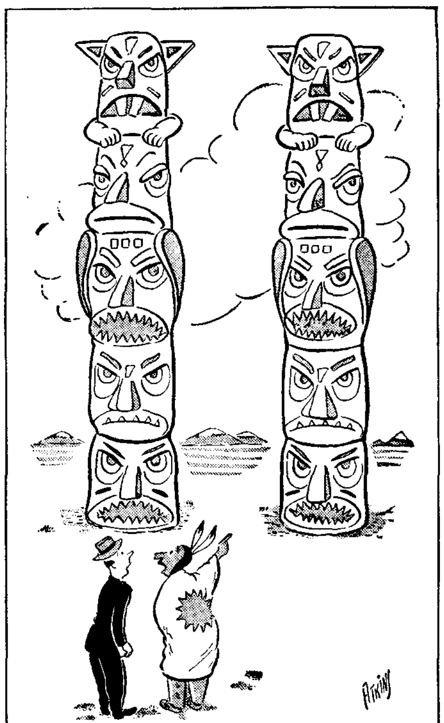
"'Bout a thousand miles," Joe said.

"You mean to say this outfit traveled a thousand miles, through country like this?"

"Well," Joe said, "this country round here's pretty good. The way we come, it's a little tougher."

"*These* horses?"

"You see," Joe said, "they were bred for it. They're not like the hand-fed stock you get around the coast. These horses, they've got what you call a lot of brumby in 'em. They can live and feed out in the sand and rocks. I figured—I—I hoped," he said, "the Yanks might have a use for 'em."



"This one is eight bucks more. The eyes close and it goes to sleep when you lay it down"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

The big officer came over closer to him, and his smile was good to see. "So you brought them a thousand miles," he said softly. "It looks a lot like you're the answer to a prayer."

"You mean—you do want 'em?"

"You come on down to camp and I'll see if we can prove it to you." The officer turned back to the car, but another thought seemed to strike him. "Like to ride with us?" he invited. "I guess your pal will take the bunch down, won't he?"

Joe looked at the squat little thing, the jeep, the essence of this new mechanized war. He, a horseman, ride in it?

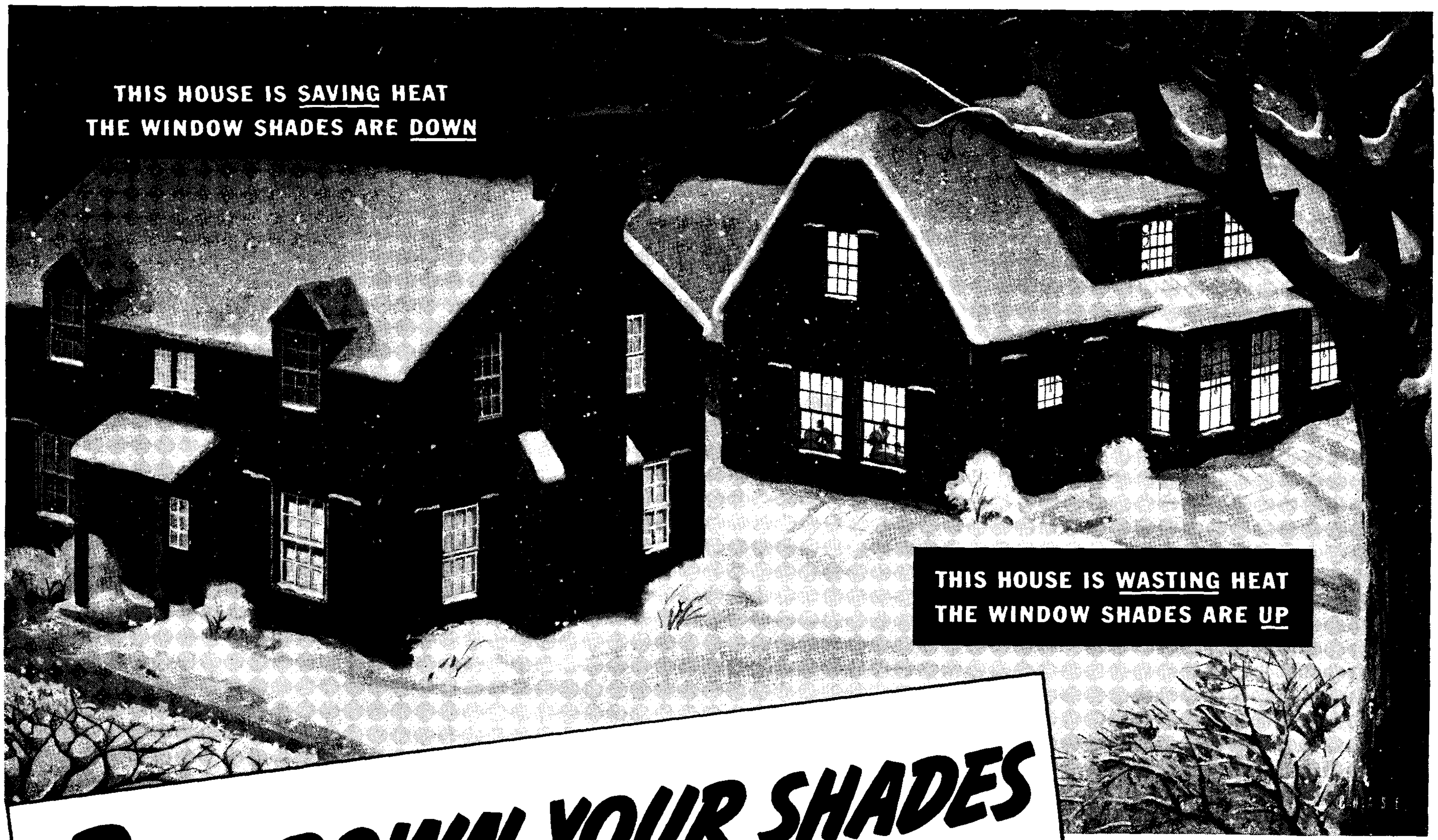
"Well," he said. "Well—"

Then he thought of what he had seen that jeep do.

He grinned. It was his first grin in a long time. "Why, sure," he said. His grin got wider as he climbed down from Red Devil and walked over to the jeep. Tentatively he slapped its metal flank. He looked at his horses and back at it, and then he jumped in. "I was thinkin'," he said. "I guess it's what you might call a sort of brumby of a car!"

THE END

BE WARMER FOR THE REST OF THE WINTER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THE WINDOW SHADES ARE DOWN
THIS HOUSE IS WASTING HEAT
THE WINDOW SHADES ARE UP

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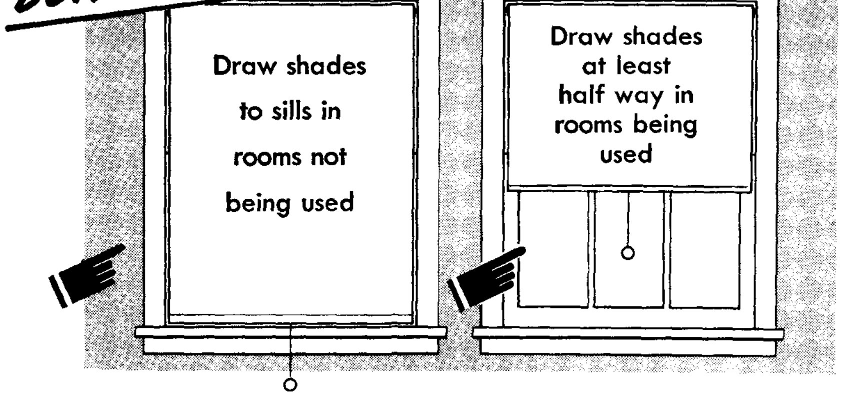
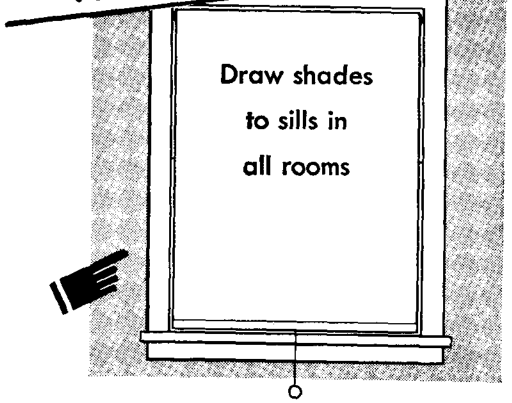
DURING THE DAY . . .


Draw shades to sills in rooms not being used
Draw shades at least half way in rooms being used

AT NIGHT . . .


Draw shades to sills in all rooms

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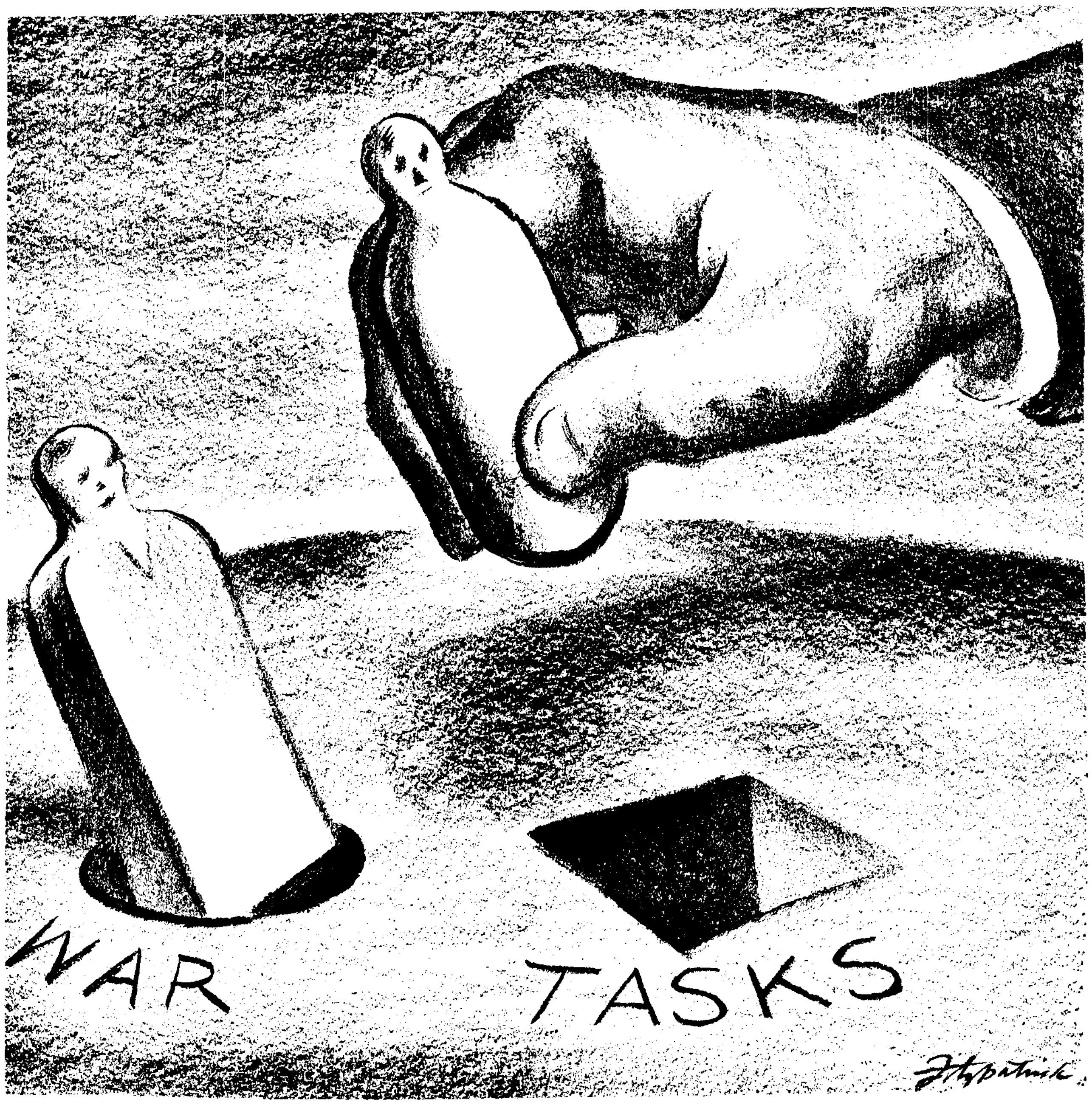

Round Holes—Square Pegs

KYLE CRICHTON had a striking article in a recent Collier's, under the title Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In. Mr. Crichton, as you probably remember, pointed out that the war is stripping Hollywood of its best male movie actors and a lot of its ace technicians.

In consequence, Hollywood within six months may be turning out amateurish films which will sicken United States audiences and, worse, fall down on Hollywood's hitherto superb job of popularizing American ideas and customs all over the world.

Movie people realize this danger, as does everyone else who knows what a force our movies have been in making the American people admired in most other countries. Yet the movie people's hands are tied. They can't agitate for exemption of male stars, for fear of being accused of fostering slackerism. Male stars in droves have gone into active service, most of them because they are brave men, some of them because they feared a misguided public opinion.

We second Mr. Crichton's motion that this trend be stopped, and promptly, by the appropriate public officials in charge of the war effort. It should be stopped not only in the case of the movies but in all other lines as well.

We refer to the indiscriminate drafting of farmers who can produce substantial amounts of food but will make only fair soldiers; to the drafting of technicians in the airplane, automotive, steel, mining, and other industries, to the detriment of our war production and to no improvement of our fighting forces.

That these things are still happening, we all know, though there has been some effort of late to arrange matters more sensibly.

The effort should be stepped up and broadened out, until we come to a point where we are fitting men into the war machine where each man will fit best—and furloughing or honorably discharging men whom earlier drafts have misfitted, or who have volunteered for service branches where their special skills or talents are going to waste.

That is the duty implied in the very term Selective Service. Our Selective Service mechanism should fit round pegs into round holes and remove square pegs from round holes—and without consulting the pegs themselves as to their preferences.

Leave the choice to the man himself, and courage or shame will in most cases impel him to put in his bid for service in Guadalcanal or North Africa or on some other flaming front, though he might contribute 10 or 1,000 times as much to the winning of the war by using his talents on the Detroit front, the Seattle front, or the Hollywood front. Draft men indiscriminately and assign them blindly, and the results will be equally harmful to an efficient, effective and speedy prosecution of the war.

We're not urging any wholesale deferments, furloughs or honorable discharges for flimsy or farfetched reasons. We are urging more and more common sense in assigning men to the war jobs they can do best, whether the job in any case be piloting a tank, chambermaiding a Flying Fortress, or acting heroic roles before a movie camera.

Industry Looks Beyond the War

BEFORE this war is over, it is estimated that we shall have 10,000,000 men in the services and 20,000,000 in war industries—at least. It is also estimated that within a year or two after the war ends, this total of 30,000,000 men will shrink to 15,000,000, if not less.

The $100,000,000,000 a year that we are now spending on arms is expected to shrink to $20,000,000,000 or less in that same year or two after the war.

Where are the peacetime jobs for these men to be found? Or will they be content to begin at once to molder away on some sort of dole or postwar WPA? We think the answer to the second question is No; and that the answer to the first question plainly is that only private enterprise, operating freely in big and little units, can find the jobs these men will have to have.

In which connection, it is a great pleasure to record the formation of the Committee for Economic Development, under the chairmanship of President Paul G. Hoffman of the Studebaker Corporation.

The CED embodies a move by numerous American businessmen, social scientists and economists to get set to win the peace after the war is won. The objective is to win the peace in terms of heavy output of the goods which most Americans will be wanting avidly by that time, and in terms of jobs for everybody who is willing to work.

Executive secretary of the CED is Carroll L. Wilson, on leave from the Commerce Department's Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The board of trustees includes Vice-President William B. Benton of the University of Chicago, Chester C. Davis of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank, Marion B. Folsom of Eastman Kodak, Clarence Francis of General Foods, President Charles R. Hook of the American Rolling Mill Co., President Eric A. Johnston of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Harrison Jones of Coca-Cola, Charles F. Kettering of General Motors, John Stuart of Quaker Oats.

On the research committee are William L. Batt, S. B. Colgate, Dean Donald David of the Harvard Graduate School of Business, Beardsley Ruml; some of the social scientists to help in the research work are Professor Sumner Slichter of Harvard, Dean Robert Calkins of Columbia's business school, Professor Neil H. Jacoby of the University of Chicago, and Professor Ralph Young of the University of Pennsylvania.

To us, this looks like a crowd that is willing to experiment and adventure with new ideas, new hopes, new processes. By the same token, it looks like an organization that can find the courage and the brains to blast the pretensions and misconceptions of our die-hard conservatives, die-hard radicals, pink dreamers and totalitarian planners into the middle of next week—to the benefit of all the rest of us.

The CED deserves the interested encouragement, we believe, of every American.

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

that he belongs
to that gallant army without banners
which shares with neighbors
in the true American way . . .
that tho' his mind is on winning the war,
he still remembers to be gallant to *her*,
saluting her on St. Valentine's Day
with "hearts" and flowers!

that when he drinks a toast
to their romance
he chooses a magnificent whiskey
worthy of the occasion . . .
that his taste for the
"First in Quality"
leads him inevitably to Old Schenley,
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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing . . . *the real thing* . . . "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".

At U. S. O. recreation centers, you'll see how happily ice-cold Coca-Cola "cuts in" to make "intermission" a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things. It makes for morale.

No matter where fighting men get together, at home and abroad, it won't be very long before they'll connect with Cokes. In long days crowded with work and duties, they know that ice-cold Coca-Cola offers energy-giving refreshment.

"The Coke's in" is a signal for everybody to step up eagerly for ice-cold Coca-Cola. With less of it now in wartime, Coca-Cola being first choice sells out first.

The best is always the better buy

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